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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1908



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THEY ALSO SERVE

THE STORY OF A FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

BY VIRGINIA TRACY

PART I. THE PROLOGUE

This is the night
Which either makes me or foredoes me quite.

WHEN Miss Elizabeth Dane and little old Mrs. Elfrida Watts paused in the twilit hall of the hotel and knocked on the door of Miss Harland's sitting-room, it was opened for them by Mr. Arthur Fosburg, the manager and star of the stock company in which they were all playing. The redoubtable Arthur looked, for the first instant, both forbidding and cross, but as soon as he recognized friends of such long standing he held the door wide open and in his melodious deep boom he bade them enter. Perceiving that Mrs. Watts, who crackled a little with age and was easily agitated, hung fluttering on the threshold, he exclaimed with testy cordiality, "Come in, Elfie, come in!"

"Why—since you're here—if you're waiting for Lydia yourself, Fos——" Elizabeth Dane suggested.

"Oh, not at all! I have something else to do, Liza, on a night

like this. Besides, she expects you." He knocked on an inner door and said, "Lydia, the ladies are here. Lydia!"

If he got any answer it was not audible to the ladies, who nevertheless laid down their various bundles on a centre-table; Mr. Fosburg put Mrs. Watts into a chair, and Miss Dane dropped down on the window-seat and stared out into the pale summer evening and the pretty town.

"You'll excuse me if I go on packing up, girls," said Mr. Fosburg, who was strapping two big pasteboard boxes together. "It seems as if there was always something to be done at the last minute. You'd think a man had enough to think of with a production like this on his mind, without——" He rang for a bell-boy. "I wonder if Lydia sent my pumps over in the steamer-trunk. I cannot understand why women——"

"Has Chesney come?" interrupted the unawed Elizabeth.

"He was here by five o'clock," said Mr. Fosburg. "I had dinner with him. That is why I am so unfortunately late." Liza Dane had noticed a tea-service and a little broken food on a tray outside the door, and she deduced the circumstance that Lydia had snatched her hasty mouthful of dinner unaccompanied. Mr. Fosburg was steaming on: "Charming fellow, Chesney, charming fellow! A fine brain! But too young to judge a production like this. One of the firm should have come. Lemuel himself should have come. It's as important to them and their theatre as it is to me. But when a man has been so long off Broadway as I have, I suppose he can't expect any consideration. Ah, here"—to the arriving bell-boy. "I suppose you can go as far as the theatre with that dress-suit case. And tell my dresser to come back here at once—this bundle is waiting for him. Ask him what the devil he means by staying so long! How long does he think I'm going to wait for him? I can't wait for him; it's time I was at the theatre now. Tell him Miss Harland will wait and give him the package, but to hurry. Well, go on! Go on!"

He continued to putter about, putting small articles into a shoe-box, frequently consulting the list which Lydia had made for him and pinned over the desk. She had crossed out many things as already packed, he scratched at a few more, and now there remained only two to be accounted for. As he knocked at the inner door again there culminated in his manner a certain restraint, that intense domestic civility which suggests that it is undesirable to quarrel in public. The suggestion generally comes from the beginner of the quarrel, and Liza Dane looked down into the street and sniffed.

"Lydia, my dear," said Mr. Fosburg. "Liddy! Liddy, do you happen to remember where you put my pearl studs?" He opened the door and stuck his head through the aperture. "My pearl—oh,

yes; thank you, yes, quite so! And my new stick of grease-paint? Now, I asked you most particularly—— In my make-up box? Are you sure? Well, thank you. And, Liddy—I can't wait any longer, dear. Elfie and Liza will walk over with you. Will you give Stearns my bundle? What? Well, certainly, yours too, if you think he can carry both. I wonder you did n't have yours sent over earlier in the day! And, Lydia—don't forget to come in and tie my tie for the first act. That fool of mine ties them like a hair-dresser. Yes, all right. I'll leave you now, girls, if you——" He gesticulated with his hat and went.

The two women looked significantly at each other, and the elder sighed. Some sort of falling-out had been plainly indicated, and it was in the air just now that Miss Harland could n't be too careful. Liza Dane fidgeted with the objects on the desk in front of her. Hanging from its bracket was a likeness of Lydia Harland, taken fifteen years ago, when she first joined Fosburg's company, a month after she was sixteen. The desk was not Lydia's, which stood over in a corner, but one which Fosburg had taken from his own rooms and put here for his convenience, and on the little shelf over the first portrait was another photograph of many years ago; across the faded paper ran the legend, "To Thomas Arthur Fosburg. From Lydia. On her Eighteenth birthday." Miss Dane puckered her face into a rueful kindness. "How young she was!" she said. Old Mrs. Watts sighed again and nodded, and the younger woman sprang up and began to move restlessly about the room.

As she strained her eyes around her in the dusk it seemed to her that despite the declarative devotion of Mr. Fosburg in having two pictures of Lydia on his desk there were far fewer pictures of Mr. Fosburg than there used to be on Lydia's walls. She glanced at the closed door and said softly, "Do you know, Elfie, the gallery of Fos is gradually diminishing?"

"Elizabeth," Mrs. Watts whispered back, "I sometimes wonder if nowadays Lydia is n't beginning to feel her position?"

"Feel it!" echoed Elizabeth, in scorn. "Feel it! Heaven!"

"Oh, well," insisted Mrs. Watts, with placid obstinacy, "she did n't, you know! There's always been the oddest sort of innocence about Lydia, kind of like a blind person, if you know what I mean. And she always had the strangest ideas. *Strange*—well! Things about God having given her a chance to make him happy, after all—it would have made you shudder to hear her! All these years, I've never seen her mope nor flirt nor get self-conscious; she's the strangest person for a young woman I ever saw. Nor she don't manage Fos a bit, as it would be so easy to; she has n't arranged anything for herself in case—in case anything came between them. The whole thing's been most

unfortunate, Liza Dane, most unfortunate. I must say, however queer it may sound, that I always thought it a great pity Mrs. Fosburg—since she had left him so many years before he ever saw Liddy—would n't get a divorce from him and let him marry that poor child. She——”

“Spiteful old cat!” said the vivacious Liza. “She did n't want him herself, and she did n't want anybody else to have him. Pity she didn't die long ago! Only now——”

“Yes, that's it, of course. Since his wife died, it's thirteen—fifteen months. Why does n't he marry Liddy now?”

“Well, I'll tell you—because he's perfectly comfortable as he is. Why change? I wish to heaven he was n't so sure of her. I wish to heaven he'd get jealous of little Frankie Carzon, but I suppose that's hopeless.”

“Well!” bridled Elfie. “Well, yes! He could n't very well suppose Lydia——”

“No,” said Elizabeth, with a casual yawn; “I don't suppose even Fos is such an empty-headed old fluff as that. How much is Frankie down for the loving-cup?”

“Three dollars. He put down five, but Lydia made him take back two. She made 'em give back all the extra girls' fifty cents and both the children's! Tottie's mother said it was an outrage that she should ever have been asked for it out of the child's five dollars, and so it was. But I don't see but that Earlie Esterbrook could have afforded it perfectly well, playing regularly with Fos the way he is, and his mother jobbing so much and all. Daley and Hoffmann, you know, wanted to come in, and Lydia would have 'em! Well, these days property-men and carpenters get as much as some actors, and of course, with their associations, they have far less expenses! I know I had plenty of other uses for my two dollars, the way they docked us for those nights we lost when he had the quinsy, but it would have looked so funny for me not to give anything, after all the years I've been with Fos——”

“Well, Elfie, well!” said Liza. “I don't grudge mine. I'm really very fond of Fos; he is such a great big, handsome thing—it amuses me to watch him swell and swell. After all, he's a very kind old soul, when he is n't crossed. But, just the same, I wish he would get jealous of Frankie. And I wish Frankie was an older person, so that arriving hot upon Lydia's heart from that calamity of a father dragging him around the world, and with his own endearing reputation of the Hopeless Inebriate, her very candid devotion to him need not have been so distinctly maternal. To fire an inebriate of twenty at Lydia—Lord! Fate is n't often so pat; it ought to mean something. Liddy! ‘Pity is her weapon and her weakness.’ You know Lydia—she does n't accuse God on Frankie's account—she does n't accuse Him, no; but she looks at Him very reproachful!”

"Frank seems a wonderfully good boy to me now," said Mrs. Watts.

"Now, yes! What would mother say if she could see him now? Or mother's latest admirer? Or father? Or the third wife of father? Or even grandfather, who they say is cutting quite a dash in South Africa? Not but that they would all be delighted to have the boy turn out well, if they only had time to think about it."

"Liddy," said Elfie wanderingly, "has certainly done everything for Frank Carzon."

"Exactly. And what will he do for her? He does not even grow a beard! He does not even grow up! He does not even roll his really very excellent eyes at her! Oh, for an eligible pretendent to awaken Thomas Arthur!"

"Liddy would n't look at him."

"Well, then, oh for an ineligible one! A susceptible leading-man with epilepsy in the family or with homicidal mania; that would help some!" She came close to Mrs. Watts, speaking low and forcefully: "I tell you if he gets to New York without marrying Lydia, he'll never marry her!"

"Oh, my dear! Fos is at least a gentleman! And anyhow he could never get on without her. Even if she was to die—he's told me a hundred times—no other woman could ever be Lydia to him."

"No, she would n't be Lydia, but she'd be new. But I'll tell you something else, Elfie: if he does marry her, we shall have to make ourselves scarce, we that have countenanced the present disgraceful state of affairs! Men like Fos can only stand on their own feet in the backwoods; put them on Broadway and they want to lean up against respectability. You remember that darky maid of Liddy's, Parthenia, who used to say, 'As fo' me, ah'm all fo' refinement'? Behold the ideal of gentry like our Fos, people who say 'Ah!' like a benediction! We will none of us be good enough for the intimates of Mrs. Fosburg, whatever we may have been to Liddy. Already, though he is n't a bit jealous, he has a sort of grouch against Frankie, and in his soul he dislikes my being on confidential terms with Lydia; he would forbid her to associate with me now if he did n't need me to laugh at his funny stories. I wonder if Lydia does n't know that her little Frank would laugh at them, too?—or, if not in this enchanted hour, at least did laugh once at such and will again. But if only he would shake up Fos—or shake up Lydia——" They both stiffened into quiet; Lydia's hand was on the door.

She came into the dark room with her long, quiet step of leisurely swiftness. "Elfie," she said, with an upward lilt of welcome; "Liza," and though she had rehearsed with them all the afternoon, she laid a hand on each as she passed them with that little grasp which gives love and asks for it. Her voice in itself was cool and low, but

her tone was marked by a quick note of affection. "In the dark! And I've been so long, too!" She raised her hand to the button, and the light sprang forth, brightening the clear pallor of her face and following the flow and modulation of her soft gown. It showed her to be slight and very tall. She had an oval face of an unusually pure and tender modelling; her dark hair was fitted to her small head like a cap, the braids crossed on the neck and brought forward again in a wreath of shadowy softness. Everything about her breathed an instinct of generous obedience, an exquisite and absolute docility. She said again, "I've been very long. I'm so sorry. I was running over Tom's third act. One has to be so sure of it in case he does stick. Are we late? Come in."

It was Fosburg's man, and Lydia gave him the package, but stopped him again on the threshold. "I shall come in before first act, Stearns, to see if everything is all right. But in case I forget it then, come to my room for Mr. Fosburg's third-act shirt. (It looks perfectly old now, Liza, just right for the prison.) Don't let him go on without the fob in the first act—he has business with it; and I am on the other side of the stage at his entrance, so you must remind him that the desk shakes, after all. He mustn't lean on it. I know you'll remember, Stearns." She bowed her head to him as he left, then pinned on her hat and lifted her own big package. Just as they were going, there came a quick step, a light knock. "Come in, Frank!" said Lydia.

He came in, nodding brightly to the others. Observing her box, he made for it, saying, "Please, Miss Lydia!" For a mere sturdy, handsome, black-headed youngster, not very tall, he had rather a distinguished trick of utterance, rather a touching sort of grace, heritages, probably, from that terrific, that enchanting family of which he came. His whole twenty-year-old tone proclaimed to circling universes that he was but a road for Miss Lydia's feet. She was never Lydia to him, as to the others. You felt that not even martyrdom could have induced him to forego the prefix.

Lydia caught the glance of the two ladies in a confidential hint. "May I come after you in a moment? I should like to speak to Frank." She turned to him when they had gone, and he was shocked to see pain suddenly swimming in her eyes. Frank was not at all a clever boy, but he had what somebody has called "all the intelligences of the heart," and he visibly tautened himself to meet the prayer-like tenderness with which she came up to him and, standing eye to eye in their almost level heights, laid her clasped hands upon his breast. "My dear," she said, "I'm very sorry about something that I have to tell you."

"I'm sorry, too, then, Miss Lydia."

He said it with so kind a challenge that a little smile struggled to her lips. "How old am I, Frank?"

"Thirty-one." It sounded like a chant of praise.

"Well, even that age, then, does n't give one dignity, I find. And it seems that Mr. Fosburg—of course he is very nervous just now, you know, almost ill with anxiety about to-night's performance, and perhaps he is n't quite himself—Mr. Fosburg thinks that for a person of my age I am making myself rather conspicuous—yes, about you, Frank. So that he does not wish us to be much together any more. He wanted you to know this—even this last night. I thought I would better tell you myself——" She stopped as if her own voice hurt her.

Carzon could not control the flush that blurted up over the round boyishness of his face, but he met her with a certain gallantry. "Yes, thanks. It will be all right," he said quickly. "I see. Don't worry!" and he restrained himself from drawing away from her as had been his first impulse.

"Of course we must understand that he——"

"It's the way he sees things!" cried the boy, meaning generosity, but for the life of him unable to keep back a vibration of scorn.

She looked at him and, remembering all the terrors of his neglected childhood, of his brief but highly sensational past, and the wound of that old fault which she had done so much to heal, her heart quailed and then sprang into her throat with a little cry: "Frank! You won't——"

He smiled and shook his head at her. "Don't you fret," he said, and, picking up her box, moved toward the door.

Something struggled in Lydia; she was at that moment so much nearer a full-grown woman than she had ever been before that there seemed something almost strange in forsaking the boy who had been loyal to her for the man who had offended her; yet it did not occur to her that she had any choice.

Meanwhile, to Frank, the queen could do no wrong, but he saw her for the first time as a queen merely; he would have denied it, but now her feet touched earth. "It's all right," he repeated, and, lifting up the box, he once more smiled at her and was gone.

PART II. THE PERFORMANCE

IN the town of Colville the Fosburg Stock Company was an institution. It went away every winter, touring the country with its repertoire, but for five summers in the town's beloved old Opera House it had discoursed sweet music, from Shakespeare to "How Black Got Back," to the Colville public. That public was deeply interested therefore in two sensational announcements: first that the Opera House was to be torn down, and second that the Fosburg Stock, left homeless, would probably march upon New York.

For at this time the farcical injustices of a trust existing among certain theatrical potentates had begun to raise a lively crop of opposition, and the ball of managerial independence, squeezed in too long by an unwise hand, was beginning to puff out in unexpected places. New theatres outside the trust were going up with a rapidity that was even excessive, for, almost all attractions having been previously forced into the trust because there were no other theatres to play in, now of a sudden there were new theatres with no independent attractions to fill them. Under these circumstances the big men of the new condition began to look about them for unsyndicated talent. Joseph Lemuel, the biggest man of all, desired particularly to put a first-class stock company into his new Broadway theatre. He was in a hurry to do this for the approaching season, and so, reports having reached him of the excellence of the Fosburg Stock, it occurred to him that it might be wise to take this company which was already finished and perfected, practically just as it stood.

It was to judge of this plan's feasibility that young Chesney, Lemuel's crack man, had come down to view the final performance of the summer. He was but just back from Europe the day before, but Fosburg was as well satisfied that he had not been able to come earlier. Fosburg had devoted his closing week to a series of farewell revivals, but on this last night he was to produce an untried play of local talent, dealing with the recent war with Spain. This made an additional interest for Chesney, as, in the new zeal for the native drama, the play might prove desirable for the company's opening in New York. And it made an additional interest for the town. This last night for the Fosburg Stock, which was also the last night of the Opera House, was to be a big occasion in Colville. The production of a play by Mr. R. M. Lowney, their fellow-townsmen, stamped the bigness with a final flourish. And every possible flourish before Chesney was capital for Fosburg. He was putting all his money and all his strength into this performance; now with the representative of Lemuel and Broadway before the footlights, and with the concentration of his every hope and energy behind them, the opportunity of his life was here. Long years of patient work, prudence, judgment, self-control, of excellent endeavor, admirable faith with the public, admirable management of his material, had brought this hour to him when his day was already late. He had high hopes, and in the honesty of his leadership where he doubted, he doubted chance, life, Chesney, but not his work, nor his people. The hour had come, and it was his. He had a right to it.

It was all the more annoying that at such a crisis he should have unsettled his nerves by a quarrel with Lydia. Her inconsiderateness in allowing him to do this emphasized her unfitness for the position

of helpmate to a man of temperament, of vast affairs. He had noticed her unfitness more and more of late. Hitherto if there had been one thing in Lydia upon which he could rely, it was her inoffensiveness—"Liddy's a good girl," had been his habitual summary of her. Yet to-day when he had spoken to her about Frankie Carzon—well, she had listened to him at first with gentleness, with surprise, with the bright, tender breathlessness of shocked deprecation beneath reproof so becoming to and in her sex, and then suddenly, at some mere phrase or suggestion of his, she had gone pale, she had closed her eyes and turned away in a protracted and impenetrable silence, quite as if—well, there was no getting away from it, as if he had made her rather sick! What the deuce——! His heart began to puff a little at the recollection of it. Of course, in one way he had been wrong—he ought not to have pretended that he was jealous of the whelp. He had never, as a matter of fact, been at all jealous of anybody, and he certainly could not suppose that a disreputable little gamin whom he had allowed Lydia to pick out of the gutter could exert any influence upon the sentiment of a lady whose taste he himself had taken some trouble to form. But the whole affair was unusual, and when such a gentleman as Mr. Fosburg says that a thing is unusual he has said enough. It made Liddy ridiculous at her age, to be contented in the society of a boy; she who in his own spare time enjoyed such other advantages—it made her ridiculous. And the way in which the youngster amused and looked out for her, did escort duty, fetched and carried for her, was rather a reflection—by the Lord Harry! there was danger of its making him ridiculous—him, T. Arthur Fosburg! Sufficient! It was well that he had stopped it. The thing had been all very well here in Colville, where everybody knew Liddy and was accustomed to see her fussing with lost kittens and sick chambermaids and benefits for cripples—here in Colville she was understood; but when they got to New York—— He found himself brought up against the problem which for weeks he had been trying to avoid. What was to be his attitude to Lydia when they got to New York? Was he going to marry her? Well did he know that it was now or never. His throat was so dry that he sent Stearns out to get some cracked ice.

Until such a course had become possible, he had always taken it for granted that he desired to marry Lydia, and indeed there had been a time when he had desired it immeasurably. Must it not, then, be Lydia's fault if he had changed? For he believed that he could still have idolized her if she had been as she was then, could still have worshipped that adorable goosie of an angel, and it became an added grievance against Lydia that she was somehow managing to put him in the wrong when it was really she who had broken her part of the bargain. He felt that he could have remained always true if Liddy

had remained always seventeen! For he had loved best in her that exquisite ignorance which fitted with his sentimental ideals of womanhood, and now that life had altered and subdued her he thought of her mainly with impatience, with the wearied, affectionate tolerance which he felt for all women whom he knew well enough to perceive that they differed from those in Scott's novels. He had detected in her, moreover, during the past few years, a reasoning habit of mind which was eminently distasteful to him. He liked women to be clever in their own pretty way, clever enough to be appreciative and to let him amuse himself by watching their little minds running around after the ideas bestowed upon them by some masculine providence, like cunning kittens after their tails, but—there had been a winter when Fosburg, having injured his throat, had been unable to act at all; he had had to go to a health resort and lie idle. He had got Lydia a position in the company of a friend of his, and she had travelled with this company all that season and sent him money to live on every week, and this had been her undoing. It jarred on him. He felt that he had been put in a false position, and he hated to remember it; he had been a little restive with her ever since. And, moreover, the friend's company had played a great many theatres on the outskirts of New York, and had "laid off" there between Christmas Week and Holy Week, and Lydia had seen a surprising number of metropolitan performances; here and there she had met an actor who was only an envied name to Fosburg. She had come back to him at the end of the year all alive with quickened observation and a new way of viewing stage effects; she had brought him these treasures of experience on the run, so to speak, and had been promptly snubbed for her pains. It was intolerable to him that he should learn from Lydia. But he was too clever a man not to see the value of all that she had gathered, and in the course of time, by deftly accidental investigations, he was able to acquire all her spoil without having to acknowledge it even to himself. In pursuance of this course he still taught Lydia how to act, and she obeyed him in all things; she did all that he told her to do, only somehow she did it in a different way, and he was just artist enough to perceive the distinction in that difference. No wonder that he was tired of her! He had come to admit to himself, then, that he was tired of her? It made so poor a sound in his own ears that it filled him with chagrin. Then he told himself that what he resented was the aggressive sympathy which people felt for her, the standing that she had won in his life; he hated to seem forced into a thing, to be able to do only what everybody expected of him. Ah, if now, on the contrary, she had actually sunk below him, and it had become visible to the whole world that she was no fit mate for him, how heroic a figure he might have cut! In that case, who so chivalrous as he? He assured himself that if she

had got disfigured in any way, or ill, or blind, or helplessly dependent, he could have stooped to her then; he could have hurried to her pleading arms and raised her to his side! It would have been a graceful thing to do, and his eyes filled with tears at the picture of his thus binding himself before the eyes of an admiring public, at the height of a brilliant career,—his heart melted to Lydia's gratitude. Well, well, perhaps Chesney would make him no offer, in which case things could remain as they were. If, however, he was to become a conspicuous figure in the metropolis, would not an uncongenial wife be a better foil than a neglected sweetheart? He saw himself bowing in crowded drawing-rooms where he was at once safer and more dazzling for this shadow in the background.

It was unfortunately Lydia's knock which recalled him to earth and to the consciousness that his new fortunes were still upon the hazard. The expectancy was torture, his spirit was strained with a thousand various efforts, within his weary brain his responsibilities pulled and clattered opposing ways, scattering, obliterating the lines of his speeches, the cherished impressions of pauses, balances, scores of minute or cumulative effects, upon which his whole future depended, and now—here—heavens, the new grease-paint was too dark, too—no, it was right after all—and during all this there was Lydia composedly rehang-ing his costumes in a more convenient and consecutive arrangement! Fosburg kept on making up in a silent repression of nervousness which amounted to hysteria, and when Lydia asked him if anything had been called yet, he said that "good heavens! he should hope not, indeed!" in a resentment of terror and self-pity which she could only compassionate. She went on arranging on a table in little heaps the property letters, flowers, cigars, his small articles of dress, and so on, a heap to each act; she found the draft of the impromptu speech which the applause at the third act climax was to arouse in Fosburg and pinned it up beside the mirror, and when Stearns came back she took the ice from him and cracked it finer still, but with only a big pin, so that no noise should jar on Fosburg. Stearns began mixing it with a paste of sugar and lemon. He had brought in a handful of late mail from the front of the house, and at a sign from Fosburg Lydia opened the telegrams of good wishes for the performance and read them aloud. There was one from Mr. Harvey, the friendly manager with whom she had done that fruitful season's work, and this was addressed to her, too; there was a letter from Mr. Harvey as well, dealing with some difficulties he was having in getting a new leading woman, and he said how greatly he regretted Lydia. The letter was written from Cincinnati; from there on he was to make flying jumps to San Francisco, whence he was to sail in a fortnight for Australia, and he burlesqued his envy of Fosburg's probable move in the opposite direction.

This was more than Fosburg could bear, and he postponed hearing anything else until after the performance. Lydia cast a searching glance about and could find nothing more to do. "I'm going, Tom," she said, and paused behind his chair with a vague intention of some intimate and especial encouragement for him, in which she was disturbed to find herself remiss. She hesitated a moment, and then, "Best luck!" she said.

"Don't talk now, Liddy," said Mr. Fosburg. "I'm running over my lines." She touched his shoulder, or the shoulder of his dressing-gown, very lightly and kindly, and left him. As she crossed the stage it occurred to her that she might at least have kissed him, and then somehow it seemed as if it were better as it was.

Meanwhile Mr. Fosburg had finished making up, and while Stearns was getting him into his clothes he became more and more the prey of a certain sensation of injury at Lydia's officiousness. By the Lord Harry! the way in which she took charge of things, she acted as if he could n't get on without her! Heavens and earth, if she took possession like this now, what would she do if she were married! Already she took no trouble to please him in the way that other women did; she took everything for granted; she was too sure of him altogether! *Could* he, after all, be so certain of her remaining in the background? And if not, why, to marry her—to have her always there claiming her share—well, yes, then; he was tired of her! Tired of all that she represented, of his obscure life, his unrecognized powers, of the narrow, binding, tedious provincial world which was suffocating his manhood as it had stifled his youth, so that, if he did not escape to-night, if he were cramped down into it again forever— Oh, to get away from it all, to forget it all, to meet the leaders of his profession on equal terms, to enjoy the tardy sweets that had so long been his by right, the prerogatives of money and success, the delayed honors, the recognition of his peers! So he might even find his youth again if he were among only applauding strangers, people who admired him without conditions, without memories! Oh, fresh fields now for his genius, and for his spirit pastures new! Lydia—she would make a connecting link with the humdrum of the galling past! What if—suppose—so far from marrying her— It came upon him out of a clear sky what a relief it would be to be rid of her altogether! He caught his breath, a little stunned, but, looking about him in a kind of daze upon the little dressing-room—brimming with flowers and with all manner of ingenious novelties, from sofa-cushions to cigarette cases, which were the fond tributes of Colville's ladies to the passing star—his fancy flared ungratefully and far away toward a happier land. He saw Fifth Avenue on a May morning, flowering and shining, or bathed in the late light of afternoons that were all silken women and clanking equipages.

He, Fosburg, the observed of all observers, he walked its joyous way! He saw Broadway of a winter's night, the brilliant lights, the hurrying crowds, the gleaming lobby of his theatre, and there glittering down upon the heads of the pressing people, crowning and signing his work, flinging its challenge through the great street and among the works and titles of other men, high in electric fire his blazing name! His spirit rose upon this tide of glory, his life seemed to dilate, and without affirming it, without formulating it, he knew that if he succeeded to-night he would never marry Lydia. No terms, no details, were admitted to his mind, but by the peace of going his own gait, the rapture of freedom that swept high in him, he knew that the decision had passed out of his hands. It was the future's. The future lay before him to-night; let that decide! "This is the night that either makes me or——" The closeness of the time leaped in upon his consciousness again and laid its cold grip on his heart. He broke into an oath, presumably at Stearns, and floundered out of the dresser's hands. Then there came the long whoop of the assistant stage-manager: "Half hour! Ha-a-a-lf hour!"

While Mr. Fosburg's consciousness was thus forced forward in the hot-house atmosphere of hope, Lydia had shut herself into her own room. It was some moments before she remembered that the omnipotent Chesney was to be in front; that for her, too, as for every one, this was an occasion, and that she was on the stage before Tom. She began hurriedly to undress, and her hurry delayed her for a moment by catching in a hook of her waist a chain which she wore beneath her gown. She disentangled it, and in the midst of her speed stood suddenly quiet with the end of it in her hand. Fastened to it was the plain little ring made, in a tender defiance of man's laws, almost like a wedding-ring, which Fosburg had put upon her hand so many years ago. Some time after his wife's death, when his avoidance of any mention of their marriage had become marked, Lydia had taken that ring from her finger and never worn it there again. But oh, those dreadful days between!—when all the bewildered resignation in the world could not keep her from wondering, "Why does n't he want to marry me? What has happened to change anything? Why is it? Why?" And she could find only ignoble answers. Her life being bound up with his for good and all, it had just seemed best to avert her eyes. But all sorts of introspections, reminiscences, questionings, had arisen in her to-night, jarred to the surface by the profound shock of Fosburg's attitude to Frank. She had been perhaps a little morbid since she took off that ring, and she asked herself what she must seem to Fosburg if to him she could appear indiscreet with Frank. The time was somehow gone when she would have thought his prohibition

merely unkind; it was its essential baseness which startled her now. For nearly two years, since he was eighteen, she had done her best by Frank, and so for nearly two years there had been an atmosphere around her of very fresh and very delicate blooms—enthusiasms, generosity, perceptions, all the clear and bright integrities of young imaginings—which had prevented her from discerning altogether how completely undecorated life with Fosburg was. Shaken with a sudden vision, she looked at it, surprised at its deadly commonness, and as she looked a blind, romantic confidence in Fosburg's fundamental nobility departed from her forever. That was a thing she had never dreamed of surviving; its dissolution left the world a strange, unhome-like place, and there came over her of a sudden a horrible and sickly sense of shame, the degrading loneliness of a woman who feels that she is held cheaply by the master of her fate. How did she know now what future he might deal her? She stood there with the ring in her hand, curiously quiet and alone amid all the stirring hum of preparation that was going on about her, and there sprang up in her a fear that made her shudder, yet that seemed to be in the air: what if in going to New York and leaving the old familiar life behind him, he were to desert her altogether? She had known that men did such things, but she had never realized that the men were men like Fosburg and the women women like her. It was the first real challenge of disgrace; how could she bear it? In all her life, in all her seeming stand against the world, she had only followed Fosburg, she had never really chosen for herself, she had never stood alone. If he left her, what would become of her? What would she think of herself? Oh, to what would she fall?—to what, since even now she could fear his going, had she not fallen already? The panic of such an earthquake swept down on her like death; her life seemed drained with it, she felt her breath going, her sight swim in bewilderment; she actually stretched out her arms and suddenly in a hallucination warm and kind as love she felt the support, the steadying comfort, of a boy's hand in hers. She stood there seeming to cling to it, and presently she looked around her reassured. She was in her own room, in her own place in Fosburg's theatre. Her friends, her dear friends, were all about her. Not Frank alone, but Liza and old Mrs. Watts, yes, and the young girls dressing up-stairs, and Tom, too, poor tired Tom. She had only to call aloud to bring him to her. These loved and understood her, they knew her. Strangers did not matter, since these valued her. She was here with them in her true home, not lost in some nightmare world. Why, what a monster she had been making out of life! "We're all overworked and overworried," she told herself, with a quick sense of Fosburg's splendid efforts for the coming struggle, and as she hurriedly drew in her chair to the make-up shelf there came into her mind the very line which had passed through

Fosburg's a few moments before. It is a sentiment apt to be pretty generally upon the lips of players at such a time and she found herself speaking it aloud:

"This is the night
That either makes me or foredoes me quite."

A little shiver ran over her, and simultaneously came the peremptory howl of information: "Fif—teen minutes!"

Fifteen minutes indeed! It was no time for actors to be privately emotional, and if the two principals in the night's excitement were giving themselves up to that indulgence, no such detachment of interest reigned up-stairs. The rooms above Lydia's were filled with nervous ladies, each of whom felt her career to be at stake that night, felt also and much more poignantly an immediate stage-fright, that she should die if she stuck in her lines. On the other side of the wall the gallery stairs led past these rooms, and up these, their heels trampling upon shrinking female susceptibilities, a roaring horde of boys kicked and trampled and cat-called upon its upward way. "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!" whistled the ingénue, who was also a soubrette and believed in being jaunty even at the cannon's mouth. "'San Juan' can draw a gallery all right. Does any one know if Mr. Chesney's come?"

Miss Agnes La Vere, her room-mate, continued to revolve rigidly before the looking-glass, pressing in and puffing out her hair, adjusting and readjusting her necklace, her aigrette, her glimmering combs. Her lips moved as she recited her speeches to herself; despite her worldly occupation, she looked austere, withdrawn, maddeningly prepared and ready. The ingénue, still distractedly struggling with her stockings, raised her voice to a provoking shriek: "Does anybody know if Mr. Chesney's come?"

Liza Dane in the next room, mute and cold with fright, started violently and the melted grease-paint which she was putting on her eyelashes fell in a hot and stinging blob upon her smoothly rouged cheek. The pain she scarcely noticed, but the destruction of her make-up appalled her to the heart. She stared at it with the sense of being forsaken by God and nature, while Mrs. Watts called back, "Yes, he's here, Minnie. He had dinner with Mr. Fosburg."

"Oh, I do hope it was a good dinner!" cried Minnie Fuselle. "What's he like? Did Miss Harland say?"

"I don't think Miss Harland met him."

"Oh! Say, you know this morning a shop-girl at Wroxley's asked me why we weren't going to do 'Camille' to-night. I asked her did she think Mr. Fosburg would make a real good Camille? And she

said she did n't care, we should n't have advertised then that we would play the piece that got the most votes."

"Well, it did get the most votes!" declared Mrs. Slocum, mother of Earl Esterbrook, in her high whine, "though it's true Earlie would n't have had any part in that." She was going on to lead the mobs this week, and there were so many extra women up-stairs that the two girls had taken her in to dress with them. "But that's the trouble of having these contests; the play the public chooses leaks out every time. He might have known that it would be 'Camille'—it always is; and Armand's a good enough part for anybody—Earlie's father made one of his greatest successes in it. And then to disappoint—I think it kind of reflects on the company. Seems like a cheat. Earlie does n't like it at all."

"I don't believe anybody'll blame Earlie, Mrs. Slocum," said the ingénue.

Liza Dane drew her skirt triumphantly down over her elaborate head, and as she emerged smiled bitterly at Elsie. "Fancy his letting Liddy have Camille—before Chesney."

"He could n't be expected to," said the sensible old lady. "And he needed a new piece."

"And he wanted the chance to wear three uniforms! I suppose they all get like that when they get old. My pretty Liddy! She does n't say how she feels herself to have nothing to do on a night like this—nothing but stuff, I mean, of course. Coming up through a trap with her hair down to show that she's an apparition!"

"Has anybody tried that trap lately?" asked Mrs. Watts aloud.

"Oh, my soul!" cried Minnie Fuselle, "Frankie Carzon has been riding up and down on it ever since rehearsal. He'll be there to see her up and to see her down, and to bolt it after her. If they'd make him stage-manager, Thomas Arthur could take one unbroken nap."

"They're dangerous things just the same—traps," commented Mrs. Slocum. "I remember in 'Singapore'—Miss Leonard was starring in it then—she and Earlie rode the elephant, and the trap had been used and left unbolted—criminal negligence, I call it—and he put his foot on it and his whole leg went through. If the trap had been big enough, he would just have ridden down on it and disappeared, and even that would have looked very odd, but it was only his leg and kind of tipped him, and he slid Earlie and Miss Leonard right over his head! It was awful! I'm glad you think it's funny, Miss Fuselle. Earlie did n't like it at all; he was quite put out about it. His nervous system was a complete wreck. And, come to think of it, it was n't a trap at all, it was just the stage; the stage had n't been braced properly for the elephant, and he went through."

Minnie Fuselle, forming her curls over her fingers, began to whistle:

The animals went in two by two;
The elephant and the kangaroo—

"Minnie, Minnie!" Liza called to her. "You'll drive us crazy!"

"The child's crazy herself," said Mrs. Watts.

"Oh, Mr. Chesney!" Minnie tragically burlesqued. "Mr. Chesney, like us! Take us—take us to Broadway. We are really very grand. Or take me, anyhow, Mr. Chesney, whatever you do with the others!"

Sympathetic though faltering smiles greeted this sally. People bent closer to their mirrors. Miss La Vere continued to drop mumbled speeches from her lips devoutly, as if they had been pater-nosters. The rooms grew hotter and hotter in the flaring gas, and the tremulous fever in the air increased until the women's nerves were gasping with it. The noises of the extra girls up-stairs, which had been shrilling higher and higher, suddenly clattered out unbearably; then the ceiling shook. "They are jumping off the chairs, I know they are!" cried Mrs. Watts. Liza Dane rapped on the ceiling with an umbrella, and Earlie, who, having been made-up since seven o'clock, had been helping things along by playing ball in the hall, was brought to a stop by his mother's voice crying tartly, "Earlie! Earlie, hush up!" The sudden cessation of the din was almost terrifying; it seemed to bring expectation to a focus, and made one feel pale rather than irritated. Minnie felt an impulse to catch somebody's hand and weep; she began to tie her sash and broke into her incessant whistling, "Give my regards to Broadway, Remember me to Herald Square." "Miss Fuselle," said the mother of Earlie, "I suppose you don't notice that I'm nearest the door; if anybody is whistled out of this room it'll be me. Perhaps you think it's only a superstition, but Earlie can tell you if it was n't so in Miss Folsom's company, where I did n't even whistle exactly—for I had seen enough of that years before, when Earlie was a baby, with my own husband whistled right out of the company. The property man used to stand and do it right in front of his door every night, and he got laryngitis and took a little too much whiskey in his medicine, and they gave him his notice; they were only too glad, of course, of a chance to reduce expenses, for the man they got in his place got no such salary as Mr. Slocum. But with Miss Folsom that time I began humming the witches' music from 'Macbeth,' which you know is even unluckier than Mignon's song—very likely I ought n't even to mention it to-night—and the company broke up away out in Slihosa, owing us three weeks' salary, but——"

"I'm going down to use Miss Harland's pier-glass, Minnie," interrupted the imperturbable Miss La Vere.

"Oh, Aggie, I would n't! I'd let her alone to-night. It's an awfully ticklish kind of a time for her."

"O—ver—ture!" came the call, like a thud of dreadful realities.

"Heaven help us all!" cried Minnie and subsided.

In an instant there sprang forth thrilling through the theatre, drawing all tingling nerves together, calling to arms every trembling spirit, the sweet, threatening, imperious, implacable music of the orchestra. "O—ver—ture!" cried the voice, and, "Overture to what?" responded a hundred hopes.

On the other side of the stage the call produced a colliding bang, as of many energies suddenly running together. The "boys" were behindhand in their make-ups. The comedian, who had been sitting half-dressed and tranquil, hearing the juvenile man his lines, flew violently forth and flung himself into his own room, and Robbins, the inevitable borrower of make-up, returned the comedian's powder in some haste. After the tide of idle and friendly swearing that always washed over and through their gossip so irrelevantly that it was like the talk of naughty schoolboys showing off, there was for a brief period something like silence. Then immaculate gentlemen began to emerge, completed, from the scuffle of dressing, and to gather in the room occupied by Brownrigg, Robbins, and Frank Carzon. It was known that Brownrigg, in defiance of the best theatrical etiquette, kept a bottle of whiskey in his trunk, and though few of the men cared to touch any liquor just before a performance its mere presence made a lode-stone and a friendly bond. But since Brownrigg was hospitable, Robbins and Ryan took moderate drinks with him; it was, after all, a night on which one needed something.

"Here's to us!" said Ryan. "May Chesney take us, the whole bunch!" They drank with a certain solemnity. Robbins said, "Here's that we all do the best we know!" Ryan gave an excited laugh. "Here's that we may—'and we'll see that street in Heaven that is called Broadway'!"

From somewhere came the voice of young Mr. Erskine, the juvenile, singing, "'Oh, mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me!'" A volley of derisive and pleasant profanity was immediately directed at the minstrel and continued thereafter to rattle impartially from the mouths of all upon every subject. Young Mr. Erskine appeared smiling and highly finished in the doorway. "Where's the high hat?" said he.

"Get it yourself," said Carzon. "It's in the box in my tray."

"You want to have it back here by the last act all right. I need it then," said Robbins.

"You've both of you got your nerve with you, borrowing that boy's hat all the season," Ryan volunteered.

The juvenile, polishing the hat with his sleeve, snorted aggrievedly.

"I don't see why. Every last one of you's borrowed it, and every last one of you's borrowed my riding-breeches and Brownie's smoking-jacket! I've got through without buying a high hat the whole season, and I'm not going to begin the last night." He stood pouting.

"The overture's on still, is n't it?" asked Frank nervously.

They paused, listening. "Yes. Good thing it's a long one. I hope Wiley does n't go so dotty over his presentation speech that he forgets to call the acts."

"When's he going to present the cup?"

"End of the third act."

"I wonder if Fos'll be as overcome by surprise at getting it as he is every year at getting his Christmas present? If ever he once lands us irrevocably on Broadway, the next year we'll give him a real surprise: we won't give him anything."

"I hope the cup suits him. Do you put it past him to queer some of us with Chesney if it does n't?"

"Oh, it's all right; Lydia Harland made up the money herself for the one we knew he'd like—the one with the raised mermaids."

Brownrigg was screwing the top on his flask, and, his eye lighting suddenly on Frank, he said, "What's the matter with the Carzon kid?"

"Well," laughed Ryan, "what is the matter with it?"

"Why, it does n't speak. Ask it if it's ill?"

"I'm scared stiff, that's all," said Frank. "It must be nearly first act. Where's my towel?"

"Robbins has it. Have a drink, then; it'll brace you up."

"Not now, thanks."

"Oh, come on! It'll do you good."

"No, really, Brownie, I don't want it."

Robbins began to smirk. "Oh, he's promised Miss Lydia! Did n't you know? He's promised Miss Lydia!" All the men in the room leered.

"Well, was he a good boy, then?" crowed Brownrigg. "Did always do as he was told? Would never taste the nasty stuff?" He continued to hold out the flask, and Frank, laughing and shaking his head, went over to the wash-stand. "Get a move on you," said he to Robbins. "I'm on in the first act."

Robbins squinted. "Wait a minute, mother's precious! Did Miss Lydia's little boy want to wipe his little hands?"

Frank had put out his hand for the towel, and suddenly he lifted it and brought it down in a strong bend on the head of Mr. Robbins, as that gentleman leaned over the basin. The head of Mr. Robbins ducked sharply, and his face disappeared into a pool of soap and water. Frank walked back in triumph, the towel in his hand; he was tre-

mendously flushed, but there was a steady, good-tempered sparkle in his eyes. The fickle populace deserted to his side, head over heels, joyous and derisive, and Robbins was left to splutter with his face in a packing-sheet.

"Soak it to him plenty, Frankie," said little Ryan, with his kind sidelong smile. "And you stick to Lydia Harland every day in the week!"

"That's all right," said Frank inaudibly, and bungled the bow of his tie.

"I'll bet the poor girl's got her hands full to-night," said young Mr. Erskine, in a fatherly tone. "With Thomas Arthur, I mean. If it goes right, it'll be to his credit, and if it goes wrong, it'll be her fault. I've noticed that streak in him before," concluded the wise one.

"Well, she has n't got any chance to steal his thunder to-night, so she can't queer herself that way."

Young Mr. Erskine's face assumed an expression of confidential caution. "When do you s'pose they're going to be married?" he demanded. Nobody answered. "You don't mean that you think they are n't going to get married at all!"

"Oh, run somewhere else and talk!" said Ryan. "And talk low."

The juvenile accepted this with the patience of youth for its unreasoning elders. "I don't believe he'd treat her so bad as that," he decided—"not when he's going to New York to be a celebrity. He knows how people look at these things in this business. He would n't want to look such an awful old mutt before everybody." And, casting a last tender glance at the mirror, he cheerfully departed for the stage.

Robbins was out of earshot. Brownrigg cast a glance over his shoulder into Ryan's face. "Well, what would you like to bet? He could have married her over a year ago. What do you bet, if he gets to Broadway without marrying her, by another year he'll have thrown her over altogether?"

"We're not on Broadway yet," was all Ryan could find to say. He called more cheerfully to Robbins: "They say that this man Chesney——"

"First act!"

It was like a blow on the heart. They had long been expecting it, and yet you could see their spirits stagger and their nerves contract. The next moment they had made, clattering and speechless, for the stairs. Only Frank Carzon still stood in the otherwise deserted room, trying to quiet, to control, the passionate young heroics of his anger. He had cherished his Miss Lydia's divinity a hundred-fold more exquisitely because she had stooped to Fosburg, but it had never occurred to him that she was in the least dependent upon Fosburg. If even that morn-

ing he had heard her name bandied about like this, her chances of marriage speculated upon, the desecration would have turned him sick, as it did now, yet still he would have felt a brightly burning scorn and triumph. Only now, this evening, since she had forsaken him at Fosburg's bidding, the real, the worldly, state of the case was black and solid to his vision. She was afraid of Fosburg; she had to do his will, not only because thus all women should before their lords and masters, but perhaps for this other, this hideous reason, that she hung in dread upon his generosity! He saw clearer than ever she could do the menace under which she moved. The boy's knowledge of evil and of fear was extreme and varied. When Lydia had laid her hand upon him two years before, his whole soul had been bruised with panic, with disgust, and at the recollection of that healing touch, of his release from bondage, there rose in him such a strength of tenderness that it was as if he gathered up his life for service. He was at that absurd, enchanted age when nothing is so wholly desirable as to die for one's cause, and now it was not Lydia alone, but the whole sex of women and her weakness, before which his spirit bowed, at whose need he lifted up his heart. Lydia's treachery to him was like a sacramental sign, a signal for help and pity, since Frank knew how to pity without presumption. For this was, in the end, what he had brought with him out of his lurid boyhood; the world had taught him, after all, only its claim on sanctuary. To do something for her——! And then there came back to him with the sense of the dressing-room walls, the littered shelves, and the whirling hour, the knowledge of his impotence, that no one could step between her and Fosburg, no one could clear that jungle where she walked, nor arm her hand against the monster. He awakened with a start. He—why, he was no longer allowed even her society! He walked quickly toward the stairs; even when he reached the stage he could not rid himself of a certain sense of readiness in her behalf, at which, patiently enough, he smiled. They were still calling up to the women's rooms, "First act! First act!"

The stage was full of people who moved incessantly about, looking after their props or trying the upholstery, the distances. None of the usual trivialities were in force; no young people making well-intentioned passes at dance steps to the music of the overture; no knots of jokers; nobody lolling in the settees, nobody humming, nothing inconsequent or light-hearted in that whole glittering assembly, whose only diversion now was looking through the peep-hole to find Chesney. Between ball-dresses and uniforms, stage-hands in their working-clothes ran in and out; gentlemen in irreproachable black and white tugged at the furniture, attempting to arrange it to suit themselves, and were sharply reprimanded by Mr. Fosburg, who, very handsome and com-

manding, stood with his back to the curtain, calling directions into the flies. The scene represented a conservatory and a corner of a ball-room, past the windows of which a torch-light procession advocating war in Cuba was audibly to pass as the curtain rose. Groups of extra people were to be discovered, giving the scene that tone of elegant luxury which they invariably convey so well, and the stage-manager was now worrying around, poking these innocents into photographer's attitudes and turning them into wood. Here and there Lydia followed after him and turned them back again to human beings. The young author hesitated uneasily about, biting his lips and smiling like a person at death's door; every now and then he refreshed himself by peering through the peep-hole at his anxious family, stiff with self-consciousness, in the stage-box. In the opposite box, which was bedraped with flags, sat the Mayor of Colville and his bulking retinue; the young author would renew his consciousness of this fact, swallow horribly, apologize to the person waiting a turn at the peep-hole, and sidle away. Finding himself face to face with Lydia, his eye brightened. "What a pretty dress!" said he spontaneously.

"I'm so glad," said Lydia. "I hoped it would be pretty."

An infinite kindness in her voice unnerved him; he thought favorably for a moment of flinging himself, weeping, on her near and lovely breast and imploring her to tell him truly what she thought of the play's chances. But he restrained this impulse, and she passed on, answered some questions of the electrician, and stood passive, her docile eyes closely attending upon Fosburg.

As they stood together, Frank Carzon passed them with a small, grave bow and took his turn at the peep-hole. There was all the ridiculous stiffness and self-consciousness of youth in this salute, and yet it did not minister to Fosburg's sense of humor. Frank, though a little slouchy and absorbed in the day-time, had the gift of coming out extraordinarily well in evening dress, bore about him, indeed, under those scrupulous conditions, even a kind of radiance at once worldly and romantic, and Fosburg glanced at the bent black head pressed against the curtain with a kind of pang. What weapon, what decoration, was there in the world like the quarter of a century which lay between them! He turned to Lydia and found her eyes dwelling on the boy, and at that he lost his head, lost all necessity for provocation, and, indicating Frank, he said loudly, "Seems to be pretty sober to-night."

Frank gave no sign. Lydia stared for a moment, and then detestably dropped her eyes and moved away. As she went she was vaguely aware that something was happening to her, that all the turmoil of the night held for her some individual issue. But she did not at all discern it.

Meantime Frank looked through the curtain upon an impressive sight. "From pit to dome," through the boxes, the great floors, the wide galleries, through circle after circle of flushed expectancy, the huge old theatre was crowded close. All Colville, from the servants at the summer hotels to the aforesaid Mayor and the corporation, were out to do honor to the farewell night of the Opera House, to Fosburg, to "San Juan." There in the scent of flowers and the glare of chandeliers all Colville's best clothes, best wits, best temper, were merged into a shining integer that rustled and fanned itself, leaned and chattered and peered, crackling its candy-boxes, adjusting its opera-glasses, nodding, preening, settling, anticipating. So good-humored, so complacent, so polite and curious, it sat there, waiting to be pleased, ready to devour all one's sweets, superbly ignorant and indifferent concerning any effort, any intention, in the presentation before which it crouched, so greedy that, if unappeased, who knew but it might spring! And somewhere back among those wide spaces thickly packed sat one young fellow with the fates of a score of people in his hand. Frank felt a little sting through his warm blood; then Wiley clapped his hands and cried out, "Clear!" and he ran with the others. The stage was left to its splendid setting and its groups of extras, to Brownrigg and Minnie Fuselle at the fountain in the centre. There was the hush before the storm; and then, through the stillness, the band of the torch-light procession mingling with the orchestra, first creeping and then bounding, shrieking, sounded the curtain music, the heart-splitting notes of "Dixie"—

Away down South in the land of cotton.

The sick creatures on the stage drew in their breath and felt their muscles stiffening.

Old times there are not forgotten.

Oh, heaven and earth! Was that the kind of music to turn on people's trembling nerves? But all was not yet lost, the deed not signed, the shot not fired, for oh, the curtain was not yet up, there was still time for—what? Then the bell, the long br-r-r of the curtain rising, the dazzling line of footlights, the music shrilling out its heart—

Away, away, away down South—

the widening field of light, behind it the dense black house, of which one could almost feel the breath, the screening wall quite gone, the world rushing in—

In Dixieland I take my stand
To live or die—

the curtain going higher and higher, the music lower and lower, the procession past, the outburst of applause past, too, and Brownrigg, sensible of how strange would be the sound of his own voice in his ears, opened his breathless lips. The time had come.

Fosburg's conduct of that first act was irreproachable. People played with their attention on him, and found themselves upheld in a strong, inclusive grasp. The blood began to come back to their lips, the flexibility to their voices. Slowly the black gape of the auditorium faded away, the soothing veil of light shut in the stage, the blending of illusion and reality—one's eyes full of tears while one watches not to miss a point—became comfortable and complete. The actors got their receptions and were buoyed up; the play on a tide of attention and response was floated toward success. The sense of the audience being with them liberated the players into an atmosphere of serene power; there was a mounting note in the air, and just when the spectators were beginning to wonder and the time was ripe, on came T. Arthur Fosburg and culled his reward. His was a tremendous reception and calculated to warm the heart. He stood bowing right and left, to Colville at large, to the family of the author, to the Mayor, and to a slight young man who sat about midway of the audience and judged and judged. The aunt of the author had a misbegotten impulse and threw at Mr. Fosburg a thin bunch of wilting roses. Fosburg, lugged perforce out of his character, cursed her in his heart, but he stooped for the flowers, laid them on the coping of the fountain, and radiated upon her a beatific smile. The spectators gleefully gave him another hand, and then his fine voice quieted them, and the play went on. As the hero who has decided to go to the war, he wished a word alone with the lady of his heart. The lady, having apparently a kind of instinct that he might be hanging around the conservatory, obligingly drifted in. Now, this was Lydia's second entrance, but at her first Chesney had observed a delighted purring rustle throughout the house before it broke into the prolonged volley of its welcome. All round him he had heard people saying, "Yes, there she is! There's Miss Harland!" All round him he had recognized the stir of pleasant expectation. So now as she came slowly down the stage he watched her very carefully; he noted the effect of her pale glimmering dress—designed in Arcady, so it seemed, but executed in Paris—as the long, tranquil, lazy thing drooped and foamed and shimmered round her; he watched how as she inclined her head to the hero the light glimmered and trembled in the amethysts about her throat, the amethysts in her soft hair. "Knows how to get herself up!" he congratulated himself. She made a little gesture, she said a few words, and the young man from Broadway sat up straight. The scene went on; the hero

broke his intention to the heroine, who proudly spurred him on; he turned to start for Cuba that very minute, he got as far as the left upper entrance, he made the inevitable pause and said, "Good-by, then!" and the lady, with her first realization of love and fear, her heroics all gone, besought him suddenly, "Not yet!" Chesney caught his breath and leaned a little forward. The rest of the act went well; the calls, five of them, were cordial and spontaneous, and the actors were smiling as they ran to make their change. "It's going splendidly!" dressing-room cried to dressing-room, and "It's going splendidly!" sang through Fosburg's veins. He was thrilled with the joy of power, with the sweetest relief and confidence. Out in the audience Chesney rolled his programme with ruminative fingers. "By George!" his acquisitive managerial mind was saying to itself. "How has he managed to keep her here all these years?"

"Second act!"

Whew! How far along they were already! The second act took them, indeed, as far along as Cuba. To that interesting country nearly the entire population of the first act had taken a little jaunt. Minnie Fuselle and Lydia in nurses' uniforms pursued the unbroken tenor of their love affairs, Minnie vivaciously and with various war-correspondents, Lydia a little *tristement*, as becomes a heroine. Liza Dane, as that romantic character "a Spanish woman," prowled mysteriously, and young Mr. Erskine, after the ingenuous habit of West Point officers, came near confiding to her the plans of his general, but was saved in time by his faithful orderly, a comic but practical character. All this was innocent and pleasing; it is, however, an open secret that an act must begin lightly, but darken toward its close. During all the early proceedings the ladies and gentlemen had been wandering about the future battlefield, meeting and conversing amiably with reconnoitring parties, but when, just as it was getting dark, the hero decided to push his reconnoitring duties rather far afield, all his friends immediately went away and left him alone, and he was promptly nipped up by some fussy Spanish soldiers, who in their contemptible foreign way made him a prisoner. Fosburg gave up his sword with pale, proud dignity and with a rousing, a most patriotic speech, and the curtain came down. The setting and management of the act had been most effective, the action clear-cut and quick; something in the silly speeches, the unpractical doings, caught at the heart; something young and honest dazzled the brain, and the pang of the spirit worked out through the noise of the hands. There were seven curtain calls, flushed and smiling artists bowed and bowed, and here and there an innocent called out, "Speech!" only to be snubbed by those who knew that this was the wrong time. At last, however, some inopportune calls of "Author!"

routed out that young gentleman, who rose palpitating in the box where his family had finally cornered him, said with truth that he could not make a speech, but that he thanked—here he mentioned every one connected with the production of "San Juan"—and subsided, mopping his brow. The audience kindly applauded him and wished him well.

Behind the scenes every one was happy. In her own room Lydia, who had no change of dress, put some touches to her hair, freshened her make-up, and, going across the stage, knocked at Fosburg's door. "Tom!" she called. Mr. Fosburg opened the door a little way and stood somewhat defensively in the aperture. "Can I help you, Tom?" she asked. "Is n't it wonderful how it's going? It——"

"I'm all right, thank you," said Mr. Fosburg. He was heroically dishevelled for the third act, probably in order to suggest that no valet had been provided by the Spaniards. "Just run away a moment, Liddy. Mr. Chesney's here."

"Oh!" said Lydia. "Why, yes——"

Fosburg turned his head to a remark from within. He replied, "Well—a—yes, certainly, she would be delighted," and flung open the door. Lydia saw Chesney slip from the window-sill to his feet; she was aware of a lightly-built young fellow, fastidiously dressed, who bowed to her quickly and deeply and smilingly, with an eager, teasing kind of chivalrousness, so profound that it could afford to entreat your confidential mirth in recognition of all those beautiful things with which you and he were sufficiently familiar to joke. The manner was a new one to Lydia; it was indeed accustomed to baffle and set at ease many more experienced persons, but to Fosburg, with whom it had not been employed, it was unmistakable. He heard Chesney saying, "I hope you really are delighted, Miss Harland," and it was like a sign, the exchange of a talisman; his sensitive egotism recognized the voice of a man welcoming his fellow-sovereign. What was all this? What was there about Liddy, in Heaven's name, to be greeted with this homage? Fosburg turned and stared at Lydia as if she had been a stranger.

"Miss Harland," he said desperately, "is the only person who has not thought very favorably of our play."

This was evidently in reference to some previous encomium by Chesney, who replied with his eyes on Lydia's, "Perhaps you think we're not credulous enough on Broadway? Oh, but we are!"

"You really think, then——" She paused, disliking to suggest that he should commit himself.

Chesney seemed to exchange a twinkle with the future. "Oh, well, the piece does move, you know," he said. "It does move, and—however it does it—it does thrill. Though it's not what I should select to say

to the author, we can swallow pretty near anything for the sake of a thrill in—in our peculiar constituency. You know almost any old tune can stir people up if it reminds them of the day Jack came home or that Mary's boy died down there of the fever. What we want mostly, you see, is to remember—well, remember the Maine!" Lydia smiled, and he added, "You mustn't expect too much of us, Miss Harland. We have to play round a little before we settle down—to Nora? Candida? Melisande? What is it you want?"

Fosburg cleared his throat. Aware of his own culture at having read and condemned these foolish plays, he was considerably annoyed at hearing them referred to Lydia as if they were her natural right. And was this Liddy, radiant and tall, her face brightening and changing to the swift variations of Chesney's voice, and her dark head lifted like a deer's? He hoped she would realize that this was just a way the fellow had! "If Mr. Chesney will excuse you, Lydia," he said, "I should be glad to have you look after your properties for this hospital scene. Very complicated," he explained to Chesney, "and property-men—these unions—so unreliable!" He was edging Lydia rapidly toward the door, but he was unable to avert Chesney's farewell bow, with its little mocking sparkle, the challenge of his deference. He heard this ambassador of Broadway saying something about "a pleasure," and "One wonders how you have had time to get it all. You seem to have everything;" then came Lydia's "You are very good" and Chesney's "Not a bit of it. I am in your debt." And then he had got her out and the door shut. Poor Mr. Fosburg! There is no unalloyed pleasure in this world! His guest said many flattering things to him that night, made many profitable concessions, but who was Lydia, what was she, that Chesney should applaud her?

Meanwhile the same rumor in a more amiable form was beginning to get abroad among the company. It was Lydia Harland that was making the hit to-night. For here was one of those occasions, curious but not uncommon, when a part which is lifeless and dull at rehearsal comes suddenly forward at the performance like sympathetic ink on a page held toward the fire. In this instance they did not know whether to attribute the unlooked-for emphasis to an unusual attention in the audience, some informing intelligence between itself and the actress, or merely to the fact that Lydia was somehow lighted up. What had got into her to-night? How was it that she seemed to be a little different, to be—as it were—coming out? What was the suggestion in her personality, as of something rich and strange, to which they listened as to a new voice? They had always been fond of her, they had always even admired her, but they had never considered her exciting. Was there, then, something more in Lydia than they had ever suspected? Or had they, now they came to think of it, suspected it all along,

though only to-night had the suspicion found voice? In any case, the rumor grew; it sped from lip to lip, from whisper to exclamation, growing by what it fed on till it was the chief gossip, the chief outcry, of the dressing-rooms: "Well, just the same, I tell you it's Lydia Harland's making the hit to-night!" The report came to Liza and to Elfrida Watts and made them at once afraid and glad—they who had lamented Lydia's passiveness and wished that Frankie Carzon, if no one better, would rouse her spirit; it came to Frank himself, who had mourned her need of help and his inability to help her—she who now seemed moving in triumph far away—oh, far beyond the help or hope or thought of little boys!

Thus it came about that as Lydia went here and there, as she joined groups in the entrances or selected hospital supplies in the property-room, she was aware of something tender and especial in people's manner, a little note of wonder and esteem in long familiar voices, congratulatory pressures in the touch of friendly hands, smiling whispers, kindling glances, all the little fluttered rustle of a fond court admitting eagerly her precedence. And Lydia's nature rushed out to all this cordial clamor in that insistent need of love which was as strong as life in her; her blood seemed to flow in her more naturally than for many a day, her heart opened and her spirit lifted. She was happy. Not only for herself; she perceived the evening to be going greatly, Fosburg to be conducting it to victory, and her attention was filled by that. She luxuriated once more in the sense of his power and mastery, of his exceeding worth, so large did he loom on that portentous night, so completely was he once again the great man which she had seen him when she was a girl! She rejoiced to be a trusted part of that machine which was to reorganize his life, to be an officer in the army with which he was winning his kingdom. The attitude of the audience, of the company, Chesney's recognition of her, had welcomed her to a place in these resplendent issues; the past and the future were equally forgotten, and the high-hearted present reigned alone. It was as if a comforting world had taken her by the hand, as if life, after strange, unworthy doubts on her part, had stooped to vindicate itself. Oh, it was good to be happy again! The third act was called.

The third act was the great act; it contained the big scenic effect, the great climax for Fosburg's acting. It was in two scenes. The first set was a field hospital. Lydia's best chance came in this scene, and it went so surprisingly that under other circumstances she would have had to take a scene-call. Even the dark change descending like a damper on the house could hardly put out the applause until some faint moonlight dawned again and revealed the walls of the hero's prison. The crisis of the play had come. Young Mr. Lowney had

seized upon the account of Lieutenant Hobson's watching of the battle of San Juan from Morro Castle and had planted his hero in Hobson's place. The stage was well and grimly set with a barred window to the stage-right and a dreadful expanse of stone wall everywhere else. Here the incarcerated hero was certainly in a bad plight; he was starved, insulted, and generally tormented by the Spaniards, and, besides all this, he was ill with "the fever," from the pathetic wanderings of which he suffered occasional lapses into heroic repartee. Then came the time when he was alone, and the delirium became very bad indeed, and he could bear no more and fainted, and night came on, and at last, when the stage was good and dark, the spirit of his betrothed appeared to him. She appeared to him through the trap in a strong calcium and dressed in a chiffon mist, that legendary garb of visions, and she told the hero a great many things about the conduct and future of the war which it was really very clever of her to know. This was the scene which Lydia had advised against from the beginning; she had particularly deprecated the use of a trap instead of a transparency, more particularly still the use of a special trap which Fosburg had had cut for an exceptional occasion a long time ago. It lay only a little to the left centre—to the player's left, that is to say—and no farther back than the first entrance. As there was no apron to the stage, it seemed to Lydia in the very lap of the audience. "There won't be any illusion, Tom," she had argued. But Mr. Fosburg had said that a premature transparency would spoil the big effect at the end of the act, and that he wanted her in front of him anyhow, so that the audience could see his face, and so she had to be far front, for he was not going to stand up back and have people craning their necks off to see his facial expression. So that was settled. The vision came and said her say as unobtrusively as possible; her patriotic prophecies, however, persisted in bringing forth ill-considered rounds of applause, so that the apparition, anxious, after the uneasy fashion of apparitions, to get away, scurried a little in her lines and sank out of sight with somewhat apologetic swiftness—this was not her scene. Before the crown of her head had well disappeared, the hero had seized the situation again with an attractive groan and then relapsed into his faint. And dawn came, and sunrise, and full day, all in a few moments, with the newest electrical and mechanical effects, with the song of birds and the beginnings of battle, and with the stage-manager almost insane from his chronic combination of responsibility and incompetence. Poor Fosburg, prone and helpless on the stage, began to breathe more easily as the changes followed each other in due form. He had had a moment of almost regretting that he had dispensed with Frank Carzon's services to-night. Little Wiley, that poor stage-manager, was used to leaning so heavily upon Lydia's assistance, and Lydia on Frank's; the stage-hands were

used to them, they liked Liddy, they liked the boy. What if Mr. Fosburg's orders had been premature? He might have let things go as they were for one last performance. But his misgivings were not justified, all went smoothly, and at last, the sun getting in his eyes, the hero woke and sprang over to the window and saw the battle, and in the great speech of the play, while he shook the bars to accompanying crashes from outside, obligingly described it to the audience. Every incident of the Spanish war happened then and there, right in front of that barred window, to be described; every telling remark of every participator, spectator, or newspaper was put into the hero's mouth to describe it with. The whole gamut of emotions was run up to the triumphant climax when the imprisoned patriot broke into a frenzy of sobbing joy. This was Fosburg's opportunity, and he rose to it like a man and an artist. Now or never was his chance to show Chesney that all the acting had not been seen on Broadway; that, whatever people might say, the great race of the old tragedians had not perished from the earth. The material was of the sort which Fosburg could handle superbly, almost perfectly. Of original fervor, of that spiritual vitality commonly called inspiration, he knew nothing, but he had lungs, grace, earnestness, pictorial intelligence, a disciplined mechanism, a magnificent command of his resources; he was well up in pause and pose and pitch, learned in variety and emphasis, past master in "repressed force" and "rising power" and all the thrilling tricks of emphasis; whatever else he knew or did not know, he knew his business. To people not keen about essentials, he was unsurpassable; to people like Chesney, weary of temperamental fakes and slipshod reliance upon personality, this conscientious, conventional, effective skill was rousing, refreshingly worth-while. So that in the tide of mad applause that swept over the house no one joined more heartily than the connoisseur, glad to let himself go with the populace, glad to be of one cordial spirit with a real occasion. Success was not only here, it was established; Fosburg's fortune was made.

Yet events proceeded. The house, still under Fosburg's control, began to hush itself a little, seeing him stagger to his feet; he turned his back on it, stretching out his arms, crying in an ecstatic invocation of love and longing to "the boys outside," and at the word the prison walls were turned to air; straight across the rear of the stage, right up to the proscenium, they melted away; and there, with only the mesh of the transparency intervening, stretched the hillside of San Juan. It was certainly an achievement of realistic setting, for the slope was high and solid; the supers carefully posed, carefully trained. Fosburg had followed Mr. Remington's picture as closely as his nature would allow, permitting himself only a few little added gallantries of grouping, of flags and music, only a few extra touches of scenic pathos.

There, sure enough, was the weary hill, the blinding sun—almost one felt the quiver of the heat; there was the rain of shot, the toiling rush, the broken lines of figures swarming and stumbling, and there on horseback was the Rough Rider from whose hat a polka-dotted handkerchief streamed in the electric breeze. Perhaps to the highly sophisticated, the thing was rather funny, but yet it was achieved to a miracle—and worked one. The audience sprang to its feet, the orchestra burst into "The Star Spangled Banner," the curtain came down and went up, came down and went up, and enthusiasm ran riot. There were six calls on the tableau, and then a call that shook the house for Fosburg. He took it, bowing profoundly, honestly moved, his heart in his throat. He took another and another and another, then he had on the whole company, then he and the super who had impersonated that particular Rough Rider took one together and the house almost beat its breast with fondness, then he took one alone again with all the flowers he had received set on the stage, then he took one without the flowers. In the wings and entrances the company crowded and pushed and peered, whispering, laughing, jostling, wild with success and eager to see Fosburg's triumph. Young Mr. Erskine held Earlie Esterbrook on his shoulder, Minnie Fuselle burrowed between Robbins and Brownrigg, snuffling with joy.

"Where's Wiley?" said Frank Carzon.

"He's here, he's here all right!" answered little Ryan; and Elfie Watts added, "Liddy's got him." For now was the time to present the loving-cup.

Fosburg stood out there upon the threshold of the sweetest moment of his life. And yet there was something wrong. The temper of an audience, however inarticulate, is always felt; Fosburg did not know how, but he became aware that as the house continued to demand and he to respond, it was beginning to want something else, he did not know what; it still applauded generously, but now it was hoarding up its enthusiasm against the arrival of something which did not come. He had no idea at all of what this could be; nobody else had shared his scene with him; he had taken on the whole company once, out of pure graciousness, and Lowney had had his turn. There was nothing due to any other person. Bewildered and embarrassed, he forgot, poor soul, the caprice and injustice of the crowd; he forgot that unnecessary applause for the apparition, and how Lydia's scene-call had been nipped by the dark change; he forgot most of all the five summers in which Lydia had matured among these people and carried her quiet beauty through a thousand memorable scenes. Thus he and the audience puzzled and polite-regarded each other with growing uneasiness, but while out on the stage he bowed and bowed, in the entrance Liza Dane, craning over Frank Carzon's shoulder, said aloud,

"It's Liddy they want! They want to say good-by to Lydia! Any fool can see that!"

Mrs. Slocum, also observing the strain, whispered to Minnie Fuselle that she could n't think why Mr. Fosburg did n't take Earlie on with him. "That would be awful cute! Sometimes, like to-night, I think Mr. Fosburg's jealous of Earlie. Seems so kind of small for a man in his position!"

"And even uncalled for!" said Minnie Fuselle.

"Don't you think they want Miss Harland?" asked young Mr. Erskine, looking very penetrating, and in the same moment with his words the deed was done. Just as the wise ones in the audience were beginning to stir themselves to call "Speech!" a man in the gallery cried, "Harland," faintly and gingerly here and there some one echoed him, then the call was taken up distinctly, insistently. Fosburg heard it, every one heard it—"Harland! Harland!"—and on the clear pronouncement of the name there came a volley of applause.

The falling curtain struck the stage, and Fosburg walked off. The applause continued, the curtain rose again, and Fosburg said to Lydia, "Go on." She hesitated, looking at him greatly troubled.

"Come with me!" she entreated him, and, as he did not answer: "Take me on!"

He said again, "Go on," and turned away. Lydia advanced slowly toward the footlights, her small, dark head bending to the storm of praise, her grave eyes, full of thanks, moving serenely from face to face. But she felt neither thankful nor serene. She wanted to cry out, "Oh, stop, stop! You don't know what you're doing! You're spoiling everything! This is our big moment, and you're ruining it! This is no time at all for me!" And she wanted to run to Fosburg, to tell him not to mind, that they were excited and did not know what they were doing, that they did not really want her, and, above all, that it was not her fault, she had done nothing.

In the wings Minnie was whispering, "Don't they love her, though? There's a farewell for you! Well, indeed, what did he expect?"

"Liddy's made to-night," said the first-old-man, very kindly.

"Oh, I don't know!" sniffed Liza Dane. "Oh, my poor girl!"

The ridiculous little Carzon boy blinked his absurd young eyes and thought, "Oh, that I might die for her!"

Lydia withdrew, and then at last they got out the call for a speech.

Fosburg had to go on again; for not only was there an immediate polite revival of interest at the prospect of a speech, but if the loving-cup did not get itself introduced at once, the whole crown of the performance would be lost. Lydia was relieved to see that Fosburg was equal to the occasion, that he swallowed his chagrin, pulled himself together, and ordered the curtain up. Thus he caught the ebb-tide and

turned it, smiling benignly once more upon the audience with that conscious benignity of middle-aged, large men, as of gods walking. Then in the pleasant hush, while he cleared his throat, from the right first entrance the stage-manager trembled on.

The stage-manager simpered propitiatingly. He then got out the words, "Mr. Fosburg, if you please—a moment!" Mr. Fosburg, wide-eyed and astonished, but indulgent, encouraged him with a look, and the audience, scenting a new sensation, leaned forward in a rapture. The stage-manager, a little swollen in his own esteem at having got actually started, advanced a little farther, folded his hands across his stomach, and began. He said the usual things about "slight tribute of esteem," "hope it will prove acceptable," "voluntary contributions of every member of the company," "remembrance of many pleasant," and during these comparatively innocuous remarks he ran the gamut from jauntiness through flutter and flounder to a complete hitch. Poor Mr. Fosburg, eying him with a kind of threatening, mild benevolence and itching to speak the lines himself, could only smile attention. From the entrance Lydia called softly, and with recovered briskness the stage-manager stepped back to her, got the cup, and handed it over. Mr. Fosburg imposingly took it, and here, perfected, the world came to its focus. The precious thing glittered and shone, the raised mermaids sparkled in the thousand lights, the house pressed forward, applauding wildly, the company in the wings applauded, too; everything hung upon Fosburg, that new star on the horizon; the Mayor in the box, Chesney in the audience, Broadway waiting for the morning-papers, they must all bear witness to this hour. Oh, Cæsar! Oh, Napoleon! What were your crowns?

Mr. Fosburg took the stage—how handsomely!—and faced his glories. As he began his speech, he was brimful of emotion, and he knew enough to let that emotion have full swing, that the house might see and revel in it; the choke in his voice, the tears in his eyes, were very seemly, and did not interfere with his righteousness, his excellent chest-notes, nor his large and flowing gestures. It was a long speech, but it was considered a fine one, full of impressive truths. In it he said that they must pardon any lack of rhetoric in his few words, for this palpable token of good-will from his dear comrades, taking him as it did entirely by surprise, had touched him so deeply that it had almost robbed him of set speech; and yet that he must bear testimony to that no less touching, no less heartfelt encouragement which he—and they—had received from the people of Colville that night. With those dear comrades it had been his pleasure and his privilege to work long and unitedly, and he felt that he spoke in their name as well as his own when he strove to express his sense of the honor that had been done him and them by the farewell gathering of an audience at once so representative and

so select. (Spontaneous applause, hastily muffled by the more correct.) He felt safe in assuming, Mr. Fosburg continued, that never in the illustrious history of that theatre had it held a more brilliant gathering. He then touched upon the various great nights which the fine old building had enjoyed from its opening up to this very time, during the course of which comparisons he launched several compliments, delicately veiled, delicately pointed, at the more influential persons present—notably the Mayor, who struggled to appear unconscious by looking up at the draped eagle spreading away over his box, and at Chesney, who had been amusing himself for some time by drawing little pictures on his cuff, and who under the shadow of this encomium went on finishing the head of an owl and then somewhat suddenly extinguished it under the sketch of a high hat. But, continued Mr. Fosburg, on this auspicious occasion he believed that he was doubly fortunate in being at last permitted to make some return to the Colville public. The time had come when that public's invariable support of the worthiest, the most artistic efforts had borne fruit in encouraging him to produce a work of untried but, he thought he might venture to say, of undoubted, and now of undisputed, merit. (Great applause.) It was, said he, beaming benevolence, the privilege of himself and his company to present, as it was that of the audience to indorse, the first dramatic effort of their youthful fellow-townsmen, Mr. R. M. Lowney. (Wild applause. The Lowney family strangling with the effort to appear unconscious.) Mr. Fosburg went on to say that their reception of this play encouraged him to hope that the day of the American dramatist had dawned at last; he ventured to believe that Mr. Lowney had proved to all present that there were subjects in American history, even in modern American history, as worthy of presentation upon our stage as any occurring in fictitious kingdoms or foreign civilizations outworn and effete, and that clean, wholesome, honest incidents, thrilling with the life-pulse of a young nation, could in the hands of a true artist, himself a type of sound American manhood, be treated with the fullest accuracy and vividness of modern realism, yet avoid the unwholesome after-taste of the problem play—which was not yet, thank God, a typical product of the native stage—and keep in touch with healthy human impulse and the great heart of the people! (Mr. Fosburg, having successfully disentangled himself from these involutions, now paused to take breath and to enjoy the conspicuous commendation of gentlemen anxious to prove to their relations that they had never been to see “Sapho,” or of ladies who had never been able to understand what any one saw in gloomy authors—Sardou and Tolstoi and people like that.) He would always be proud, proceeded the orator, that it was he who had been permitted to call Colville's attention to this achievement of its young citizen. Next season he hoped to make it known

to a larger, though never to a more discerning, public. This night—he was so touched, so moved—he could not look upon the too beautiful and generous gift which he held in his hand (here he glanced with humble pride at the raised mermaids), nor upon the cordial faces crowded between those familiar walls, without the most poignant regret at realizing that they would never again be thus united. Nevertheless, this night would be a bright spot in his memory, he should carry the influence of that memory always with him, and no matter how far he journeyed, nor among what undescried scenes he was called upon to do his work, no recollection would ever be so dear to him, no recognition so precious, as that which he had but now received. In once more thanking his good friends, both before and behind the curtain, he would beg of them a last indulgence, that they would join with him now in an avowal of fellowship, in singing with him the song that was in all their hearts that night, the song of “Auld Lang Syne.” He bowed.

This *coup* was more successful than might have been expected. The audience was thoroughly at home, and it really needed some method of working off its feelings. Fosburg got the actors out on the stage, they started the tune, the gallery broke into a whistling accompaniment, then, while the Mayor showed his public spirit by joining in the song, the house at large slowly lost its self-consciousness and its voice wavered forth. Nobody heard Liza Dane say that she felt like a fool, nor saw Ryan wink at little Carzon. A vast friendliness, a vast mutual satisfaction, pervaded everything. Fosburg, expanding on a wave of melody, was so at peace with the world, so mollified even toward Lydia, that he had almost forgotten how she had been called back over his head, that he had almost forgotten her existence. Publicly lauded he stood there, prosperous, successful, and yet only at the beginning of his prosperity and his success; the world was already his and yet lay all before him. He saw the consciousness of this reflected back upon him from hundreds of faces, he heard from hundreds of voices the clamor which he had called into being. Back there, though swallowed up among so many bulkier people, sat the great Chesney, tranquilly aware that the necessary weapon for next season was in his hand, that he and his management were in for a big thing. But Chesney was, after all, as Fosburg had complained, a very young man, and all the time that he ought to have been thrilled by the sweet sentiment of the music there was dancing through his flippant brain the still more flippant concoction which his memory had been searching for ever since he had met Fosburg; his memory had it now, was obsessed by it, and his eyes twinkled with it as they regarded the renowned Arthur. “For auld lang syne, my dear,” sang all Colville, with a commendable struggle after the Scotch accent; “For auld lang syne,” soothingly and con-

descendingly Fosburg chanted, and Chesney's private music-box tinkled out, "For it stood on its neck with a smile well bred, and it bowed three times to me!" The recollection of a Japanese fairyland for a moment obscured the present, then he was aware again of the closing chorus, and of Fosburg bowing himself backward in retreat. In a moment the curtain would be down, the house swayed forward, intent and fond; all attention and homage, all sound and stillness, all the myriad rays of light itself, seemed to centre upon Fosburg now as, his whole face radiating complacency and triumph, he lifted the loving cup in a timely and graceful gesture. "We'll take a cup o' kindness yet," he sang, and, "With a smile well bred," Chesney chuckled, "and it bowed three times," and at that moment, taking another back and sidewise step, the complacency still flourishing, the cup still extended, the melody still rolling forth, Mr. Fosburg stepped upon the trap and disappeared.

It was too terrible, but it was true. Clutching the cup, his voice freezing in him and his heart bursting, the complacency broken by his very eyebrows, his very features, which seemed to start forward out of his face, he sank softly out of sight. The last thing seen of him was the glitter of the raised mermaids still aloft in his petrified hand. There was no help possible, nothing to be tried, nothing to be done, nothing for it but patience till he was altogether gone, till he was swallowed down into the kindly darkness which had received so many fairy queens, so many ghosts and demons, in its time. So for one instant the whole audience, checked in the full on-rush of its enthusiasm, brought to a halt in the full swing of fervid expression, stood shocked and paralyzed. And then, kindly souls as were gathered there, reacted upon by the hysteria into which Fosburg had purposely worked them, they burst into one gigantic laugh. The crown of the hero's head had scarcely disappeared when the gust came! It broke in such a storm of frenzied mirth, of real relief and jollification, as even an opera house had never heard before. It plunged the house into a kind of fit, and swept away forever any imposition of sentiment, of attitude. It was like a hard shower after a murky day, and people's fancies scudded home before it, then sat down in comfort and roared and roared. Neither respect nor pity quieted them; in all that erstwhile worshipping horde only Chesney felt a rueful twinge of sympathy and, smiling, sighed. Alas for the fête-days of human wishes, for crowns and ceremonials and celebrations, the perfected mechanism, the patient aspiration, the cup and the lip! Alas, poor Fosburg!

The whole company, huddled in the entrance about Lydia's doorway, saw Mr. Fosburg as he came up the cellar-stairs, and, casting one glance at his face, started to scatter. But he stepped in front of the stairway

leading to the women's rooms, and his expression detained the men also, by a sort of paralysis. For Fosburg was now a madman, pure and simple; no one should have spoken to him nor heeded him. But Lydia ran forward from her threshold and with a little brooding cry stretched out her hand. Fosburg turned on her; his distorted face, that was discolored with rage and shame, the eyes suffused with tears, writhed like a maniac's. "You!" he brought forth, and then stood there fighting for breath and strangling on the words which finally began to break from him in little bursts and gushes. "You!—the trap!—left open!—not bolted!—you!—you!—did n't bolt it!—your fault!—to shame me!—before the audience!—after all I—— To shame me!—before the audience! Oh, my God!"

Into the ghastly pause the voice of the head carpenter broke with a strident freshness. "Say, look here, Mr. Fosburg! It ain't Miss Harland's fault. It ain't Miss Harland's business to bolt the trap. She remembered all right, any way! She told the boys that were helping her down to be sure the trap was bolted, and then she run up-stairs to see your end o' the act." He came nearer to the star, spearing him with a surly and an implacable eye. "It was us. We all wanted to see the end o' the act, and we supposed Mr. Carzon was there. Why was n't he? Any way, of course we did n't know you were going to walk right onto it. I'm awful sorry," he said, pointedly turning his back on his employer and bending his proud head toward Lydia. "I'm awful sorry," he repeated.

"Why were n't you there, Frankie?" Liza Dane sang sharply out.

"I could n't manage it," said the boy, mindful of Lydia's peace.

Liza motioned toward the position where Fosburg stood intrenched. "May we go up-stairs now, Fos?" She was a rival of the stage-hand in the curve of her contemptuous lip.

He did not seem to hear her, and the head carpenter pushed past the trembling stage-manager and asked, "Strike, Mr. Fosburg?" He got no reply, and, taking the thing upon himself, clapped his hands and cried, "Strike, boys!"

At the order a blessed confusion descended upon the stage. Amid the whirling scenery, the group of men which had been edging further and further from the star began to break for privacy. Fosburg looked stupidly about him, his head swinging slightly from side to side in a dull but goaded torment. For he was murkily aware that they were all against him; he resented the reference to Frank, which seemed to say that it was all his, Fosburg's, own fault; he resented Lydia's standing there so still, and as the walls of Morro Castle were scurried past him he was rent by the dread that his prey might escape, and suddenly out from the half-articulate mutters of his choking voice there sprang a

cry like the yell of a wild dog. The sharpness of the sound seemed to bring him back to at least a degree of human consciousness, for now he fixed his eyes on Lydia with a controlled and gloating frenzy, the lust of the executioner. "Oh!" he said, "and this was your idea, was it?"

A question sprang into her eyes, but she stood looking at him and said nothing.

"You need n't go," he called to his company. "It was public enough, was n't it? That was her idea—to disgrace me in public. It was a ——— good idea, too. But you won't gain much by it, my lady. I can tell you that. Oh, look innocent! Look innocent! That's your way. You did n't leave the trap unbolted, I suppose? No, of course not! Or else you did n't mean to. No, of course not! Look here, do you think I don't know what you're up to? To get ahead of me, to ruin me!—to make a fool of me!—a fool of me! First you put your claque in front. To call you back over my head. Then you leave the trap unbolted. To disgrace me. To ruin me. To kill me with Chesney. To break my heart. Before the audience. Because your head's turned with his flattering you. You think you'll get in ahead of me. You think he'll take you to New York. To Broadway. Make a star of you. You blamed fool, you! Well, you get there, then! You get there by yourself if you can! You'll find—I won't take you! I'll never take you! I'm through with you! I——" He shook off the hands of his friends, he drowned their remonstrances with the words which foamed out upon his lips in crazy jerks, his voice rising higher and quicker and louder with the torrents of humiliation that were boiling in his blood. "I suppose you think I can't get on without you; that Chesney won't take me without you. Well, you're wrong. You're wrong. You're what I make you. And nothing else. Do you understand that? And nothing else. If I choose to take you to New York I will. Or not. Just as I choose. It's what I choose. You can't force me. No, by God! Such a trick of yours! You have n't got me safe yet! You ought to have made sure of me before. Well, what's the matter with you? Can't you speak? Say something! Do you think you can get round me now standing there—staring—you ungrateful—you pretend to love me—I won't—I—you—you——"

His voice, which had been breaking more and more, failed altogether, but, coming close to Lydia, he stamped and shook his clinched hands in the air, and at that Frank Carzon forgot his helplessness, stepped in front of the older man, and said, "You're out of your mind, Mr. Fosburg."

They both stood stock-still. The boy's whole air was very rational and quiet; no one could have told why it was that his look and Fosburg's as they clashed challenged a mortal combat. Which one of these

two would master that moment for a lady? Then Fosburg, looming forward above the boy, suddenly lifted his great fist and struck him in the face.

It was a crashing blow. Frank reeled under it a little and took a staggering backward step. As he brought up against the brick wall of the entrance he shook his head as if shaking water out of his eyes—the blurring confusion of the blow—and sent to Lydia across the intervening crowd a quick look of reassurance. He neither spoke nor attempted to avenge himself, to defend himself. He ignored Fosburg altogether; he had but one concern, to flash that message, “It’s all right. Don’t suffer! It’s all right.” All was dizziness with him except the longing of his full young strength to strike and the concentration of his control over that strength. The gasp of the people around him, some one clutching Fosburg’s arm, Fosburg himself suddenly sobered like a man just out of the breakers, looking about him for sympathy, finding none, and making with a shuddering cry for the shelter of Lydia’s room; Lydia, too, moving away, passing him with no recognition except the brooding of her unfathomable eyes,—all those things he was but mistily aware of, and still stood against the wall, his shoulders squared and his head up, but giddy, breathless with an excitement, an exhilaration, beyond speech. For in his difficult service of doing nothing, at least he had endured for her at last! One or two people spoke to him, and he replied, in his limited phraseology, that he was all right, he would be along in a minute. But he did not stir. A sense of something portentous, imminent, of the high tide of Lydia’s life, flushed through his nerves. What would happen to her? What was happening to her? What would Fosburg do with her? What would life do with her? Surely the challenge was thrown down! Out on the stage they were setting the last act, the orchestra in the *entr’acte* medley had come once more upon the memorable strains of “Auld Lang Syne,” and the night that was to decide all Lydia’s future was nearly past. Just then, as he looked at Lydia’s door, it opened, and Fosburg, apparently in his right mind, appeared upon the threshold. His hand was on the knob, the hand which he had dashed into Frank’s face, and the boy saw Lydia lift it and put it to her breast. She laid her cheek on it and kissed it. “Should auld acquaintance be forgot,” persisted the music, and perhaps Fosburg winced a little, but nothing more. Frank put up his handkerchief and wiped away the little blood that was still upon his lips. The electrician, thinking him perhaps a trifle dazed, brushed past without disturbing him. Fosburg crossed the stage to his dressing-room, and the boy in the entrance gathered himself together and went too. Lydia’s door was shut again. On all the turmoil of the past hour order and labor settled afresh, bounded by the steadfast music:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 An' never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 An' the days of auld lang syne?

PART III. THE EPILOGUE

IT was just before dawn, through the somewhat chilling darkness of the empty streets, that Fosburg came back to Lydia. He had experienced a change of heart, and not even the late supper at which he had established so advantageous an understanding with Chesney had availed to dim his clear determination. He had made up his mind to marry her.

For now that the worry and the turmoil were well passed, Fosburg wondered what he had been thinking of in planning otherwise. Lydia was not the sort of woman whose abandonment could be accomplished with any real éclat, and, particularly after the revolting scene this evening, any but the most loyal course would do him an injustice. Fosburg was not a man who could live without his self-respect. The tableau of his attack upon Lydia caused him as deadly a heat and nausea as that involuntary exit through the trap; he could not look at it without writhing, and in casting about for some more gratifying attitude a proposal of marriage loomed before his eye. Ever since the close of the performance he had soothed and stayed himself with that prospect; before he went to supper he had sent Lydia some flowers, and he regretted only that no jeweller's was open. Well, to-morrow. To-morrow she should glisten with his remorse. What must she be feeling, poor Lydia? It would do his heart good to see her revive and lift up her head again. His dear Liddy, his good girl! He began to rejoice in the joy that it was his to give, and he forgave her everything. She should be happy at last, for she deserved it. He could marry her, she could play for him in his Broadway opening, and then he could take her off the stage and keep her off; in marrying her he would therefore in a way be getting rid of her—so all things work together for good! Thus Fosburg in his surface thought, while deep and strong his heart cried out for her. For this was the final motive in his bridegroom mood, that he wanted her, oh! he wanted her. The violent fortunes of that night had shaken Fosburg; he felt himself dislodged, uprooted, not quite sure of his self-control or balance; before the newness of the brilliant future he had grown a little lonely and afraid. It was an indifferent and a powerful world that he was entering, and perhaps he who was no longer young would be glad of his home there and his waiting wife. Fourteen years of unbroken alliance, of mutual interests, mutual cares, fourteen years of life together, did not that form an extraordinary clasp of hands? What a madman to have wished to break it!

Should old acquaintance be forgot? No, God knows! As he neared the hotel he looked up at Lydia's window and rejoiced to see the warm light shining there as it had shone so many hundred times. She would be sitting at his lamplit table with the coffee things in readiness, and the cloak of her forgiveness would cover him even from his own eyes. Oh, it was only she who could give him peace, who could heal the hurts that he had dealt his pride to-night, she who had loved so long the faults of his heart and the hairs of his head! Out from the shaded brightness of the light there flooded back to him a thousand memories, a thousand pictures, and among these long-disregarded visions of the girl she was when he first knew her, which touched the purest tenderesses of his heart. Ah! heaven, how he had loved her! Long, long ago, oh, long ago! He had so meant to make her happy, and now, thank God, across all those years he had come to redeem the pledges of his good intentions. He knocked at Lydia's door.

Lydia sat in the lamplight at the table, just as he had foreseen. She rose as he came in, but he went straight up to her, he lifted her hands one after the other and kissed them, he raised a fold of her dress and kissed that, too. He said, "My sweet Lydia, my own girl, I beg ten thousand pardons. Forgive me, dear."

"I am very sorry," she replied, "not to have seen about the trap. I am very, very sorry."

"I know it, my poor love. I knew it all the time. I was merely a brute. But I was out of my mind. I did n't know what I was saying. What can I do to make it up to you, dear? I'll apologize to you before the whole company! I'll write a note to little Carzon, if you like, and say I hope I did n't hurt him! I'm so bitterly ashamed that there is n't any humiliation you could put upon me, Lydia," said he, swelling with the notion, "that would bow me too low, if you'll forgive me."

"I think I do forgive you," she said. "Yes, I forgive you."

"That's like you, dear. You're an angel. You're far too good for me, Liddy. No, no coffee, thank you. Listen, Liddy. Some sort of misunderstanding has come between us of late. We must have no more of that. My darling, my poor little girl, all that is over and passed. I've come here to ask you when we are to be married, Lydia."

"Yes," she said; "yes, I thought you would do that."

"I am glad you did me that justice," he replied, a little huffed. "Well, don't trifle, dear. There is no reason why we should wait any longer. When will you be ready?"

"I shall never be ready," said Lydia. "Never again. I have been ready too long." She was aware of his half-articulate "What!" and stood still a moment, gathering and weighing her words, before she added, "I can't marry you, Tom."

"What!" He turned scarlet and straightened up, pricking all over and with a sound of rushing water in his ears. "What do you mean? Are you out of your mind? Don't try to fool with me! Can't marry me? Why not?"

"Because I don't wish to," she answered very gently.

"What!" Of all his sonorous periods this was the only syllable that was left to him. But while he stared at Lydia something came back to him, and then he divined that this was only the outraged pride of womanhood, seemly enough in the future Mrs. Fosburg, but inconvenient to his mood, and he determined, in the language of his lighter moments, to call her bluff. "Come, Liddy! You forget, my dear." He came close to her and shook her fondly by the shoulder. "You know you love me, Liddy. Why, you kissed me, you know—of your own accord you kissed my hand, just after all the trouble. That was my own old Lydia."

She did not stir. "Yes," she said; "I kissed you. That was for good-by. It was my good-by to you—and to all our life. It was just the end. I meant it for that, but I knew you did n't know. It seemed to me I had loved you—a great deal. And you had n't cared enough. You were n't—worth it. But it was so much, I was sorry you had lost it. I was so sorry—sorry for you. That was why I kissed you." Fosburg took his hand from Lydia's shoulder, went over to a chair, and sat down in it.

He never could remember afterwards what words she used in order to make him aware that she was leaving him that night. At first he scarcely paid attention to a fact which he found too incredible, and then he seemed to have known it for a long time. He heard her telling him all her arrangements—how she had called up Mr. Harvey on the long-distance telephone and had agreed to join him in Cincinnati and go to Australia with him, how there was a train about five o'clock that morning which she could take, how she had left Liza instructions about having her things packed and sent after her, all but the little trunk which was already waiting for her downstairs—and the strangeness of it choked and baffled him. Who was this Lydia who had thus taken the management of her life in her own hands? But then suddenly whipped into action by the nip of wondering what every one would say, he began to cry out against all this nonsense, to argue, to reproach, to implore, and when he had exhausted the strains of broken sentiment which were all that he could find to bind her with, he saw that she was drawing on her gloves. And then, "Lydia," he stammered, with that awful lurch and swinging of the soul with which a man gulps down the dregs of his abasement—"Lydia, what am I to do about Chesney?"

"Chesney?"

"If he insists upon you; if—if he won't take me without you."

"He will," she said. "If I were to be had, perhaps he would not, but I am not to be had, and I am not necessary to 'San Juan.'"

"I suppose you think that when you get back from Australia he'll give you something better?" She did not answer, and he said, composedly this time, though with bitter conviction, "Yes, I suppose he will." He sat for a moment grappling with the silent security with which his property was removing itself beyond his reach, and then he broke forth with, "What in the name of heaven has got into you to-night?"

"To-night!" she cried out, with an appalling sob. "Oh, to-night!" and, lifting her arms, she brought them down crossed upon her breast. She stood there, enfolding her emotion, guarding it as if from his intrusion, till at last she said, "Everything. Everything has happened to me to-night. I have come to myself—you have set me free. You have set me quite free. After all these years."

He was puzzled. "Just because I lost my temper. I know I was wrong; but, still, I did have provocation. Any man—I know I made a fool of myself, I know I struck that boy——"

"Ah!"

He started at her tone, and she explained:

"Not because you struck him. Because of the way he felt when you struck him. It made me know. It made me sure."

"Sure! Sure of what?"

"That there are still people in the world, after all, who are—really—young."

"Young!" cried Mr. Fosburg, wounded in a tender spot.

"Oh, not in that way! But single-minded and—honest and—that thing about the strength of ten—you used to read it to me so often, years ago—'My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart——' That's what I mean by being young. He thought of nobody but me, you see. Nothing else. I knew then that there was nothing in the world a man who felt like that about women would n't do to save me."

"Save you! Save you from what? From me?"

"From marrying you," said Lydia.

"I can't understand you," he replied.

She looked at her watch, and then she sat down by the table again, regarding him very sadly, with gentle, ruthless eyes. "Am I to speak?" she asked him. "I have never said anything until now. Perhaps that was where I was most wrong. But I don't think so. It would n't have made any difference if I had tried to tell you how I felt all along. You would have tired of me all the sooner."

"Lydia! I——"

"But now I am tired, too, and must go away. At least, I am tired of what I have been. I must go away from that."

"But, my poor brave girl, what you have been, as you call it, is all over, I swear to you. If we were married——"

"I don't mean that. If we were married, it would be worse. That would be like staying with a rich man whom you would leave if he were poor. If we only loved each other——"

"Lydia! If——?"

"Do you love me?" she asked him. He could not answer. It seemed so easy, and yet he could not say it. "No," she went on. "There is nothing in you to love me with, me nor any woman. And I, too—you've killed my love for you. You've been killing it for years, but I did n't see. Only to-night I saw. There is nothing of it left. But I want to save the other things that are left. I used to think there would be nothing for me without you. But there is. That, really, is what has happened to me, what I have found out to-night."

"You have found out! You mean that you don't need me any longer."

She looked the statement gravely in the face. "Yes, that is it. There are other things that matter in the world. All I need is to get away. Until lately I have been living in a bad dream, where there was n't anything right or wrong, anything staunch or anything—pure; only makeshifts, compromises, learning to get over things. The things that people around me said, the things they felt, the things you taught me, pressed in upon me so that I began to believe them, to think that all the ideas they teach you at home—about love, you know, and friendship, and—honor"—she flushed a little at the high-sounding words—"all the things you learn when you are little, were just tales to be got rid of, that nobody believed them or tried to follow them, but that you laughed and threw them overboard as you got older and knew the world; that what I missed in you, Tom, in our life, I should never find anywhere, that all men were alike and all women had to get used to that, and that I must be glad to cling to what I had and make the best of it, for I was only getting old and finding things out, finding life out like other women, and must be willing to sink into a kind of squalor and comfort, fall into fondness, dependence, habit, all the dreadful things, so that that girl I used to be when I really loved you—I should have had to cover her eyes. Women do that, they tell me, with their daughters. I could n't trust life, that was it, nor see it without you. I thought I had no right to anything except through you, that there was no future for me except with you, no ground under my feet, that I had no standing except what you gave me. My position with the world was in your hands, just as you said to-night, and I used to feel that my real position was there, too, that if anything should ever happen to part us I should be ashamed of everything at last. I could not have borne to be just a woman who—— I felt as if the distinc-

tion between me and—and some other women—was a distinction that you could give or take away, that came from our remaining together, and now I do not feel like that. I do not feel as if my character, myself, depended upon you. They depend upon me, upon me only. I don't believe any longer that nothing is worth-while."

Out of a black pause Fosburg laughed. "Well, I'm not worth-while, I see. Not worth your while, Lydia, that's plain. But don't you think you're pretty late in finding it out." He leaned forward to her. "Little Carzon! What's this you've got in your head about him? He seems to be at the bottom of this. Come, Liddy, is it he that's worth-while? Oh, well, then, no, I take that back. I don't suppose you're in love with the little fool—at your age. But he's up to your standard, is he?"

"He has given me my standard," she replied, in a faint little weariness of pain.

Fosburg reddened darkly, with an oath. "Frank Carzon! That's not the general estimate of him, my good girl. Frankie Carzon, by the Lord Harry! Handsome Carzon's cub!"

"Oh, I know, I know! I know all the things people said about him when he first came to us—oh, Tom, when he was only eighteen!—how hard it's been for him in so many ways, and his father and all that; the dreadful things that have been let happen to him and that he's done. Perhaps it was by those things he learned to understand, perhaps they made him. For the great difference between him and the rest of you is that he doesn't think such things are funny. That was what made trying to live better so dreary and hopeless and lonely to me, that it began to seem as if everybody thought them funny, thought that if you could n't laugh at scruples you were just a fool. And when I saw how he felt about me, what he supposed I was like, what he dreamed about me—that poor child—and my—fineness, what a different kind of person I seemed, and oh! of how different a usefulness from what I seemed to you, at first I could hardly bear it, and then it was like day coming when one's ill; and then to-night—to-night—oh!"

"Heavens and earth!" he cried. "The night's been strange enough. That you should desert me before everybody for a fit of temper! That's strange enough."

"Desert you!" she said, and there was a curious, wild softness in her voice. "How long has she—your wife—been dead? More than a year. Was n't it you, then, who deserted me, before everybody, as you say, a year ago? Although you did n't tell me so until to-night. No, you did n't tell me so—you could n't put yourself in the wrong like that; you only tried to starve me out. And I would n't see it. I would n't go. I tried to think it was just your way, and because I was still useful to you you let me stay, and to-night, when you thought I

was n't useful any longer, you threw me away. And I have got to my feet, that's all, that's what surprises you, makes you angry. You know that a year ago I could n't have done that; I should have broken my heart. But deserted you, Tom—oh, if my love's failed, if it has turned out too weak to save us both, as I know love ought to do, yet when I remember how much—how much it used to be——! Oh, if I could show you how I nursed it and hugged it and kept it up and would n't see! Long after you and I had begun to grow apart I loved my love for you better than anything, anywhere; I would have done anything, sunk to anything, sooner than know that it was gone. But it was going, it was going, and I know now that I knew it, and if it had been my child dying I could n't have held it more desperately. If you'd been kind to me to-night, true to me, even cheaply true, you would have enslaved me, to you and to your kind of life forever, but my success came, and you hated me for it, you would n't let it be a part of you, helping you, and you saw what Mr. Chesney thought of me, and you hated me, and I was n't even the woman you used to love, I was just a stranger to you, a thief that you would have liked to see locked up, and you cast me off, turned me out; and I can't come back, Tom, I can't, I don't want to. But when you say that I've deserted you—oh, could n't you see, all that time about the trap, how my heart sprang to you, how I tried to keep hold of the dearness of you, to cling to you, how I tried to assure myself that this was the man I loved so dearly? I was clutching to that because I was drowning, and there, before all those people, you beat me off, you tore my hands open, you did n't leave me one thing to hold to; you kept beating down, knocking away, all that I had tried so hard to save, the little that was left! And then all of a sudden I was just watching you, learning you all over again, trying to see in you something of what I used to live for and finding that there was nothing, there never had been anything, nothing but a picture that I had made myself and worshiped, and even that was gone—you'd destroyed it. Then I saw at last what you were and what I was to you, what I had been all the time I loved you, what any woman would be to you. So then you became a stranger to me, too. Oh, and I was ready to die then, for what was there in this world that was n't strange to me? I had scarcely even seen anything but you. I was waiting, waiting for some kind of an assurance, to get my breath, and then you struck Frank, and I saw him, I saw his face, the way he looked at me, I saw the difference between you, that was all, that was the end. Oh, I was so sorry for you and for all our love that was dead, so, so sorry, and I kissed you, and you thought I could n't help it and you despised me for it!" Her voice caught and, rising, she covered her face with her hands. She said, "Surely you see that I must go."

Unexpectedly enough, he put his head down upon his knees and

began to cry. He was so jarred, chagrined, and sore. "Oh, Liddy," he said, "I was a fool! Don't leave me just now! Oh, Liddy, how can you forget?"

"Forget!" she cried. She caught hold of him, bending over him with closed eyes, swaying a little, like a person in a swoon, her face all swimming with the broken light of tears, and for a moment they clung together in a seeming unity and comprehension. Then the call of the telephone sounded, and she gently released herself.

Fosburg sat there with his face muffled, trying to recover himself, to see his way, his life, in which he had been so strangely shaken. He could see nothing but Lydia and her miserable image of him. Thus he had never been so near to humility, to soundness. And it seemed to him a terrible world in which he found himself, a world in which time and the conditions of living stole away one's youth, stole away one's manhood, before one has had time to capture them, to ennoble oneself with them, and long before the good deliverance of age; stole away along with one's hope and one's integrities that so much more important thing, one's handsome portrait of oneself! It seemed, too, that Lydia was taking all these things away with her; that she on her side had not parted with one of them. She was leaving him to his life of newspaper triumphs and of restaurants, of flat anticipations, disillusion, and incurious wishes, to all the enchantments of notoriety and smoking-rooms and moneyed pleasures, he whose time for enchantment was over and done. Thus it came about that at least he had his little moment of longing to begin again—with her, in a far country; though he remembered the insecurity of her future and the fickle minds of managers, yet he saw how in that material world which had caught and caged him and turned the key on him forever, she was free. Oh, even his success had come too late, he had failed in everything! He had failed in a man's part, he had not bound this woman to him, he had driven her from him—he who had played how weary a many squires of dames, so that their devoirs and successes were as his own breath on his lips, he who in his own life had undertaken to be the immortal lover, above the laws of man! He, too, had been a boy once and had imagined better things. "My strength is as the strength of ten——" Why had she quoted those lines just now? He had recited that then fashionable poem under the humble ardor of her eyes on many a day of gold. From it there came back burningly to him his favorite verse, one which Lydia and other women had often thrilled to beneath his voice:

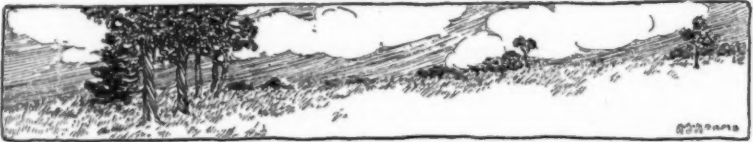
How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall;
For them I battle to the end
To save from shame and thrall.

The thing stung him like a snake. "For them I battle to the end——"
He heard the door close gently, and, looking up, he found himself alone.

Fosburg was alone in Lydia's room, alone with her books and pictures, the empty wrappings of their life.

To Thomas Arthur Fosburg,
From Lydia,
On her eighteenth birthday.

Was it possible? Was it possible? He ran to the window and raised the blind. The day had broken. The night of marring or of making, the great night on which success had hung, was come and gone! Fosburg stood staring out of the window into the daily miracle, the new world. There was over everything a cold and cleansing light which touched the familiar street with strangeness. In that pale clearness of the early morning he saw a bell-boy come out and open the door of Lydia's cab, saw Lydia step into it and drive away.

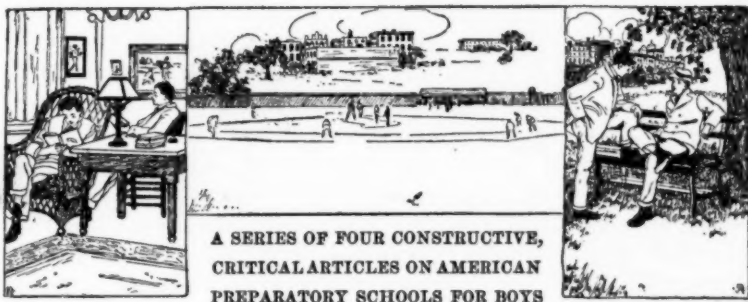


APRIL

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

S WELLING bud and fond suggestion,
Wafting of perfume,
Tearful rapture, thrilling question
Of restraint or bloom,
Life all dreamlessly asleeping,
As in death, but now,
Upward to the sunshine creeping,—
April, that is thou!

Mystery's authentic dwelling,
Faith's expanding wing,
Maiden loveliness foretelling
Fuller blossoming,
Prophet of the new creation,
Priestess of the bough,
Month of the imagination,—
April, that is thou!



EDUCATING OUR BOYS*

BY JOSEPH M. ROGERS

SECOND PAPER—THE TIME AND THE TASK

IT is of general knowledge that the tendency in the last thirty years has been to increase the requirements for admission to the higher colleges and universities, while, by a system of electives, it is made relatively easier for a young man to get through the four years of undergraduate work in the academic courses. There is ample opportunity for the hardest and most consistent study, but less necessity for it than formerly in order to get a degree. Obviously this has thrown a great deal more work upon the preparatory students, and a correspondingly increased responsibility upon the secondary schools. Collegiate work in the technical courses is naturally very exacting, as such work is really professional in scope.

Thirty years ago it was not uncommon for boys to enter college at the age of sixteen. To-day such an age is exceptional; the average is between eighteen and twenty. And, by the same token, the boy who now enters college has, in most of the academic studies, an equipment as comprehensive as had formerly the graduates of the smaller colleges which are in some respects the very best in the country. In fact, so far as the classics are concerned, many students

* What is termed primary education includes all to the close of the grammar grades. Secondary education is such as is supplied in high schools and boarding-schools and academies preparatory for college. Higher, or superior, education includes college or university academic courses as well as much of the professional training.

pay no more attention to them after leaving the secondary schools. Note the roll of students in any college catalogue, and you will find that the classical course is the least patronized. The young men are going in for applied science, for engineering, biology, sociology, or economics, rather than for pure mathematics, philosophy, or Greek and Latin. And for those who do not expect to enter a learned profession, the secondary schools generally give ample equipment in the classics. They give an introduction to the literature and some knowledge of the structure of Latin and Greek, which is all that is essential except for those who desire to become proficient in them, and even they may accomplish this by private study.



Sixty years ago, before secondary education had become differentiated, preparation for college was made by special teachers or clergymen or at private academies, of which there were few, and those generally affiliated with some college. But in those days it was only the elect who ever had a chance to go to college or who had more than primary education. It is in the last thirty years that the secondary schools, both private and public, have become of great importance in our educational system. As our natural resources have become developed, as our increasing population has become more densely settled, the competition for the prizes of life has become keener. At the same time a great change has come over the manner of our living. Whether or not one regrets the simple living of a past generation, it is gone forever. Life is more luxurious, if you please, from your standpoint, or richer and more comfortable from the modern point of view; but undeniably it is much more expensive in every direction. The young man of to-day strongly objects to starting out in life as did his parents. He desires to start from their exact plane of present living or a little higher one, if he may. Whether one calls this the bane of commercialism or an awakening to the richer things which life may yield, is of less importance for the purposes of this discussion than the undeniable fact that such a condition exists.

Parents as well as children are anxious to progress in life, and use every available means to secure advancement. It would be useless to say that education is the sole opportunity for advancement, for there is too much evidence to the contrary; but it is no less than the truth that at the present time education in the school (even in its unsatisfactory status) is the greatest and most available opportunity for the great mass of young men who are without special equipment. Wealth, influence, some lucky accident, and even the direst necessity

have been foundation stones of many brilliant and useful characters; but for most persons the great opportunity is education; and they are wrong who say that education is wholly to blame for so many failures. Rather, does much of the fault lie in those who fail themselves.

One of the oldest and most successful of private school principals in this country recently remarked that every wave of commercial prosperity which has swept over the country in his time has to a degree disorganized his school. Parents who have suddenly become affluent send their children to private school under the misapprehension that, through some peculiar quality in their own money, their sons will become refined and cultured in a short time. These patrons are a trial to principals. Usually they are profoundly ignorant of the real nature and value of education, yet they are, of all patrons, the most captious and complaining. They seem to think a check payable to a schoolmaster ought to produce as instant and desirable results as if they were purchasing an automobile. They seek for their sons not so much development of character as social standing and a veneer of culture. They think they know much better how this should be done than the teachers, with whom they are likely to interfere, or at least whom they do not assist. They are not in sympathy with the theory of Dr. Holmes that the education of a child should begin two hundred years before it is born.



This sudden influx of a large number of new and untrained boys is a disturbing feature to any school. It requires a great deal of hard work to bring the new-comers up to the mental and ethical standard of the school; to convince them that money cannot buy education, but only afford a means toward acquiring it. The ideal way to educate boys in any school would be to conduct them continuously from the lowest to the highest grades. Unfortunately, this is largely impossible, so that much of the time and energy of teachers is expended in working over the raw material, much to the loss of those students who are already imbued with the traditions of the school and its pedagogical methods.

Here is apparent once more the fact that parents look upon education as wholly a pedagogical function, whereas the best school in the world is well nigh impotent without the cordial coöperation of parents, pupil, and other outside factors. A school is not a modern factory for turning out specimens of a highly finished mechanical product of a system. It is an institution where many (but by no means all) factors are at work building character, and which may

be of value or not, depending on circumstances over which the teacher has little control.

We are the more deceived if we think that modern industrial and commercial inventions and processes have displaced the older ideas of fundamental education. These are eternal, and it is only the means of securing a desired end that are to be considered.

It is also noteworthy and of collateral importance that with entrance conditions to college increasing, with age limit advancing, and with a very common feeling among business men that, after all, the value of a college education is overestimated, the number of those who must depend for academic instruction solely on secondary schooling is relatively increasing. More young men and women go to college, of course, but the population is vastly larger. Those in secondary schools are five times as many as those in college, and the ratio is much increased if we count only as college men those who are taking superior academic education, and not technical or professional courses.

It is this almost a million of boys and girls in the secondary schools who are the bulwark of the so-called American educated classes. Those who get only primary education are the masses, and the small number with superior education may be called the intellectual aristocracy; but the most important from a substantial point of view is the youthful million of the educated *bourgeoisie* of the secondary schools, if one may be allowed to use with respect such a term in a country which officially does not recognize any division into classes at all.



Of this million, only twenty per cent. are privately educated, and only a portion of these at boarding schools, academies, and seminaries, where, all things considered, the best equipment, mental, moral, and individually constructive, is to be secured. The rest live at home. The sixty secondary schools with which this discussion is concerned are attended by about eight thousand students. Of these, about three thousand are at city schools where there are no boarding facilities and the rest at boarding-schools and academies, most of which are in the country or suburbs. As explained in the first article, these represent every kind of boys' (non-military) school in the country. Selection of them was made so as to represent every kind of school on as nearly a proportionate basis as possible, so that deductions from a study of conditions in these should fairly represent the whole mass of such schools in the country. The first article dealt with the expense at these schools, which (including travelling, clothing, and all extras)

averages one thousand dollars a year, so far as the schools are concerned. But since the cheaper schools are attended by the greatest number, the average expense per pupil is conservatively estimated at seven hundred and fifty dollars. In a very few the expense is five hundred dollars or less. The present article deals especially with the academic work required each year at these institutions.

Not all the schools under consideration prepare boys for college, but in cases where only younger boys are admitted the curriculum is so scheduled that they may continue their studies for that end. It is recognized that not all students will be able to go to college, and therefore many schools provide special courses, but in the main it may be said that the standard for graduation in these schools is that required for admission to the higher colleges and universities—Harvard, for instance.

It may be thought by some that these boarding-schools are to a great extent nurseries for mothers' darlings, or reform schools for incorrigibles. No mistake could be greater. The aim of these schools is definite, and only mildly affected by monetary conditions, and in no case does that lower the intellectual standard. No matter how fashionable a school might become, it could not maintain itself unless its graduates were equipped for college. Even rich parents of little culture want their sons to go through college, although they may not expect them to become professional men. Rich parents are very insistent on getting what they pay for—even more—and they get full value for their money so far as the teachers can give it. There are derelicts, more or less, in every school, but fewer in these under consideration than at the average public school.



What is required for entrance to the larger colleges?

Unfortunately, this question cannot be answered as definitely as formerly, because there are so many courses leading to a scholastic degree open to young men, and they vary so much, that the entrance requirements differ greatly. In general, it can be said that the young man who enters the classical course in any of the larger colleges must be prepared to pass examinations substantially in the following studies:

Greek.—Ability to read Homer and Attic prose at sight, with full understanding of the structure of the language, and translation of easy English into Greek. At least three years' study involved.

Latin.—Ability to read Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil at sight, with knowledge of grammatical construction, and ability to translate easy English into Latin. Three to four years' study involved.

Modern Languages.—Familiarity with one modern language (usually French or German) required, and some knowledge of its literature. At least two years' study involved.

History.—Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, especially English and American. At least three years' study involved.

English.—A course extending over at least three years, giving familiarity with the English classic and modern writers. Shakespeare is a decidedly important feature.

Algebra.—At least through quadratic equations, and for scientific courses advanced algebra, geometry, and sometimes trigonometry.

Physics.—Two years' elementary study.

Chemistry.—Two years' elementary study.

Biology.—Elementary study as well as some knowledge of anatomy and physiology.

Natural Science.—Elementary knowledge of geology, zoölogy, and botany.

There are some other studies occasionally required, or which may be accepted as substitutes. Requirements for admission to other courses than the classical vary materially in subjects to be mastered, but not greatly in the amount of preliminary work to be covered.

It will be noted that this is a rather extensive curriculum. The young man who has thoroughly grounded himself in these branches and has learned how to continue study at home (which is not always the case) has an equipment in mere information which is sufficient for almost any one who does not expect to enter professional life. It does not mean that he is thoroughly educated, but that he has acquired knowledge of a rather extensive character which he can convert by use of experience into education. Of course, a college course is desirable for almost any one who can afford it, and who can profit by it (everybody cannot), but the young man of grit and intelligence who can enter college on the foregoing basis has gotten over the hardest part of his educational journey so far as text-books are concerned.



It is the purpose of the secondary school to give the above equipment. Not any young man may take all the studies in full, but substantially he must accomplish these or an equivalent.

How much time is he allowed to do this?

The ordinary course is four years. That is what the best high schools give, and it may be taken as the standard since these schools do four-fifths of this kind of work. Many boys at private schools take five years to cover this ground, though the private school usually has

a wider curriculum and other requirements above the public high schools, but in the former the boy has the advantage of smaller classes and more personal attention from the masters.

The average time given for original study in the schools we are considering is one hundred and fifty days a year, or six hundred days to complete the course.

This is not time enough for study if the knowledge secured is to be well digested.

These figures need some explanation. They are the result of a tabulation of the calendars for the current year in the sixty schools mentioned. The actual number of school days in the three terms, omitting Thanksgiving and other holidays, averages 168, although in many schools there are holidays observed which are not mentioned in the calendar. It is well known that the first two and the last two days of each term are seldom devoted to original study, and at least two other days in each term are devoted to review and examinations. Moreover, the last week of the spring term is usually devoted to other than academic exercises, so that a deduction of eighteen days for the year for all causes is very conservative. This leaves an average of one hundred and fifty days for original study, and the actual number of days probably averages less.



Generally schools open the last week in September and close the first or second week in June, with vacations of from two to three weeks at Christmas and a week to ten days at Easter. Some vacation periods are longer than these. In almost every case the Friday after Thanksgiving Day is a holiday, and the previous Wednesday is either a half or complete holiday, since it is get-away-day for the pupils who go home. Nor is this all. Traditionally, Thanksgiving Day closes outdoor sports. Boys who have been in training go home to eat too much and either do not get back at once or return in poor physical condition. Every teacher in a boarding-school knows that the most trying portion of the year is from Thanksgiving to the end of the fall term. Yet this is the time of preparation for examinations, when it is necessary to make as good records as possible. Boys who have attended regularly must perforce be neglected somewhat, so that the delinquents may be brought up to the standard.

The older schools and academies have longer terms. It might almost be said that there is a regular ratio in this respect. Phillips Exeter, for instance, is one of the oldest, one of the most efficient, and one of the cheapest of the schools, but it has more days devoted to

original study than almost any other on the list, its principal rivals in this respect being others of the older schools. Yet the curriculum in these schools is no broader than at schools with shorter study periods. At the latter the boy must compete with students who at other schools have forty or fifty more days of original study each year.

Taking into consideration all the extra care that can possibly be given boys, this does not seem fair. It is impossible that of two equally bright boys one will learn as much in one hundred and fifty days as the other will in one hundred and ninety or two hundred days. There is a loss somewhere for the boy who takes the shorter time, even if he does manage to make as good a showing at examinations, which, after all, are not the true criterion for the best educational standard.



The inevitable result is that boys are made to study too hard. There is no denying that every one of these schools turns out young men well filled up with knowledge, though it may be questioned whether it is often very well digested. At a period in a young man's life when he is undergoing that wondrous and critical transformation from boyhood to manhood, when the fires of sentiment are burning fiercely, he is subjected to the severest discipline of his life. Into this fiery crucible of youth, with all its yearnings, longings, needs, and physical cravings, there is cast an enormous amount of concentrated mental work and strenuous play to be melted in the briefest possible time, so that a well rounded man may be produced. It is impossible. It is impracticable. It is cruel. At a time when sentiment is most needed the boy gets rigid discipline, during term time—and then he is incontinently thrown out into a vacation period of more or less unrestrained idleness! When opportunity for contemplation is most required he is hurried most—and then neglected most. Compared with the work he does now, college life will be a period of leisure. It is bad for him physically, it is bad for him mentally, and it is bad for him psychologically, to be driven hard at the most formative period of his existence. This is the testimony of a mass of teachers and intelligent parents all over the country.

The causes of this shortening of the academic year are many, but not wholly clear in all cases. Testimony on the point is somewhat conflicting. It has been customary to blame it on the schools on the ground that the shorter the term the greater the profit. A considerable investigation does not sustain this view. Most teachers, at least, do not like the short term. They would prefer a longer period, so that they could produce better results, as it is on their records that they

maintain positions and receive promotion. It is true that many of the teachers use the long vacations for adding to their income in various ways, but this does not seem to be the general rule.

The most important testimony is to the effect that the terms are shortened to meet the social requirements of patrons. This is especially true in the most expensive schools. In these days well-to-do people like to leave their homes early in June and return about the first of October. One would suppose that they might nevertheless send their children to school early in September from the watering places, but experience has shown that this is impracticable. Parents desire to come home and give their boys a fitting-out. This is true of the townsmen as well as of those in the large cities. Abundant testimony has been adduced to show that every effort to lengthen the year by beginning earlier and closing later has been resisted by the parents, who even now would like a further curtailment. It is regrettable that most parents will not make such small sacrifices for their children, but it is true. Many are willing to do so, but it advantages nothing if half the boys are in school two weeks before the other half. The work must be done over for the benefit of the late comers. This explanation, though plausible, is disheartening, for it does not account for the long vacations at Easter and Christmas time, which are often prolonged to what seems a ridiculous extent.



The average high or normal school devotes most of ten calendar months to study. These open early in September and close from the middle to the latter part of June, and mid-year vacations are much shorter than in the private schools. And these schools to a large extent set the pace for curriculum requirements in the private schools. The high schools prepare for college in four years, and the private schools must do the same. It is true that some of the high school courses are not as extensive as in some of the private schools, but the reverse is generally the case. Many of the high schools give, through public or private beneficence, scholarships to leading colleges and universities, and these always maintain a high standing.

It may well be said that the private scholar gets more than the boy at high school. He ought to get a great deal more, considering how much more is expended on him, and he ought to get a great deal more in the way of advantages than he does. It is true that there is atmosphere in the private school, that there is more character building, more of many factors essential to the well developed man, but these ought to be accompanied by no more mental effort in academic study than in the high schools. And it is noteworthy that in these days the

high school standard is constantly advancing, and the private schools must keep up with it.

The curriculum of Phillips Exeter may be taken as an example of what a normal boy may be expected to accomplish. It is supposed to take a boy from the grammar school to college in four years, and has so conducted thousands of young men. The student who goes through these four years is certainly equipped with a large amount of knowledge, if he can retain it. He has fully covered the requirements for entering Harvard as above given, and something more. If the boy is of an age to digest all this, and to carry a very considerable portion of it after digestion through life, and is able intelligently to add thereto, he has well nigh acquired what we call a "liberal education," so far as text-books are concerned. He is doing the work which his grandfather did in college and at about the same age. But he has still four years before him, and the truth is that in college he does not need to learn more, so much as to chew the cud of what he has already acquired.



We are here at the very fundamentals of educational principles. What should education mean for the average man? If it means merely to acquire knowledge, then our secondary schools are doing a work which is perhaps more remarkable than those of Germany, where a larger volume of knowledge is imparted, though not in such a wide curriculum. But one of the patent facts which is deplored in Germany is that the *gymnasias* (as they call their secondary schools) are not accomplishing the results expected. Any one familiar with the curricula of these schools stands aghast at the amount of work which is expected of boys by the time they are seventeen. The boys often have learned much that is of no value to them, because they do not know how to use it. The ranks of the Socialist Party are continually recruited from these young men who have been given a thorough and extensive but to them useless course of study, which has not amounted to education in any proper sense of the term. The students have as little time to think, are as little expected to think individually and on their own account, as is the private in the army. The system there is everything and the individual nothing—which is not the ideal road to education in its broadest sense.

To a lesser degree, this same condition exists in this country. No one pretends that the study of Greek and Latin and the higher mathematics is for most boys utilitarian in the narrow sense of the term. Few college graduates ever look at one of their text-books after graduation, and in a few years are as profoundly ignorant of Hesiod

and the calculus as they were at the beginning. They know how things are done in a general way, but they cannot work out serious problems nor translate difficult Greek without a lexicon. Nor is it particularly desirable that they should be able to do so. As a result they tell their sons at secondary schools who ask them for aid: "It is better for you to work these things out for yourself—you will remember them better." This is a profound pedagogical truth, but the father does not know this. He says it out of sheer laziness or to conceal his own ignorance.

No one interested in education will for a moment deny the value of the classics, or of higher mathematics, or of chemistry and physics. The college-bred man who has made the most of his opportunities, if he carries away little definite knowledge that survives, has, at least, if he has been diligent, acquired habits of mind which are of lasting value to him. The aim of education is to train the mind so that it may make use of what knowledge is acquired, and to give the individual qualities of both obedience and command and in general develop good character. It is character building which is the essential of education rather than the mere primary requisite of obtaining knowledge. But when it comes to defining what character is, we are met with a difficult task. We all know what it is much better than we can define it. It involves getting a due perspective of life, of understanding the relations of mental, moral, and material things to each other in their proper proportions, and in making use of the results. In the last analysis education is abstract rather than concrete. A man might learn the contents of every book in a vast library and be useless to the world or himself, either from a subjective or objective point of view. Ripe scholarship is indeed a valuable and desirable attainment, but it is only part of a fine equipment. The world is filled with human derelicts surcharged with knowledge which they cannot use for themselves or others.



It is easy for the student of sociology to see that in this country and in this age we are placing too much importance upon the objective features of education. Examinations as a rule have no other purpose than to test the memory of the pupil, and the so-called brightest scholars are as a rule those with the most acute memory, which is only one essential of a well-rounded education. For this reason we so seldom hear later of the brilliant students at college, the men who carry off the scholastic prizes; while the less spectacular boy, who has less to remember, often digests the more.

We come to the final statement that secondary private schools as

at present conducted place, as a rule, to much stress on an elongated academic curriculum in too short a space of time. Either the terms of study should be lengthened very materially or less academic work should be attempted. It seems undeniable that the boy who in four years has studied two hundred more days than another is going to be better equipped in every way, provided he be of normal capacity to use what he learns. And proprietary schools might take some lessons from the older academies which give the longest periods of study. The young man in a fashionable boarding-school of recent date gets more of luxury and refinement of a certain kind, more individual attention than in the older academies, but the latter has something which cannot be definitely described and which is of great value to him. Here the youth walks in academic groves where once were those boys who became great men. He sits in the same halls and is surrounded by manifold material and psychological evidences of the past, wherein great achievements were begun. This sort of atmosphere acts as a stimulus to work and a balancing of moral character. What others have done, he may accomplish, and by the same token he has given some hostages to fortune in attempting to tread the paths so many of the successful men of the country have trod before him.



But in the smaller boarding-school the boy has some advantages which may, more or less, compensate for this lack of atmosphere, especially if he is going to college. But the prime fact for consideration at this time is that the boy is given so little time for contemplation, so little for æsthetics, while in the prescribed time limit too much academic and athletic accomplishment is required of him. Nor is it any answer to say that the long vacations should be used to supply these deficiencies. As a rule, these are days of mental stagnation or of wrong development. Parents do not encourage study at this time, believing it to belong wholly to school life. It is as idle in these days to expect a boy to get the proper mental training outside of schools which are established for that very purpose as it is to expect the raw volunteer to compete with the professional soldier. Discipline of mind comes from regular and systematic training, and it is lamentable that in these days parents shift upon the schools not only the mental but also, to a very large degree, the moral training of their boys. It is a lazy parent who refuses to do his duty and then lays the blame upon the teacher because his boy at school has not developed into an all-around man; but it is a deplorable fact that this country is filled with such lazy and ignorant parents.

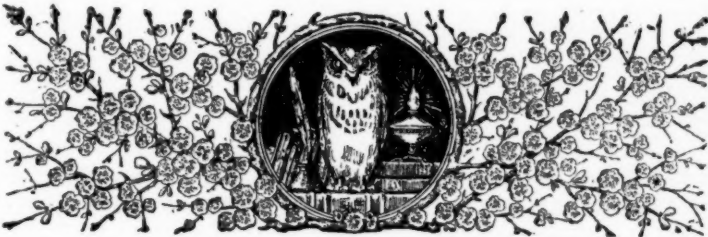
Schools are expected to do everything—to do altogether too much. In vacation-time parents too often let their boys run riot or put them into close confinement at business, which is apt to be worse. The time for the proper development of our finer natures is from the day of puberty to those of early manhood, and this is the precise period when parents most neglect their children and then complain that it is all the fault of the school-teachers.

But since the schools have to a large extent undertaken this task, they should accomplish it so far as is possible. They may reject the labor if they please—as most public teachers are compelled to do—but so long as each and every one of the private school principals lays so much stress upon the advantages of his school in character building it is essential that they take up much of the work that parents should perform. But this by no means absolves parents from their responsibilities. It is essential that parents and teachers coöperate heartily, and, after all, it is the parents who must do the most if the boy is to be the right sort of a man. The hearthstone cannot be moved anywhere else.



It should be remarked that these criticisms are general. Not all or even many of them apply to any one school. To some of them hardly any are applicable except in mild measure. We are now concerned with general considerations, and not with concrete instances. Nor must it be considered unfair to indulge in so much constructive criticism to the exclusion of a more extended exemplification of the many merits of these private schools. These merits are obvious, are undeniable, are fully appreciated, but for the purposes of this discussion they must, for the most part, be passed over in silence. We are all trying to improve what is confessedly good, but what is able to be greatly stimulated.

In the next article attention will be paid to those elements other than academic which enter into secondary education, and in some respects these are the most important of all for parents to consider.



THE AFFAIR OF THE THE UPTOWNERS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

“THE rooms are all that we could ask,” said Joseph Marmaluke, speaking to Mrs. Deadstone, but unconsciously allowing his gaze to rest upon her daughter. “Mr. Kersey and I are more than satisfied. We were just saying that the atmosphere suggested home rather than a boarding-house.”

Mrs. Deadstone’s face went flabby at the word. The network showed around her eyes, and two deep creases drooped from the corners of her mouth. “Mr. Marmaluke,” she said, with great dignity, “while you and Mr. Kersey are with us, please remember that you are guests, not—not boarders.” She gave another little shudder at the word and continued somewhat hastily: “To be sure, we shall be compelled to accept a certain—er—return for our hospitality, and if you—if you—er—if you could——”

“If you could help us with our little deception, mamma means, it will save the proverbial pride of the Deadstones,” put in the daughter. “Pride is the only heritage we have left, and it’s a horribly unhandy thing to keep house on.”

“My dear Violette,” expostulated Mrs. Deadstone, “that’s not quite what I was about to say. I am sure the gentlemen are sensible of the situation. Your outspokenness is positively brutal. If you were not the daughter of a Deadstone—and a Clinton—I should call it almost vulgar. We are not quite reduced to the extremity my daughter asserts,” she concluded, turning to the gentlemen.

“Oh, no, Mrs. Deadstone,” answered Mr. Marmaluke; “we understand both your delicacy and your daughter’s charming candor. They do you both equal honor.”

“You bet we understand!” cried Mr. Kersey, who had been restlessly gnawing his short, reddish mustache. “Shucks! Have n’t we been through the mill? Joe’s father is no small citizen in Peoria, but since we struck New York we’ve boarded everywhere from Seventh Street up, and now that we have a decent start we want something good and are willing to meet the conditions. If you want your money

in advance now—ow! I beg your pardon. I don't usually prolong my vowels that way, but a sudden twinge in a favorite corn, you know——” and Mr. Kersey glared at his chum as if *he* were the producer of pains in corns.

Mr. Marmaluke paid no attention to the glare, being occupied in intercepting a softer glance of half-humorous distress from the eyes of Miss Deadstone and answering it in kind.

Mrs. Deadstone filled in the gap: “As you were saying, Mr. Marmaluke, you comprehend perfectly, and as *you* were saying, Mr. Kersey, if you insist upon—that is, if you wish to——”

“If you will guard us from the wrath of our uptown relatives, whom we love because we seldom see, we will risk the people separated from us by nothing but a row of bricks on each side,” interrupted Miss Deadstone.

“Then we shall be delighted to come next Monday,” said Mr. Marmaluke.

The last two speakers seemed satisfied, and the young man made a reluctant move to depart, but the maternal Deadstone still seemed unsettled. She evidently was casting about in her mind for proper words to use under such unusual relations as these between a Deadstone and commoner people, relations positively commercial! Presently her mental labor brought forth a verbal mouse. “Any—any baggage?” she said, recalling the language of such hotel clerks as she had personally met.

“Sure!” cried Mr. Kersey. “I was just going to ask if the uptown relatives objected to trunks. They—they could be kept in the closet, perhaps.”

“Oh, you have baggage!” commented Mrs. Deadstone, in an almost inaudible tone of disappointment. Seemingly she was in a conversational *cul-de-sac* again. Mr. Marmaluke and Miss Deadstone looked at the floor. Mr. Kersey arose to the occasion. “Joe, we *didn't* think how to arrange the rooms for our trunks. It's too bad to trouble Miss Deadstone again, but if she would show you——” and Mr. Kersey's voice took an upward glide which sufficed to finish the sentence.

As soon as the two disappeared around the bend in the staircase, Mr. Kersey put his hand into his pocket, and as they returned Mrs. Deadstone was tucking something into the bosom of her gown.

“Say!” said Darby Kersey vigorously, after he and Joseph Marmaluke were a half-block away, “you acted as if the word ‘money’ were an offense against decency. If you should happen to marry that girl, I'll bet it would n't be a year before you were grumbling at the butcher-bills. Lovers always act as if money were the last thing in the world to be spoken of; married people as if it were the first.”

"Darby," returned Mr. Marmaluke loftily, "you're a good fellow, but you have no delicacy."

"Yes, I have," retorted Mr. Kersey. "It's located in my toes, and I want you to remember it."

As the days passed both gentlemen congratulated themselves on their quarters, and the weekly interviews between Mr. Kersey and his hostess appeared to assuage the wounded pride of Mrs. Deadstone to some extent. The uptown relatives remained as distant as rich relatives usually do, and the people separated by the thin brick walls were as oblivious as New York neighbors generally are. Mr. Kersey took occasion to hint, quite too frequently, that he liked the Deadstone soups, while his companion's taste turned towards the Deadstone sweets.

One afternoon, according to custom, after their daily labors in Union Square were ended, the two friends travelled home together, "home," of course, being understood to be the Deadstone stories of brownstone and brick which did their little best to uphold the tradition of a past generation in its boarding-house blighted neighborhood. As they reached this residence they were impressed by an unwonted waste of Deadstone gas, and as they mounted the steps their surprise was increased by the flying open of the front door and the appearance of a negro boy in plum-colored coat and brass buttons. Such was their amazement they scarce could give it utterance, nor could they proceed upstairs or decide what diplomacy was due the interloper in plum-color and brass.

"Did we come up the wrong steps? Is n't this Mrs. Deadstone's?" queried Joe weakly.

"Yassah. Yo' cawd, suh?" answered the plum-color and brass.

"Card?" repeated Darby, as vacantly as if he had never heard of that useful article of identification.

"Yassuh, or what name, suh?"

"Name?" repeated Joe, with an excellent imitation of Darby's blankness. "But you see—we—"

Before his slow tongue unwound the words, there was a little rustle in the adjoining "drawing-room," as Mrs. Deadstone insisted on calling it, and the lady of the house, whose ears had been intent on every sound, appeared in person, gowned, powdered, and lorgnetted. Mrs. Deadstone's face broke into such a smile of welcome that the outermost corners crinkled and cracked, much as the ice all over a pond is sometimes shattered by a sudden fissure in the middle. "Why, if it is n't Mr. Marmaluke and Mr. Kersey!" she exclaimed. "This is so good of you, and goodness has its own reward in this case, for you will meet my dearest friends. Violette, some truants you will be glad to see. Mrs. Jowler, *may* I present Mr. Marmaluke and Mr.

Kersey? Miss Harper, my friends, Mr. Kersey, Mr. Marmaluke. I am sure you have each heard me speak of all of you many times."

Mr. Kersey's outward manifestations were of pure pleasure and wholly proper, but under his breath he murmured melodramatically, "Ha, ha! the uptowners are on our track!" If he and his fellow-boarder were ill at ease during the succeeding half-hour, imagine the feelings of Mrs. Deadstone and her daughter. Miss Harper, a woman of the type which refuses to recognize encroaching age and looks as if it had never known real youth; with long nose and neck and receding chin, suggesting the goose, but with an eye suggesting the hawk, scented a suspicion of she-knew-not-what and determined to hunt it down. Mrs. Jowler, observing and smooth-spoken, complacent and cold, was fully as dangerous.

"In what part of New York are you living, Mr. Marmaluke?" asked Miss Harper, pointing dangerously close to the mark.

"Surely you have n't deserted Mount Vernon, have you?" neatly parried Mrs. Deadstone. "I supposed you were wedded to it."

"I presume I am old-fashioned," said Mrs. Jowler, "but residence outside of Manhattan would be repugnant to me. Do you not find it very difficult getting anywhere?"

"Why, really we—I mean—I had n't noticed it," answered Mr. Marmaluke.

"I presume nearly every place has *some* inconvenience," suggested Miss Deadstone, half pleading, half playful, "perhaps as awkward as that of your present residence."

"Oh, yes, but consider the attractions," said Mr. Marmaluke, speaking directly to her and with emphasis.

Mrs. Deadstone looked conscious, and the murmur of hidden meaning did not entirely escape Miss Harper. She pricked up her ears, and Mrs. Deadstone boldly plunged to divert her. "Ah, but your friends, Mr. Marmaluke, you should consider your friends. Think how seldom we see you."

"But," said Mr. Marmaluke, "no matter where one lived, one would see some of one's friends too seldom;" and he glanced from the matron to the maid.

"Now, that's what I call graceful!" cried Mr. Kersey. "But really, Mrs. Deadstone, you are right. Why, it has been two months since we have seen you, has n't it?" And then he added to himself, "And that's what I call graceless."

Considering that she had poured their breakfast coffee for them that morning, this was too much even for Mrs. Deadstone, but Mr. Marmaluke murmured sincerely, "It seems that long, any way."

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Jowler, with a meaning glance which she divided between Mr. Marmaluke and Miss Deadstone. "I must say

the young men are not what they were in my day. Months, indeed! Why, Mr. Jowler used to call twice a week; yes, and would have called every evening if I had allowed such a thing."

Mr. Marmaluke was distinctly embarrassed, Miss Deadstone was distressed, and Mrs. Deadstone was so affronted that she came near crying out that her daughter looked higher than boarders, while Miss Harper cackled so exultingly that Darby Kersey could not refrain from inquiring what were the habits of young men in *her* day.

While this acted as a counter-irritant in relieving the situation, it did not improve the cordiality of the occasion, and Mrs. Deadstone threw herself into the breach again. "But now that you are here," she beamed, with all the graciousness of old-time hospitality, "you will let us prevail on you to stay to dinner."

Mr. Marmaluke looked as bewildered as if he had never heard of dining out; but his surprise really arose from quite a contrary cause. Stay to dinner! Did n't they always stay to dinner? Could it be that his friend Darby had not settled their board for the current week, and this effusiveness was a sarcastic reminder?

"You'll stay, won't you, Mr. Marmaluke? And you, too, Mr. Kersey?" said Miss Deadstone. "It's just as if we had expected you."

"Oh, we expected to stay," replied Mr. Kersey jauntily, and the laugh which followed made everybody feel better.

The dinner passed off more pleasantly than might have been expected, but Joe found opportunity to remark to Darby that the strain was telling on him, so Mr. Kersey insisted on the necessity of their leaving "to catch the eight-two for Mount Vernon."

"What is it now?" he asked, when they were on the street again. "Theatre?"

"Oh, I suppose so, but I wish I could have had the privilege of entering my own room and changing my clothes."

"Must n't presume too much on formal friends. Be thankful for your invitation to dinner," laughed Darby.

They put in the evening as enjoyably as two healthy and hard-working young men should, and quite dismissed the affair of the uptowners from their minds. The callers would be vanished long before their return and probably would never cross their path again.

The lingering carriage, with liveried driver and footman, whose horses slowly loitered up and down the street to keep their thoroughbred blood stirring, should have warned the young men, but they gave no heed. Sleepily they ascended the Deadstone steps, deliberately they fumbled the Deadstone lock, and then—then they were in the hall, with Mrs. Deadstone coming towards them, yellowish pale. The plum-colored coat and brass buttons were either occupied elsewhere or, more

probably, had gone back to the establishment from which they had come. The loitering carriage was drawing up to the Deadstone curb, cutting off retreat. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," gasped Mrs. Deadstone, "they are just going." She gave an agonized glance up the stair, towards where the Jowler and the Harper were presumably adjusting wraps and hats, and added, "Oh, what will they think?"

A moment more and the vinegar voice of Miss Harper and the oilier tones of Mrs. Jowler suggested the salad-dressing they could give this scandal, as they came trickling down the stairway. "Hide!" groaned Mrs. Deadstone. "For the love of heaven, hide!"

There was no opportunity to object. Mrs. Deadstone half pushed Mr. Marmaluke back of the portières, which screened the door leading to the little "drawing-room," and half thrust Mr. Kersey into a low and seldom-used closet under the stair. There they stood and squatted, not daring to move, while the uptowners made their interminable farewells.

"As for those two young men," Mrs. Jowler was saying, "I am sure that one of them has some breeding and I am almost sure that he would show some brains, under normal conditions."

"Under normal conditions?" queried Miss Deadstone, wholly uncomprehending her mother's nervousness, for she had been above-stairs with their guests.

"Oh, don't pretend to misunderstand. Perhaps *you* can't see it, being in the same beclouded condition yourself, but if your mother is n't in danger of losing a daughter, I never saw the symptoms."

"Oh, my dear Flora," said the perturbed Mrs. Deadstone, with an hysterical laugh, "you were always such a humorist."

"Well, let us hope that you'll find it humorous," put in Miss Harper. "For my part, if you'll pardon my saying so, I was not impressed by the company Mr. Marmaluke keeps."

For the cribbed, cabined, and confined Kersey, who could almost have pinched her where she stood, and who felt tempted to do so, this was far from agreeable.

"What do you mean by symptoms?" asked Miss Deadstone suddenly.

"Why, that's one of them," laughed Mrs. Jowler. "Treasuring an unimportant remark about your beloved and going back to it. Another one is that you enjoy being teased about him. Goodness!"

As before remarked, the stair-closet was little used and consequently dusty. Mr. Kersey had struggled valiantly, but the air was bad, he could not keep absolutely quiet, and the dust *would* mount into his nose. The result, a sneeze.

Mrs. Deadstone, perspiring coldly at every pore, made a last effort, looking through the window of the door. "What handsome horses

you have, Flora! No wonder you use them oftener than you do your motor-car. And what perfect servants!"

The situation might have been saved, had not the dust still acted as potently as old Scotch snuff in Mr. Kersey's nostrils. At the second explosion, Mrs. Jowler stepped aside hastily into the curtain and could scarcely repress a scream. Miss Harper's eyes glittered and her nose went up as if sniffing carrion. Miss Deadstone was unfeignedly astonished.

Mr. Marmaluke emerged from his entanglement with the curtain and Mrs. Jowler. "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Jowler," he said boldly; "the explanation is simple enough. I have the honor to be the suitor of Miss Violette. I did so want to say 'Good-night' to her, so I came back."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Jowler, much placated by her triumph.

"Mr. Marmaluke!" exclaimed the girl.

"What's the use in denying it?" persisted the young man. "You know I have outdone even Mr. Jowler, for I have been here every evening for weeks."

Mrs. Deadstone opened her mouth as if to protest, causing Mr. Marmaluke to add, "And with your mother's consent!"

Mrs. Deadstone, afraid to deny and unwilling to approve, gave a half-groan and toppled back, just in time to reach the arms of Mr. Kersey, as that gentleman scrambled out of the closet.

"Appearances may be against me," said Darby, "but while announcements are in order, I wish to state that I am *not* betrothed to Mrs. Deadstone!"



INFERENCES

Where is the boom without its bang?

Many a hapless man has died of "charged accounts."

Speed is the vampire that is sucking the blood of nations.

The laughing world pauses only to listen to louder laughter.

Every time Folly jangles her bells, Satan listens attentively.

Nothing is more tragic than comedy—when you are the target.

The wise enjoy timely foolery, but fools have no time for wisdom.

Cynics "simplify" life by cutting out moral obligations.

Minna Thomas Antrim



A GENTLEMAN RANKER

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

THE big liner, a blaze of light from bow to stern, "a bone in her mouth" as she dashed through the icy surges that thundered under her bows, her screw churning up vast cataracts of phosphorescent glare, made a streak of light between the black sky and blacker ocean. Her decks were slippery with ice, and her funnels coated with the salt spray flung at her by the savage winter winds. Within, however, all was warmth, light, and comfort, especially in the cozy smoking-room. It was the time of year when nobody crossed except sea-dogs. The thirty or forty cabin passengers assembled there were of the kind who could ignore the plunging and pitching of the ship in her sharp dash across the Atlantic, and who sat through dinner when the pantry-racks refused to hold the dishes, and the stewards grew pale while waiting for orders. The cabin company was so small that in five days everybody on the ship knew everybody else. There were half a dozen women on board, but the only one who was able to keep her feet was the remarkably pretty Lady Carstairs. Every line of her delicate, sparkling face, her tall, slight figure, her dainty hands and feet, shouted out her nationality: she was an American. Her husband, who appeared upon the cabin list as Captain Sir Hugh Carstairs, was as handsome as his wife, and equally a type of the beautiful, clean-limbed, clear-eyed young Englishman. The pair would have attracted attention anywhere on account of their youth and beauty, but on this uncomfortable transatlantic trip, with its mid-winter dullness, Lady Carstairs had the centre of the stage. She was a perfect sailor, and appeared rosy, smiling, and exquisitely dressed at every meal. In the morning, in the afternoon, and at night, she took an hour's constitutional around the ship with her husband, her little feet

as steady upon the slippery deck as Sir Hugh's in his broad-soled English shoes, and her charming face shining out of the hood of her mackintosh. Her presence was like the sight and perfume of white hyacinths blooming in January.

The men on the ship, in private confabulation with each other, declared it was an infernal shame that this charming American should belong to any except one of her own countrymen, although Sir Hugh was pronounced to be "pretty good for an Englishman." Every eye on board paid Lady Carstairs the tribute of admiration, but most of all perhaps that of Abram Devries, the Boer from this side of the Vaal, who had the deck-chair next Lady Carstairs, and the little fair-haired boy who was cuddled in Abram Devries's lap during the stormy mornings and the turbulent afternoons when the great liner fought her way through the wintry seas. From his resting-place on Abram's knee, the boy, who appeared upon the passenger list as Hugo Devries, would fix his shy, solemn, long-lashed eyes upon the beautiful lady who sat next him and gaze at her with the innocent adoration of a man-child. The boy's beauty was in singular contrast to Abram Devries, who was by some supposed to be his father and by others his uncle. Abram might have sat for a portrait of Oom Paul at thirty, so rugged, so broad, so homely, was he with his stubble of beard under his chin, the lines in his face as rude as a charcoal-sketch. He wore the black broad-cloth clothes which are the height of elegance on the veldt, and a marvellous white hat of the vintage of 1895. Kipling might have said of Abram:

For he was South Africa,
And he is South Africa,
Africa all over.

He was the ugliest object on board the liner, just as Lady Carstairs was the most beautiful, with the little seven-year-old lad, Hugo, a close second.

On the fifth night, when the black rain came down upon the black, passionate ocean, the passengers were assembled in the luxurious red smoking-room to hold moot court. Only one lady was present, the fair-faced Lady Carstairs. She wore a long, soft white gown and dainty little white shoes, which looked like white mice peeping in and out from her skirts. By her side sat Sir Hugh, handsome, silent, and attentive. He had a trick of tugging at his blond mustache, and it revealed a peculiarity of his hands. They were long and slim, like the hands of a gentleman, but they were hard and rough, like the hands of a man who does stable work, or who knows the feel of the plough-handle. Across the back of his right wrist and running up his arm, which was as white as that of a duchess and as sinewy as a

blacksmith's, was a great red scar. Otherwise there was neither spot nor blemish upon him.

On this night of the moot court Abram Devries lumbered into the smoking-room awkwardly enough, holding the little Hugo by the hand. The boy made straight for the beautiful lady and clambered upon the seat next her, looking at her meanwhile as if she were an angel. Lady Carstairs gave him a little welcoming smile, then Abram, with an awkward bow and holding his queer white hat in his hand, took his seat next the boy.

The court was presided over by no less a personage than a retired Justice of the Supreme Court. The scanty cabin list was rich in great lawyers, and it was with something of the fierce passion for a lawyers' battle that the moot court was arranged. The prosecution was to be conducted by a former Attorney-General of the United States, who had brought great criminals to the bar of justice and had overthrown giant corporations who were violators of the law. For the defense were three great lawyers, headed by a man who had once declined the honor of an appointment to the Supreme Bench. The preliminaries were conducted with absolute dignity, and the indictment, a formidable document, was read by the former Attorney-General with noble clearness and emphasis. Abram started violently when he heard his own name proclaimed and found himself indicted for high crimes and misdemeanors for owning and shamelessly wearing his white hat. Abram blushed redly and grinned sheepishly when he was invited to take his place in the improvised dock.

The child, Hugo, left alone on the sofa, turned a pair of piteous eyes toward Lady Carstairs, who motioned him with a sweet gesture to come nearer. This the boy did, and in two minutes his little blond head drooped toward her, his long lashes lay upon his cheek, and he fell into a sleep as soft as the closing of a blossom at evening. Lady Carstairs passed her rounded white arm about him and laid his head upon her lap. It was a picture of the eternal motherhood.

The legal battle then began. The retired Justice of the Supreme Court, a lean old man with an eye of unquenchable brightness, felt the blood of life pouring through his veins to find himself once more down among the captains and the shouting. The former Attorney-General, without a single book of reference, showed an astounding and comprehensive memory of law and precedent, which put each of the three great lawyers on the other side on his mettle. They consulted together in whispers, and then the man who had declined the appointment to the Supreme Bench rose and replied to the opening speech. He and the Attorney-General had been old rivals, if not old enemies, and the superb opening by the prosecution set a pace which took all the wind and limb of the defense to maintain. The jury, made up of

twelve educated and travelled men sitting in a row against the wall, listened intently and felt the kindling of a blaze within them stirred by master hands. The rulings of the Judge in acuteness and impartiality were worthy of a man who had sat for twenty-two years upon the Supreme Bench of the United States. The moot court became a game of the gods. It was meant to last an hour, and at the end of two hours, when the final summing up was finished, it was as if a scant half-hour had passed.

The jury, after receiving the Judge's charge, went out, and those who had watched breathlessly the great battle had a curious let-down feeling. The lawyers on either side, instead of the lawyer-like chaff and good-fellowship of such an occasion, unconsciously observed a strict professional etiquette, each side whispering among themselves only. The audience was quite silent. Sir Hugh Carstairs, who had listened to every word with the strictest attention, sat motionless, his handsome blond head silhouetted against the red velvet background. The beautiful boy still slept upon Lady Carstairs's lap. Abram Devries, uglier than ever, his sombre eyes fixed on the floor, sat as still as one of the hideous stone idols of Somaliland. He had sat so through the whole thrilling two hours.

In five minutes came a great triumph for the prosecution; the jury returned, and the foreman, a great railway magnate, gave the verdict, "Guilty as indicted." The distinguished lawyer who had conducted the defense heard the verdict with smiling composure, but rarely in his life had he felt more chagrined. The Attorney-General, with triumph in his eye, whispered to his junior:

"I would not take ten thousand dollars for this."

Then the Judge in his fine, sonorous, judicial voice asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. Abram Devries stood up; his awkwardness, his long black body-coat, his ugliness, made him a singular contrast to the well-conditioned, well-dressed men who sat around him.

"Yes," he said; "may it please your honor, I have something to say in my own behalf."

His first words showed that even Abram Devries had something about him with which to charm. He had a voice so soft, so resonant, so bell-like, that it made his odd English accent poetic and even fascinating. More: this South African had the strange art of enchain- ing the attention when he spoke, and from the first word he uttered his audience followed him and never let go of him.

"Is it a crime," he said, "to wear this hat? It is all I have left of my home—for once I had a home upon the veldt. Once I had a country, but that too is no more. You know the story, all of you. Two years and eight months it took the whole strength of the greatest

world power, except America, to crush a handful of Boers, and the English are proud of having done it. When it was over, I, who had ridden with De Wet, shipped as deck-hand on an American sailing ship at Cape Town. Then I had nothing except the clothes on my back and this white hat. I had no home, no country, no money, no hope in my heart; the English had finished all that for us Boers."

He spoke these last words with a concentration of rage which showed how wide, how deep, how black, was his hatred of the English.

"But when at Cape Town I saw the American flag flying from the peak of that vessel, suddenly the dead hope in my heart arose to life, and its grave clothes grew radiant as the morning. I would work and I would earn enough to take me and this little boy, then two years old, back to what had once been my country. I would go once more to the farm upon the green veldt, and rebuild the ruined house around the broken chimneys, and the burned mill and the wrecked cattle kraal. I would once more smell the fresh earth as I turned up the furrow. I would be far away from the English, who hate my people, and whom we hate with an everlasting hatred, and I would live like a true Boer and bring this boy up to know about General Joubert, of whom an Englishman said, 'The grave that holds Joubert holds a man,' and I would teach him who De Wet was. The British chased him for two years and eight months and never caught him. I brought but little away from my country, and all of it that I have to take back is this hat, and I would not part with it for anything any one might offer me. When I look at it I am reminded of those happy days when I lived with my father and mother on the farm, and Peter, my lame brother, who could not work in the fields, but who was the best horse-shoer in all that country, and my cousin Lena, the mother of this child——"

Abram stopped, and in the deep pause that followed it was seen that he clenched his broad hands nervously and his strange eyes looked as if he saw a far-off vision. His passionate remembrance, once let loose, took possession of him and transformed the silent, awkward Abram into a man eloquent on his wrongs and rights. A psychic influence radiated from him and caught and held fast all who listened. The Judge felt his judicial character slipping quickly away from him. The great lawyers as well as the whole audience were fast losing themselves in that magic power of appeal which this Boer with chin whiskers possessed all unknown to himself—that power by which the Arab storyteller sitting on the desert sands by night can hold the tribesmen under a spell with a story they have heard a hundred times. The moot court of justice became a body of sympathetic listeners, ready to believe everything that Abram Devries might say.

"Lena was my mother's step-niece. She was no blood relation to any of us, but she was the rose that flowered in our house. Her father

was English, and it was that English poison in her veins that made her—but that will come presently. She was not like the Dutch girls, but was slender and white-skinned, and had long, long lashes, the longest I ever saw, and the darkest. She was a good girl, too, and helped my mother in the churning and butter-making. My mother was a kind woman, and had sense also, and she would not let Lena do the rough work, saying to my father, 'She is no more fit for it than is your razor to chop wood;' and my father, who had the kindest heart that ever beat, said, 'Well, well, she shall not tell her English relations that we work her to death. Let her live easy, and give her a white frock at Easter.' Peter loved her, too—she was to him a little sister; and I—I—she was dear to all of us. There were young men a-plenty who wanted Lena. On Sunday afternoons there would sometimes be half a dozen horses tied to the gate—young men who pretended they wanted to see Peter about horse-shoeing, or to get seed corn from me, or to arrange for a dance in the barn. But they were all casting sheep-eyes at Lena, who in her heart scorned the young Boers. For we are not a handsome race, and our clothes are made by our mothers and sisters.

"We were thinking about the future then, saving our money and buying arms and ammunition. Where? The English do not know to this day. We hid all from the English. We knew a long time before what was coming, and those English devils did not, and they laughed at the idea of our making a fight; but they never caught De Wet—they never caught De Wet! It seemed to me that, knowing the peaceful time was coming to an end, it was but the sweeter. When I would rise and go out of doors at four o'clock in the morning and watch the dun night vanishing away and the cool pink dawn stealing over the veldt, and the still, dark sheep-pool beyond the mill-race grow first silvery and then golden in the morning light, I would think in my heart, 'Soon the morning will be dark with cannon smoke, and instead of the tinkling sheep bells in the green meadows there will be the trampling of war horses and the battle cries.' When evening came and the purple stillness fell upon the land and the large, bright stars came out—the stars in the African night-sky are very large and bright and seem near to earth—I would think, 'Presently there will be no peace at evening time.'

"One winter night in 1900 the bolt fell, and Oom Paul gave the English forty-eight hours to get out of the Boer land. The English did not go—they never go, but hang on like hungry wolves to a carcass. My brother Peter, though he was lame, went to the war as well as I, for Peter could ride, and, besides, De Wet was glad to have so good a horse-shoer. We took with us the blessing of our father and mother, and Lena wept large tears for both Peter and me. I will

not speak of what we did in the war-time; we were both with De Wet. We seldom got letters from home; the English were all about it, and we could not go within a hundred miles of it. At last the war was over—though they never caught De Wet. My brother Peter was killed by almost the last shot that was fired during the war. I think Peter loved Lena, for the last word he spoke was her name.

"Then I went back to the old home. I got there in the evening; by the moon that was climbing over the trees I saw the ruin that had been wrought. The house had been partly burned, but two or three rooms were left, and out of the chimney the blue smoke came gently. There were no sheep bells nor cow bells, nor any living thing of all we had possessed. I was turning over in my mind how I should tell my mother about Peter's death, when I opened the door into the room where my father and mother sat. My mother kissed me and my father blessed me—we Boers are not like the English, ashamed to love each other. When my mother asked me where my brother was, I wept, and she knew all, and she and my father blessed God that their son had lived honestly and died bravely. I did not see Lena in the room, and I wished to ask about her, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Then my mother, seeing the look in my eye, stopped weeping for Peter and told me about it.

"The English were quartered on our farm, and for a time used our house for a hospital. The last Englishman left there was a common soldier of the sort they call a gentleman ranker. Do you know what a gentleman ranker is? He is a man born to be an officer, and sometimes he has been an officer and he falls so low that he is kicked out of his own class and enlists in the army to keep out of jail. These men who have danced at court balls dance with house-maids because the ladies'-maids will not look at them. Every officer hates to have gentleman rankers in his commando, for they are always evil men and seduce the private soldiers from their duty. Of course they never keep their real names. This one called himself Hugo Percy, a great name in England, but, as he told my mother, and laughed as he told her, he was related to the Percys, and he belonged in the Norfolk Yeomanry."

At this Lady Carstairs turned her fair face with surprise in her eyes toward her husband. Sir Hugh appeared perfectly composed and continued to twist the end of his mustache. His clear, steel-blue eyes were fixed upon Abram Devries, as were the eyes of every one else in the smoking-room. Abram paused a moment, and then in a voice which expressed all the keenness of his hate cried:

"All gentlemen rankers are scoundrels, villains, breakers of the covenant, but Hugo Percy—oh, my God!"

The comedy was becoming a tragedy indeed.

"My mother said that Hugo Percy had that glorious beauty that the Englishmen, curse them, often have. I tell you the great difference between the Boers and the English is that the English are beautiful to look at and women love them, and the Boers are ugly. But we made a show, a spectacle, a laughing-stock, of these beautiful, well-shaped men, and all any of them know of war to-day is what we taught them. We Boers taught them the game. This Englishman Percy, my mother told me, could sing and play the guitar, and he was sometimes merry and full of jokes, and again sombre and despairing, and then Lena would try to cheer him. After he had been at the farm-house a month he was well enough to rejoin his commando. My mother said Lena went about looking like a ghost, and never spoke Hugo Percy's name. One day about six weeks after he had left he came riding up again with his wrist in a sling. One of our sharpshooters had got a shot at him and had given him a scar on his wrist which he will carry to the day of his death. Lena was out in the garden among the rose-bushes, for it was in the summer time, and my mother, through the window, saw Hugo Percy go up to her and roll up his sleeve and show her the scar, and Lena burst into tears and kissed the scar."

The scene seemed to be reenacted before Abram Devries's eyes: the girl standing among the rose trees with the handsome English trooper, and the passionate kiss upon his scarred wrist.

"And she never gave one of us such a kiss as that, never!" Abram cried, clenching his fists.

No one was looking at Sir Hugh and Lady Carstairs, else they would have seen Sir Hugh's hand tremble slightly as he tugged at his mustache, and the ruddy color dropping out of his face. Lady Carstairs's eyes had grown wide and frightened and were turned upon her husband, but she did not move, and the little lad still slept peacefully with his head upon her lap.

"Within a week Lena was gone. She left a letter—they always do—telling the same old story. She loved and thanked us all, but she must go with Hugo Percy. She would be married to him within twenty-four hours. She felt like a wicked creature in going off with an Englishman, and she hoped Peter and Abram would forgive her and love her, but she could not help it—she could not help it. That was all."

There was a long pause, and Abram Devries sighed heavily, his melancholy eyes looking straight before him, where he saw, not the silent, intense faces of the people listening to him, but only Lena, with her braids of yellow hair and her slim figure.

"There was nothing for us but work, and work we did. My father, seventy years old, held the broken plough, the only one we had left.

My mother, more than sixty, cooked and washed and mended and slaved for us. I did my part, but I think it is ever true that a man who has once led a fighting life cannot work so well afterward. And then we had no money, and the mill had been burned, and the place had been swept clean of everything; the English had got all, all, all we had! Oh, it was a bitter time!

"One evening a year after the war was over I was going home to supper, walking past the sheep-pool, when I saw Lena with a child in her arms sitting on the ground under the green alders. She was bare-headed, and her hat and cloak lay upon the ground. How white and thin she was, but oh, so pretty! When I saw her it was as if I were frozen; I could not move a step. Presently she rose and, holding the child in her arms, walked toward the deep, still pool. Then I knew what she meant to do. I ran forward and caught her. She struggled with all her strength, but it was nothing, and then, taking the child from her arms and laying it upon her cloak, I made her tell me all.

"Percy had married her—that is, poor Lena thought so—and she had been happy for a whole year. Of course, he treated her ill, but that matters nothing to a woman. Then one day he read in a newspaper that his far-off cousin was dead and he was a rich man, with another name and a title which he would not tell Lena. He told her, however, that it was no marriage between her and him. One of his fellows—a gentleman ranker like himself—had played the parson, that was all. He would make her an allowance, enough for herself and her child, but it was ridiculous for her to suppose that she should go to England with him and become 'my lady.' In a moment, so Lena told me, her mind was made up. She would take her child, come to the old place, and seek peace in the deep, dark pool by the mill. But she agreed to all Percy said; told him she would take the money and would never trouble him more. What creatures are women! This simple Lena could make up her mind in a flash of time that she and her child should die together; could look into the eyes of the man she loved and tell him calmly she was satisfied to have him leave her, and deceive him as readily as if she were the most practised adventuress. She only said one thing to him, and this was, 'If you marry, whenever you kiss your wife think of me.' Instead of laughing, Hugo Percy, she said, looked at her with strange eyes and replied, 'That sounds like a covert curse, and unluckily it will stick in my memory.' Then, leaving him quite satisfied, Lena slipped away, took the train, and after two days' travel got to the old place. She had begun to hesitate whether she should take the baby with her when she opened the gate of death or leave him behind, when I saw her and held her back.

"My mother could not forgive Lena, because she had scorned the love of Peter and all of us and had gone with the Englishman,

and, besides, Lena was part English. But I said to my mother, 'If Peter were here, he would wish Lena taken back. She has found that the English are traitors, every one of them, and she has returned to find faith among us Boers.' Then my mother wept and kissed Lena and took the baby in her arms—he was a very beautiful child.

"Women, I say, are strange creatures. There was not one word of ill-feeling between my mother and Lena, and outwardly it was the same as it had been before the war. They spoke softly to each other, and Lena helped my mother much and did all the patching and mending, and my mother was good to the child. But I saw in the eyes of the two women war and not peace. We went on together quietly enough for another year, then one morning in a hot July, when the sky seemed made of molten brass and the earth lay breathless in the burning heat, we found Lena at the bottom of the sheep-pool."

Abram paused again, and, taking out a large white handkerchief, wiped his face, which had grown pale, and then continued:

"The child, who loved his mother well, often cried for her in the night, and in the day he would leave his playthings and, walking unsteadily as young children do, search for his mother and ask where she was. My mother reproached herself much about Lena, but I think she had no cause—women will be women. Old people cannot stand shocks and griefs, so it is not strange that within two years of the end of the war my mother and father were both gone. I could not stay at the old place after that, and so I sold the few cattle and the two horses we had and such corn as was left, and it brought me money enough to take me, with this child, to Cape Town. My heart leaped for the first time when I found myself under that flag. I thought to myself, 'Here is a country, the richest and strongest in the world, which cast off in its youth the heavy yoke of England. Now it can put thirteen millions of fighting men into the field, and the English treat it with very great respect.'

"I had good fortune after I landed in America. I went far away, to where there were gold mines, and, as the case often is, I, who knew nothing of mining, found a great lead and became rich almost before I knew it. But I did not know myself as a rich man, and God in Heaven knows I could never be happy, so I thought I would go back to the old farm, which I had not been able to sell, for no one wanted it, and rebuild the house and mill and the cattle kraal and buy horses and bring up this child of Lena's, far from the English, and never let him know that he had a drop of English blood in his veins. All I had left of my former life, as I had told you, was this hat at which you laughed, but when I put it on I felt as if I were once more Abram Devries, a true Boer, and not that new strange Abram Devries, for I was bewildered with my money and the people it brought about me.

"So you see what this hat means to me. It means the veldt with the green wheat growing softly day by day upon it, and the blue uplands far away, and the still, dark pool with the alders whispering on the bank. It means my home and my father and my mother and my lame brother Peter and Lena——"

Abram Devries's voice broke into a sob that became a cry of anguish. He rose from his chair, snatched the sleeping child from where he lay, his bright head resting on Lady Carstairs's lap, and carried him out on the cold, wind-swept, dimly-lighted deck and covered him up, still sleeping, in the deck-chair. Then Abram Devries lumbered up and down the lurching ship in the darkness, while the winds roared and the giant seas bellowed under her great sides.

He knew not how long he had been walking up and down, for his heart was still hot with love and hate and poignant remembrance, when he found himself standing with his face leaning against the stained glass window of a deck cabin. The window was down a few inches from the top, and in a dream Abram saw Sir Hugh and Lady Carstairs facing each other under the sharp white glare of the electric light. It was as if a hand like death had been passed over Lady Carstairs's star-like beauty. Sir Hugh, pale with rage, was saying:

"A woman has nothing to do with her husband's past. Do you think that a man campaigning in South Africa counts one farm girl more or less?"

Lady Carstairs seemed scarcely to hear him, but only said in a low voice:

"She kissed that scar upon your wrist, and I have often kissed it; and every time you kissed my lips you thought of her. And I have no child."

"I suppose," continued Sir Hugh savagely, "this senseless story of that Boer idiot will be the means of bringing about another international scandal. It will be said that you married me for my title, and I married you for your money."

"I was not thinking of that," answered Lady Carstairs, in the same low voice, her eyes still down-cast, as if she were looking upon a new-made grave. "I was thinking of my poor broken heart."



WHEN MISS LUCY HAD THE MEASLES

By Lucy Copinger

IN spite of her position as wage-earner for the family, Lizzie Bureschy had not yet done with childish things, and was sick with the measles. Miss Lucy stayed with her one afternoon in the close room—and the next day Class A was in the hands of a substitute. Miss Lucy, though grieving that, since she had to catch something, it was not some interestingly pedagogical disease like brain-fag or nervous prostration, consoled herself with the reflection that it might have been the mumps, and so settled down to her enforced holiday with resignation.

Not so, however, was the spirit of Class A. The substitute was of the rank of teachers whose pride is that they are disciplinarians, and, besides, never having had the baby class, she did not understand all those little vagaries that are but evidences of the struggling intellect. No one was allowed to stay in after school to give careful assistance; boards were uncleaned, pencils unsharpened, and the “gee-ranum”—cherished Nature Study blossom of the whole class—faded neglectedly away. For an innocent witticism Bum O'Reilly was sent to the principal, charged with the sin of impertinence; Sophie Bauerschmidt was kept in every day for talking; Anna Karenina had been hooking every afternoon; and as for Frederick William, he hated the substitute with a hatred unusual to his peaceful little nature—this hatred being engendered upon the occasion when he was caught nibbling at a luscious bun. The substitute, unlike Miss Lucy, whose removals were only temporary, had thrown the bun into the waste-basket.

“She is dead,” declared Anna Karenina gloomily. “I seen her, she god run ofer mid a beer-wagon, und she aind nefer goming back.”

“Aw, git de hook,” said Bum skeptically. “Wot yer lying fer?”

“I aind,” said Anna hotly; “and I seen her funeral, they was a grape und den hacks.”

Having thus uttered her account of the splendors of Miss Lucy's obituaries, Anna fell to reflectively spreading her bare toes dam-like across the gutter. The three, Anna, Sophie, and Bum, were sitting

on the curb-stone in front of the school, where they had met to discuss the disappearance of Miss Lucy.

In spite of these convincing details, the other two were doubting. "Maybe her and her beau is going to git married," suggested Sophie, "and maybe then she won't be a teacher no more."

"No," said Bum thoughtfully; "when you git married you don't do nothin' but jest tend babies and live off yer man—unless," he added, with a bitter experience, "he 's a guzzler and you got to take in washin'." Having thus epitomized the chief pleasures and trials of matrimony in general, Bum fell to considering the case of Miss Lucy. He remembered the prophecy of his mother that Miss Lucy was not long for Class A, but he also remembered the teacher's fervent avowal of faithfulness. It might not be too late to dissuade her. As the result of much discussion in this direction, a letter was laboriously written upon a piece of brown paper.

missis loosey [it went] ples do not git marrid we will lern awl
the time the geranum is ded we will wash our ers

This letter was placed in an envelope, addressed briefly to "missis loosey," and posted.

"She 'll like the ears part," explained the tactful Bum hopefully. "She allus was fussin' about yer ears."

Having despatched this diplomatic plea, Class A waited in a suspense made almost unbearable by the substitute, and when at the end of the week it was apparent that their appeal had not moved Miss Lucy, a change of tactics was decided upon.

"It 's Mister Schmidt she 's marrying mit," Sophie declared. "He 's her beau. I seen her talking mit him oncet, and I know he 's her beau."

Therefore Mr. Schmidt, the janitor, a much married German and the respectable father of ten, was approached. He, janitor-like, was found in the yard reading the paper, an industrious broom beside him in case of the sudden appearance of the principal. To him was made the request to abstain from marriage with Miss Lucy. At first he was stolidly bewildered, then at its repetition, accompanied by the offer of a bribe of three cents, eleven tintags, and a pretzel, the united and respective possessions of Anna, Bum, and Sophie, his amazement changed to alarm. He had always been a little suspicious of Miss Lucy, whose sprightly methods of education were an enigma to him, and this disapproval had been greatly increased when, in accordance with the demands of the Nature Work, he had once caught her flying around the room after the manner and with the melodious call of the crow. As his mind grasped the nature of the demands of the three,

he saw his domestic peace threatened by what was evidently a well-laid plot, and, seizing the near-by broom, he promptly chased the children to the street. There, relieved of pursuit, they again sat gloomily upon the curbstone. Even Bum O'Reilly's usual optimism was obscured, he having in the flight lost five of his cherished tintags.

After much debate it was decided that a mistake had been made in the personality of the object of Miss Lucy's affections. Undoubtedly it was the principal. But the only way in which an interview with him might be obtained was through unusual depravity. Therefore it was agreed that on the next afternoon each member of the committee was to offend in such dire manner that trial by the supreme power would be necessary. This was an easy matter for Anna Karenina. When she appeared, for the first time in three days, the substitute asked her name and then consulted the roll book severely.

"Where have you been?" she asked suspiciously.

Anna regarded her silently.

"Little girl, answer me," repeated the substitute. "What have you been doing?"

"Bie-faze," remarked Anna briefly, "whad you think?" and was immediately appointed to be cast out.

Equally fortunate was Bum, whose manner of offending was the sticking of a wet piece of putty down Frederick William's back; but it was not until after school that Sophie, who had secured only an ordinary "keep-in" for talking, lay down upon the floor and kicked her fat little legs violently, thereby accomplishing her ejection.

So it came about that when the dismissal bell rang and the rest of Class A had departed, the three offenders were arrayed in the hall and, guided by the stern finger of the substitute, were started upon their timid journey up the long hall toward the principal's room.

The principal was a nervous bachelor, whose single state, precariously maintained among so many of the alluring sex, was a thing precious above all price. As it happened, his room had been selected that afternoon for a meeting of the Normal Extension Course of Applied Psychology, a course open only to the most distinguished among the profession. The principal was justly proud of his recent enrolment in this class, and that afternoon the attendance was one of especial importance, a supervisor and two critic teachers having been invited to discuss things scholastic. By the time Class A had gotten into its trappings and the three offenders had started up the hall, the meeting had assembled and had settled down with unctuous dignity to the consideration of the science of education. Upon this august body suddenly the door opened and the principal saw the greasy face of Anna Karenina peering in.

"You can't come in now," he said abruptly, but with the enforced

gentleness of one who speaks in the presence of his supervisor. Then he walked down to the hesitating Anna.

"Get out," he said in subdued but forcible tones. "Get out."

The trio wavered at this command, but just then one of the critic teachers, spying an opportunity of displaying her admirable manner in dealing with children, smiled gaily at Sophie and waved her hand encouragingly.

"What is it, dear?" she queried.

Thus encouraged, the children advanced into the room, where they stood, a ragged and dirty but dauntless three.

Sophie was always quick to respond to any pleasantness.

"He's going to git married," she announced conversationally, pointing to the principal, who turned pale. A frivolous member giggled. This announcement of the notoriously elusive principal's intentions was amusing.

"It's Miz Luzy," said Anna, "und we god a bie-face subsdude."

"But we thought maybe he'd git some one else," Bum suggested artfully. "We want Miss Lucy, and she's got red hair anyhow, and we thought maybe he'd change."

"Maybe you could git him," said the match-making Sophie, with a sidle toward her friend, the critic teacher.

The critic teacher's lack of aversion to matrimony was proverbial, and at this suggestion the principal, with a baleful light in his eye, bore down upon the three, and, in spite of their appealing glances toward the ungrateful critic teacher, they were somehow got rid of. When they reached the street bitter despair at their third futile attempt once more settled upon them. In the exuberance of his grief Bum threw his remaining tintags into the gutter, and Anna relieved herself by slapping Sophie's face vigorously and pulling her hair; whereupon Sophie wept saltily upon her useless pretzel.

There was only one course left—direct appeal. The next afternoon the self-appointed committee started out upon a search for Miss Lucy. During the afternoon the object of the expedition got noised about, and when the committee started it found itself increased by a good half-dozen. Among these additions was Frederick William, who was urged not so much by any unusual devotion to Miss Lucy, as he was goaded by the bitter thought of the forfeited bun. Bum had insisted that every member of the thus-augmented committee should have one requirement to eligibility, and that was the washing of his ears, a condition that all save Anna Karenina willingly complied with. But in spite of this rule it was a queer-looking little company that started out upon the search, for it was upon the raggedest and the dirtiest of Class A's little members that the iron hand of the substitute seemed to have fallen most heavily.

The faith of this little regiment in the finding and ultimate redemption of Miss Lucy was strong, but the way was devious, and the legs of Sophie and of Frederick William were short and fat. Then Anna Karenina, the only one who knew the way, was lured a little aside by the distant gong of a fire engine and made a wrong turn. About six o'clock it began to rain, a cold drizzle. At last the tired children wandered into a street of the very rich, and there finally huddled on the lowest step of one of the high white fronts. They were found there by a policeman, who, wofully ignorant of the whereabouts of Missis Loosey, insisted on taking them all to the station-house. Here, however, there was a kind matron, whose speedy providing against immediate starvation was very acceptable to Frederick William and stopped even Sophie's frightened sniffles. Then there was a bench in the corner where it was agreeably warm and where you could get dry and go quite comfortably to sleep until such time as you were awakened by much clamor and amid cries of "*Ach du lieber!*" "The hivins be praised!" and others equally eloquent, you were restored with gratifying emotion to the bosom of your bereaved family.

In the largeness of her heart at the restoration of her "Jimmie," the whole-hearted Mrs. O'Reilly enfolded the police captain in her capacious arms and planted a resounding smack upon his protesting countenance. Then, after much and loud rejoicing, Anna Karenina, who had viewed these demonstrations with the disdain of one whose mother neither knew nor cared where she might spend her nights, was taken in care by the Bauerschmidts, and the station-house, save for a lingering blush upon the face of the captain, returned to its normal state, and the search for Miss Lucy was over.

Fortunately, the next day Miss Lucy returned to her place, and the rule of the substitute was at an end. Miss Lucy herself was unusually sweet-tempered, for had she not been greeted by the principal with a degree of warmth unusual and most gratifying to her pedagogical pride?

"He is realizing my true teaching capabilities," thought Miss Lucy, with vanity; "I am growing indispensable to the system."



MARCH

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

A H, March, for all your chill forbidding dole,
The baby April in your arms you bring!
So may the weary March days of my soul
Awake in me God's April, and His spring!



THE WORRIER

BY GEORGE LINCOLN WALTON, M.D.

AN ARTICLE SUPPLEMENTAL TO A SERIES OF FIVE POPULAR PAPERS ON WORRY AND ALLIED MENTAL STATES. THE PRECEDING PAPERS WERE "WORRY AND OBSESSION," IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER; "THE DOUBTING FOLLY," IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER; "HYPOCHONDRIA," IN THE JANUARY NUMBER; "SLEEPLESSNESS," IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER; AND "HOME TREATMENT" IN THE MARCH NUMBER OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

AT HOME

Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.

HANNAH MORE.

MORE than one "sunbeam" and "life of the party" in society is the "cross-patch" and "fuss-budget" of the home. His gracious smiles and quips abroad are matched at home by darkened brows and moody silence, broken only by conversation of the italicized variety: "*Will it ever stop raining?*"—"Can't you see that I am busy?"—"What *are* you doing?"—and the like. Whatever banner is exhibited to the outside world, the motto at home seems to be "Whatever is is wrong." Defects in the *ménage*, carefully overlooked when dining out, are called with peculiar unction to the attention of the housekeeper of the home, whose worry to please is only matched by the "sunbeam's" fear that she shall think him satisfied with what is placed before him.

There's something kind of pitiful about a man that growls
Because the sun beats down too hot, because the wild wind howls,

Who never eats a meal but that the cream ain't thick enough,
The coffee ain't been settled right, or else the meat's too tough.
Poor chap! He's just the victim of Fate's oldest, meanest trick;
You'll see by watching mules and men, they don't need brains to kick.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Add to the "kicking habit" the insistence that each member of the family must be reminded at frequent intervals of his peculiar weaknesses, and that the discussion of uncomfortable topics, long since worn threadbare, must be reopened at every available opportunity, and the adage is justified, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Try the following suggestion on approaching the house after a hard day's work: "Why tired and cross? Why not tired and good-natured?" The result may startle the family and cause inquiries about your health, but don't worry if they do. Console yourself with the thought they will like you none the less for giving them a glimpse of that sunny nature of which they have often heard.

By way of alleviating the mental and physical discomfort following a trying day, one is surprised by the effectiveness of taking a bath and changing all the clothing. This treatment, in fact, almost offers a sure cure, but the person who would be most benefitted thereby is the person so obsessed to pursue the miserable tenor of his way that he scouts the suggestion that he thus bestir himself, instead of sinking into an easy chair. He may, however, accept the suggestion that simply changing the shoes and stockings is extremely restful, when reminded that if he had worn kid gloves all day he would be relieved to free his hands from the incubus, and, if gloves must still be worn, to put on a cool pair.

It is a further aid to physical, and indirectly to mental, comfort, if one can learn to wear low shoes and the thinnest of underwear the year round; the former is almost a panacea for fidgets; the latter lessens the perspiration, which increases the susceptibility to drafts, and to even moderate lowering of temperature. The prevailing belief that this procedure is dangerous is disproved by the experience of the many who have given it a thorough trial. The insistent belief of the neurotic that he cannot acquire this habit was touched upon in the article on "Worry and Obsession." If he thinks he is "taking cold," let him throw back his shoulders and take a few deep breaths, or, if convenient, a few exercises, instead of doubling the weight of his underwear, and in the long run he will find that he has not only increased his comfort, but has lessened, rather than increased, the number of his colds.

Much of the worry of the home is retrospective. "If I had only made Mary wear her rubbers!"—"If we had only invested in Calumet and Hecla at 25!"—"If we had only sent John to college!" represent

a fruitful source of family discomfort. The morbid rhyme is familiar to all:

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

I should be glad to learn of any advantage accruing from the indulgence of this attitude toward the bygone. A happier and more sensible habit of mind may be attained by equal familiarity with the following:

Add this suggestion to the verse:
"It might have been a great deal worse."

A fruitful source of discomfort for the worrier at home is the absence of occupation. He looks forward to mental rest after using his brain all day, but there is no rest for him unless in sleep. The most valuable rest he could give his mind would be to occupy it with something worth while, yet not so strenuous as to cause solicitude. As Saleeby points out, the mock worry of a game is a good antidote for the real worry of life, and a game is far better than nothing, unless the player make, in turn, a work of his play, in which case worry continues.

The hardest task for the worrier at home is to get away from home. With advancing years the temptation grows upon us to spend our evenings by the fireside, to make no new friends and seek no new enjoyments. But this unbroken habit is neither the best preparation for a happy old age nor the best method of counteracting present worry. Nor should one stop to decide whether the special entertainment in question will be worth while; he must depend rather on the realization that if he accepts most opportunities he will be, on the whole, the gainer.

The man whose occupation keeps him indoors all day should make special effort to pass some time in the open air, if possible walking or driving to and from his place of business, and taking at least a stroll in the evening.

As more than one writer has suggested, the best resource is the *fad*. The *fad* will prove an inestimable boon after withdrawing from active work, but it should be commenced long before one discontinues business, else the chances are that he will never take it up, but will fret away his time like the average man who retires from an occupation which has engrossed his attention.

The *fad* should not be pursued too strenuously, or its charm is lost. A lady once told me that she had given up studying flowers because she found she could not master botany in the time at her disposal. Another sees no use in taking up history unless he can become an authority on

some epoch. Another declines to study because he can never overtake the college graduate. But one of the best informed men of my acquaintance had no college education. One of his fads was history, with which he was far more familiar than any but the exceptional college man, outside the teachers of that branch of science.

The usefulness of the fad does not depend upon the perfection attained in its pursuit, but upon the pleasure in its pursuit, and upon the diversion of the mind from its accustomed channels. The more completely one learns to concentrate his thoughts on an *avocation*, the more enthusiasm and effectiveness he can bring to bear on his *vocation* in its turn. A fad that occupies the hands, such as carpentering, turning, or photography, is peculiarly useful if one's taste runs in that direction.

One handicap in cultivating the fad is the lack of interest on the part of our associates, but if we become genuinely interested in any fad that is at all worth while, we shall inevitably add new acquaintances likely to prove at least as interesting as those of our present friends, who have no thoughts outside their daily round of toil. The more fads one cultivates, so long as he avoids the obsession to obtrude them at all times and places, the more interesting he will, in his turn, become to others.

The over-solicitude that defeats its own end, in the case of parents, has been admirably portrayed by Arthur Benson ("Beside Still Waters"):

There was nothing in the world that he more desired than the company and the sympathy of his children; but he had, beside this, an intense and tremulous sense of his responsibility toward them. He attached an undue importance to small indications of character, and thus the children were seldom at ease with their father, because he rebuked them constantly, and found frequent fault, doing almost violence to his tenderness, not from any pleasure in censoriousness, but from a terror, that was almost morbid, of the consequences of the unchecked development of minute tendencies.

Something must be left to natural growth, and to fortune, even in such important matters as the rearing of children.

AT THE TABLE

These little things are great to little man.

GOLDSMITH, "The Traveler."

THE insistent habit of mind is nowhere more noticeable than in connection with the food. I have seen a hotel habitué, apparently sane, who invariably cut or broke his bread into minute particles and minutely

inspected each before placing it in his mouth. If this were a book of confessions, I myself should have to plead guilty, among worse things, to having avoided mince pie for weeks after encountering, among other ingredients of this delicacy, a piece of broken glass.

Not infrequently, the obsessive diner so long hesitates before giving his final order that the waiter brings the wrong dish. The insistent thought now replaces the doubting folly, and the diner would as soon think of eating grass as the article offered. I have known him impatiently to leave the table under these circumstances, and to play the ostentatious martyr rather than partake of the food he had at the outset given weighty consideration. I have seen another omit his lunch because water had been spilled upon the cloth, and still another leave the dining-car, with the announcement that he would forego his meal because informed by the conductor that men's shirtwaists without coats were taboo.

The obsessive of this type may by training even reach the point of seeing the amusing instead of the pathetic side of the picture when, in the course of his travels, his request for "a nice bit of chicken, cut thin," is transmitted to the kitchen as "One chick."

One day, with pride, I called the attention of my easy-going friend to the fact that I was eating a dish I had not ordered. He quietly remarked that the next step was to eat it and say nothing! Another friend has this motto in his dining-room: "Eat what is set before you and be thankful." His children will open their eyes when they find others, less reasonably reared, demanding that the potatoes be changed because they are sprinkled with parsley, that a plate be replaced because it has had a piece of cheese upon it, or that the salad of lettuce and tomato be removed in favor of one with tomato alone.

A lady recently told me of breakfasting with a foreign sojourner in America, who, upon being offered the contents of an egg broken into a glass, was not satisfied with declining it, but felt impelled also to express his extreme disgust at this method of serving it, fortunately to the amusement, rather than to the annoyance, of his hostess.

"After this, know likewise," says Epictetus, "that you are a brother, too; and that to this character it belongs to make concessions, to be easily persuaded, to use gentle language, never to claim for yourself any non-essential thing, but cheerfully to give up these to be repaid by a larger share of things essential. For consider what it is, instead of a lettuce, for instance, or a chair, to procure for yourself a good temper. How great an advantage gained!"

The insistent desire to have a certain degree and character of appetite not infrequently leads to consulting the physician. Still more common is the obsession that the appetite must be gratified, the supposition being that the desire for food is, in the growing child or in the

adult, an infallible guide to the amount needed, though it is a matter of common knowledge that this is not true of infants or of domestic animals. If one leaves the table hungry, he soon forgets it, unless inordinately self-centred, and he has no more desire to return than to go back to bed and finish the nap so reluctantly discontinued in the morning.

I have heard the theory advanced by an anxious forecaster of future ills that all unnecessary food, if packed away as adipose tissue, serves to nourish the body in periods of starvation. Assuming that the average individual need consider this stress of circumstance, I am strongly of the impression that the best preparation for enforced abstinence will prove, not a layer of fat, but the habit of abstinence. 'The nursery poet says:

The worry cow would have lived till now
If she'd only saved her breath.
She feared the hay would n't last all day,
So choked herself to death.

The quantity of food proved by experiment to suffice for the best work, physical or mental, is surprisingly small. A feeling of emptiness, even, is better preparation for active exercise than one of satiety.

It is a national obsession with us that no meal is complete without meat. Order fruit, a cereal, rolls, and coffee at the hotel some morning, and the chances are ten to one that the waiter will ask what you are going to have for *breakfast*, though you have already ordered more than is absolutely necessary for that meal, as demonstrated by the custom upon the Continent, where the sense of fitness is as much violated by the consumption of an enormous breakfast as it is with us by the omission of a single detail.

It may be asked if it is not subversive of discipline for the hotel habitué to become too easy-going. There is doubtless a limit to the virtue of allowing ourselves to be imposed upon, but there is little fear that the individual who opens the question will err in this direction. It behoves him rather to consider the danger of his occupying the unenviable position of the "fuss-budget."

ON HIS TRAVELS

After all, is it not a part of the fine art of living to take the enjoyment of the moment as it comes without lamenting that it is not something else?

LILIAN WHITING, "Land of Enchantment."

In no phase of life is the worrying and the "fussy" habit more noticeable than in travel. That is, perhaps, partly because the lack of self-confidence, which so often unsettles the worrier, is peculiarly

effective when he has relinquished the security of his accustomed anchorage. This applies surely to the over-solicitous attention paid by the traveller to the possible dangers of rail and sea. Here is a verse from Wallace Irwin:

"Suppose that this here vessel," says the skipper with a groan,
"Should lose 'er bearin'a, run away and bump upon a stone;
Suppose she'd shiver and go down when save ourselves we could n't!"
The mate replies,
"Oh, blow me eyes!
Suppose agin she should n't!"

A common direction taken by the worrying habit in the traveller is that of taking in advance each step of the journey, preparing for every contingency, and suffering beforehand every imaginable hardship and inconvenience. I do not vouch for the story (though I can match it without going far afield) of the gentleman who abandoned his trip from Paris to Buda-Pesth because he found he would be delayed in Vienna six hours—"too long time to wait in the station, and not long enough to go to the hotel." It is the imperative duty of every traveller to discover interests which shall tide him over a few hours' delay, wherever it may occur.

It is by no means a waste of time to familiarize ourselves with the geography at least of our own country; to know the situation and appearance of every city of importance; and to know something about the different railroads besides their initials and their rating in the stock market. Again, if we take up the study of the trees, flowers, and birds, with the aid of the admirable popular works now available, we shall not only view the scenery with new eyes, but shall welcome, rather than be driven to despair by, a breakdown in the woods.

It is a mistake to shun our fellow-travellers, from whom we should rather try to learn something. This is a solace in travelling alone, for the boon companion may handicap us in cultivating new acquaintances and gaining new impressions. Though the main object of recreation is diversion from the daily round of thought, the fact need not be lost sight of that the busy man will find his practical interests furthered, rather than hindered, by a little widening of the horizon. Nor should he forget, meantime, the admonition of Succi that if he would make his travels delightful, he must first make himself delightful.

It is inevitable that uncomfortable, as well as agreeable, experiences occur in travel. But the man who spends his time and thought in avoiding the one and seeking the other is steadily forging chains whose gall shall one day surpass the discomforts of a journey around the world. Arthur Benson ("Beside Still Waters") says that Hugh learned one thing at school, namely, that the disagreeable was not

necessarily the intolerable. Some of us would do well to go back to school and learn this over again. I know of only two ways by which the discomforts of travel can be avoided. One is to ignore them, the other to stay at home.

A fellow traveller told me that on one occasion, in the presence of a beautiful bit of mountain scenery, he overheard two ladies in anxious consultation comparing, article by article, the corresponding menus of two rival hotels. The fact that three varieties of fish were offered at one, while only two were offered at the other, opened so animated a discussion of quantity as opposed to probable quality that the listener discreetly withdrew.

A lady on the Florida express, after reading a novel all day, with an occasional interim during which she gazed through her lorgnette with bored and anxious air, finally said to her companion, "I have not seen a single estate which compares with those in Brookline."

Among the varieties of needless worry imposed upon the traveller by the insistent habit, none is more common or more easily overcome than the refusal to sleep unless noise and light are quite shut out. If the sufferer make of his insistent habit a servant, rather than a master, and instead of reiterating, "I must have quiet and darkness," will confidently assert, "I must get over this nonsense," he will speedily learn that freedom from resentment, and a good circulation of air, are more conducive to sleep than either darkness or silence.

The best drug for the sleepless traveller is the *equo animo* of Cicero.



SONG

BY WILLIAM H. FROST

MY boat has a purple sail;
My course lies West by South;
With a vagrant wind abaft my beam,
As warm as my true Love's mouth.

And a white gull trails astern,
Full white as her virgin breast,
On wings as light as the jewelled drops
That spill from the curdling crest.

Wind of the mystical East,
Wondrous bird of the Sea,
Couriers of love from the heart of her,
Straight to the heart of me.

MARSH-LIGHTS

By Fannie Heaslip Lea

OUT of the August dusk, in a twilight breathless and remote as that of some descending dream, the arc lights of St. Charles street blossomed suddenly. Like great, opening flowers of purple and silver, they hung against the sky and cast strange shadows on the street below them—a street given sidewalk and cobblestone into the hands of toil—a street where, when commerce ends, the boarding house begins, where long rows of houses, uniformly brown and grey, shoulder each other at the sidewalk's edge, and on whose narrow steps and porches, of a summer evening, submerged humanity comes up to breathe.

The arc-lights only made the heat more dense. Pitiless and bright, they flared above those weary dwellers on the steps, the last cool shadows of early evening routed before their brazen brightness. Beneath them, the cars spun by with a dull roaring of machinery, and an occasional motor cried above the other noises with its strident, warning voice.

On the steps of a dingy, brownish frame house, two young men disputed warmly, their words half lost in the common clamor of the street.

"And I tell you it was a darned pretty piece of work," finished the shorter one, with a stubby fore-finger inside his ill-fitting collar to settle it more loosely. "Doane's my man for orthodonchy, every time. That fellow's jaw is as straight as yours now—ah,—what's the good word, Miss Jennie?"

He removed the exploring finger from his wilted collar, and drew his companion ostentatiously to one side before the hesitant approach of a slim, little creature in a black frock, who stood in the frame of the door, against the gloom of the tunnel hall lighted by a single gas jet, and smiled down at them questioningly.

"Come on in, the water's fine," cried the short young man with cheerful urgency. "I'm just telling Jimmy about an operation I saw out at the Dental College to-day,—won't you join us in a seat on the steps?"

Miss Jennie's smile deepened to a wistful dimple. "Is it any cooler there?" she faltered.

The two young dentists broke into eager assurances.

"It's fine and dandy," cried the short one gaily. "A breeze went by ten minutes ago, behind a big red automobile."

"Shut up your nonsense, Billy," said the other young man suddenly. "Miss Jennie looks played out."

He took her elbow carefully as she came down the steps, and released it when she had seated herself on the second. There was a clumsy tenderness in the movement, and a sullen, anxious watchfulness beneath the look he bent on her that struggled oddly with the general uncouth indifference of his manner.

"Had a hard day?" he asked with an obvious attempt at lightness.

"Oh—h!" sighed Miss Jennie wearily. She pushed back, with a little fretful gesture, the heavy hair that fell over her forehead, a ruddy bronze in the shadows, flaming to red in the light. "Heavens! I thought five o'clock would never come. That store is nothin' but an oven in summer."

"Is it hot enough for you?" chirped Billy with quenchless enjoyment. "It was ninety-eight in the hall at lunch to-day."

"What was it at dinner?" smiled Miss Jennie, her forehead losing its little line between the brows.

"Dinner!" said the other young man. "Good Lord!" He fanned Miss Jennie with his stiff, straw hat, and scowled.

"Jimmy got the hot end of the deal at dinner," explained the apostle of mirth with a grin. "He drew a crab that was a patriarch, and had been a long time dead."

"Shut up!" said Jimmy savagely.

Miss Jennie took her hands down from her ears with a little shuddering sigh. "The table gets worse every day," she said, "don't it? I have n't had anything good to eat in a month."

She clasped both hands about her knees, and tilted her head to look at the cloudless sky, deepening above the city lights to a velvet purple.

"Don't it make you sick?" she murmured in the pointless question that needs no answer. Her eyes came back to the street and quested vaguely in the direction of the clustered lights that marked the business heart.

Jimmy watched her jealously.

"Tell you what we'll do," he said suddenly. "What d'ye say if we catch a West End car out to Tranchina's and have a fish dinner?"

"He thinks he's Rockefeller," crowed Billy with gleeful incredulity.

Miss Jennie, after one startled glance, went back to staring down the street, her hands lying listless and white against her black skirt.

"You did n't eat a thing this evening," insisted Jimmy.

Miss Jennie looked up at him curiously.

"Oh! I watched you," he admitted sullenly; "well, what d'ye say? Billy'll go too, of course," he flung in grudgingly, as the girl still hesitated.

"I don't know—" said Miss Jennie uncertainly.

"We'll get Mrs. Ford to go with Billy, if that's what you're thinking about. It'll be all right then—two couples."

"Me and the widow?—I have an engagement," decided Billy promptly.

"That'll be all right about your engagement," said Jimmy without turning his head. "Want to do it, Miss Jennie?"

"I—not this evening," said Miss Jennie slowly; "I'm much obliged, but I don't think I can." She withdrew her look from the street where the dust rose behind a passing car in eddies and drifts of grey vapor. "Not to-night," she said positively, "but I certainly appreciate you asking me, Dr. Manson."

"All the same, you won't go," retorted Jimmy disagreeably.

He sulked, with one hand drumming restlessly on his hat brim, and his head bent to avoid the glare of the arc.

"I'm feeling kind of tired," said Miss Jennie, with half-hearted evasion.

"Another time will do just as well," began Billy, the good-natured, but Jimmy got to his feet with a slow movement of irritation.

"You going down-town, Bill?" he asked brusquely, and flung himself down the steps.

Billy followed, his fore-finger reverting to the misfit collar, and his round face shining like a full moon in the halo of his straw hat.

"Sorry you won't go, Miss Jennie," he said cheerfully—and trotted off in his friend's wake, with a reproachful whistle.

Miss Jennie sighed again, shifting her position on the narrow steps, so that the street and the retreating backs of the two dentists came within her vision.

At the corner, beneath the arc light, they stopped for a moment, and there was the spurt of a match lifted to a cigarette.

A tall figure with a soft, felt hat drawn low over its eyes passed them when they started on again, and Miss Jennie's face burned with a sudden scorching flush, for Jimmy looked back over his shoulder deliberately and long, to see it mount the steps.

Hastily, she busied herself with the staid and immovable buckle on her small, left shoe, catching her breath sharply at the foot-steps that rung nearer and nearer on the sidewalk.

When the foot-steps ceased, and she lifted her head, some one laid a long stemmed mystery in her lap, its length a green-leaved, thorny delight, its crown a sheathing of tissue paper, white and crackling faintly.

"For me?" asked Miss Jennie radiantly. She drew off the tissue paper with shaking hands, and lifted free a rose, superbly crimson.

"Oh—h!" said Miss Jennie faintly, and laid her cheek against the cool wonder of the petals, her eyes wet with sudden, happy tears.

The rose's giver dropped to the steps beside her with a quick, easy grace and crushed his felt hat between his hands.

"Do you like it?" he asked simply. "I saw it in a florist's window——"

"I never had one before," said Miss Jennie. She held it away from her, and looked at it with eyes grown radiantly clear.

"It's so hot, I rather hated to bring it," he offered whimsically, "such a flame of summer and sun."

"Why, it's cool!" She lifted it to her cheek again, then held it toward him. "Feel!"

He touched the velvet darkness of the rose with one long slender finger.

"I wonder," he mused half aloud, "if Cleopatra may not have been cool to touch?—and Helen's cheek was undoubtedly something like that——"

A car roared past, flinging its noisy menace upon his low words, and overbearing them.

Miss Jennie's wistful dimple deepened against the rose in happy quiet.

"Dust!" he said presently, "grey swirls of it—nothing but dust and noise and heat—God! what a world."

"Have you had your dinner?" asked Miss Jennie timidly. "You're late."

"Please!" he cried protestingly. "Please!" and twisted the soft felt hat into a shapeless mass. "Don't mention the word." He lowered his voice so that the women rocking placidly on the narrow porch might not hear him, and bent a little forward. "I stayed downtown on purpose. I could n't bear the thought of that stuffy dining room, and the noise—the steam—the food—ugh!" He flung out both hands and sprang to his feet without warning. "I'm not hungry, except for a breeze; let's walk over to the square. It's only a dusty and breathless Inferno, but, at least, it may be better than this."

"But you ought to have had your dinner," Miss Jennie insisted gently. She fell into step beside him, the great, red rose still lifted to her face. "You'll be sick, Mr. Stanley."

Stanley shrugged slender shoulders, and smiled as one half hearing.

He walked buoyantly, his hat still crushed between his hands, and the clean dark lines of his poet face clear cut above the low collar and loose black tie.

The shadows of the square opened about them in a welcome gloom. The voice of the cars came fainter, and the vicious whiteness of the arc lights filtered dim and misty through branches heavy set with leaves. Up and down the paved walks, pattered the feet of many children, and the rattle and whirl of the roller-skaters came like the noise of giant cicadæ, steady and almost soothing.

Stanley crossed the grass, white even at night with dust, and led the way to a green bench beneath a china tree, larger than its fellows.

"If one could get to the dark just once," he lamented, "just to go out of the light for a breathing space, to feel the blessed, cool, dank dark on your eyelids——" he broke off with a half laugh. "Your city never sleeps," he said dreamily; "she slumbers not nor sleeps. I lay awake last night from twelve till dawn, and all the time that infernal arc light flickered through the window blinds, and threw its shadows on the walls."

"From twelve till dawn?" cried Miss Jennie aghast.

"I made a poem out of the torment," said the boy as if she had not spoken, "but I don't know that it was a good poem, and it *was* torment."

"What was the poem——"

"Listen," said Stanley, "it was this."

His low voice drifted into rhythm, compelling and sweet. Rhyme rang upon rhyme with the chiming cadence of a night bird's notes, or the recurring splash of waves upon the sand. Miss Jennie listened tensely, the crimson rose petals just touching her lips and the white, bare line of her throat.

"Go on!" she said breathlessly, when he had done.

"Dear Little Lady Golden Heart—that's all," he answered lightly; "'tis a poor thing."

"It is perfectly beautiful," said Miss Jennie, and her voice shook. Stanley laughed amusedly.

"I would the worshipful magazine-men were of your opinion," he said ruefully. "Then I might not be selling my soul in a counting house. Four poems home to-day—four!"—he told off four long, nervous fingers in a tragic gesture—"and one of them, the child of my heart."

"'Driftwood'?" asked Miss Jennie fearfully.

Stanley nodded in silence.

Miss Jennie gave a soft little cry of pain.

"And you were so sure——"

"That's the artistic temperament," he corrected, without bitterness. "I am *always* so sure."

"It's perfectly beautiful, too," replied Miss Jennie. Stanley's laugh deepened to a tender note.

"You're an angel," he averred, with conviction, "Little Lady Golden Heart!"

The shadows of the china tree fell about them in a soothing darkness, and Miss Jennie trembled with happiness.

Somewhere, in a world beyond, were shops that prisoned one all day, and tunnel halls lighted by a single gas jet; somewhere, in a world outside, were cars that clanged and moaned, lights that seared their whiteness into tired brains, and streets that echoed to the tread of many feet; somewhere it was hot and the grey dust rose in choking waves—but beneath the china tree, on the green bench, Miss Jennie bent her face to the long-stemmed rose and closed her eyes in the fragrant darkness. The cool of the garden was about her.

Into the stillness of her hour, Stanley's voice fell with a quickening note.

"You've been so sweet to me," he was saying, "I shall hate that part of it——"

"Hate what?" cried Miss Jennie dazedly.

"Not seeing you again," he said. "Of course, the probabilities are that if I get to St. Louis, I shan't stop there. I want to go West."

"Go West?" she repeated slowly.

"I'm boring you," he said quickly, with his little exaggeration of courtesy. "Were n't you listening a bit ago? I said I'd a chance to get away from here." He ran his fingers through the thick, dark hair that fell over his eyes, with a movement inexpressibly young. "I'm restless again. I've got to go." (He was explaining, half to himself.) "I keep thinking of the fields in the moonlight, the wind in the pine trees, the sound of the water under a boat's keel. You don't know, you've never felt the wanderlust; but when it takes me,—I've got to go."

"You have n't been here long," said Miss Jennie. The red rose fell, forgotten, in her lap.

"Six months," he corrected, almost indignantly. "Six months of figures in a book, and stooping over a desk—ugh! The dirty town, the stuffy boarding house, the streets that never sleep. I wonder I've stood it so long." He put out a hand and touched the rose gently.

"You've been so good to me, you've listened to the poems and to me, you've believed I was a genius, where the most of my fellows find me only a fool. How am I going to thank you?"

Miss Jennie found no words for him. She drew further back into the shadow.

"When I was a bit of a kiddie, once," the low voice went on musingly, "I was riding with my father through the woods at night, and we passed a marsh-light—rather it passed us. Do you know what a marsh-light is, Little Lady Golden Heart? A will-o'-the-

wisp, a dancing fire that flies before you and is gone when you think you have come to it. It slipped between the tree-trunks, it fluttered along the ground, it rested over a boggy place, it was before us, and behind us, and about us, and I cried to get down and follow it; when my father refused, I cried myself to sleep against his shoulder; but I've been following marsh-lights ever since."

Half to himself and half to her, the low voice murmured on. The noise of the playing children lessened, no skaters passed them now, and in its mingled panoply of shade and light the square grew slowly still. Once, the ringing sound of a policeman's stick on the pavement came sharply to the two beneath the tree, but Miss Jennie barely started, she sat very still in the shadow.

"Marsh-lights," said Stanley again, "always that, always the lure of the unforeseen, the bend in the road, the broken dream and the vision veiled——"

He leaned forward, elbows upon his knees, clenching his long brown poet-fingers loosely before him.

"Isn't it a great world, though," he demanded exultantly, "with always a to-morrow, and an untried road? See, I've played the vagabond, most of my twenty-six years, worked, when I had to, and written a bit; slept in the open, with my face to the stars, and rubbed shoulders the next night with a silk gown in the city-streets. Nothing to hold me, no one to care."

"Nobody at all?" said Miss Jennie faintly.

"No one at all," he echoed lightly. "I've been knocking about the world by myself since I was a mere kiddie, and thank God the women mean nothing to me nor I to them——" he broke off sharp with a sudden realization of his words, and laid an impulsive hand on Miss Jennie's cold little fingers. He did not notice that she shivered away from the touch.

"That's not for you," he explained whimsically; "you've been different, less like a woman, somehow; more like a younger boy, a sympathetic companion. Little Lady Golden Heart! I shall miss you, often."

"But you will forget," she said dully.

"Forget?" he repeated. "Forget? What does n't one forget in time? Life runs so fast. I shall not forget soon. That place has been a horror to me, except for you—the chattering old women, the dreadful dinners—the stupid girls, and the impossible men." He flung both hands behind his head and leaned it back upon them. "To-morrow night," he said vibrantly, "I'll have the road under my feet, and a clean sky over me—we're going together, another chap and I, with the surprising luggage of the clothes on our backs, and the dreams in our heads——"

"To-morrow!" cried Miss Jennie sharply. "But your things?"

"That," said young Stanley humorously, "is a sordid detail. It is convenient both to the landlady and me that I leave my trunk in her keeping." He laughed with boyish enjoyment. "Wait till she opens it, some few weeks hence, and finds it elaborately packed with one suit of old clothes and two clean collars."

"You don't mean," said Miss Jennie in a hushed voice, "that you are broke—?"

"Flat," said Stanley happily, "flat, flatter, flattest—no pan-cake ever quite so flat."

"But my rose——" cried Miss Jennie with a break in her voice; she held it away from her suddenly.

"Dear Little Lady Golden Heart," he said more quietly, "I had a trifle—and it was for good-by."

Miss Jennie crushed the rose against her cheek in a silence that throbbed with pain.

"You ought n't to have," she said at last, her voice catching on the words. "I—I like it—but you ought n't to have——"

"I wanted to say thank you," he told her simply, "before I was off after my marsh-lights again."

He stood up and she followed him slowly across the square. It was quiet now, except for the rumble of a passing car, and Stanley spoke but once on the way to the steps.

"After all," he said musingly, "we all follow marsh-lights. I dare say you, too, if——"

"Yes," said Miss Jennie hastily, "I reckon so." She sounded very small and tired.

At the steps, Stanley hesitated.

"I think I'm not coming in just yet," he said with one hand on the railing. "It's cooler in the Square."

"You won't stay there all night?" she questioned timidly.

"I've done it before," he laughed, "why not? In any case shall we say good-by now? You'll be down town when I leave."

He held out his hand, and Miss Jennie surrendered five limp, little fingers to its keeping.

"Good-by!" said Stanley lightly.

The girl did not answer. She held the red rose close against her lips.

The gloom of the tunnel hall, with its single gas jet, was about them, for they had mounted the steps and stood within the door.

Stanley tightened his fingers ever so slightly. A nameless fragrance drifted from the rose like an elusive memory.

A sob caught in Miss Jennie's throat, and the sound of it was faint and cruel.

"Good-by," said Stanley again, but a new note whispered in his voice, and he bent his head with a movement, almost of regret.

There was a clatter of feet on the steps and Billy's round face shone in the doorway, with Jimmy's sullen one, beyond.

"Hullo!" cried the chubby Fate. "Gee, but it's hot!"

Stanley loosened his clasp, and Miss Jennie's fingers fell free.

"Good-night," he said, under his breath, and brushed past the two in the door without a word.

Miss Jennie followed him with hazy eyes; she started when Jimmy spoke to her and hid her face against the rose.

"Still tired?" he asked with a disagreeable inflection that barely cloaked the jealous hurt beneath.

Miss Jennie did not answer at once.

"I *am* pretty tired," she said wearily, after a little. "I think I'll go to bed. Good-night."

They watched her mount the half-lit stairs, and midway up, she turned, smiling down at them, with the wistful dimple deepening, above the rose pressed to her cheek.

"It is hot, ain't it?" she said plaintively, then the upper darkness hid her, carrying the big rose, as a child carries a doll.



SONG OF RETURNING

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR.

HOMEWARD, homeward!
Homeward at last to you—
Adown the vale and the shining river,
With glowing heart and heart a-quiver,
From the night to the dawn and the long day through,
To you, to you!

Homeward, homeward!
Love of my heart, your cheeks are wet.
Did the night bring jealous dreams to you,
Saying I might forget?
Homeward, homeward!
Straight is the river's course and true
Through the glad, young hills to you, to you,
Love of my heart, to you!



BRINKER

BY ELFRID BINGHAM

THE stopping of the train awakened me from a hot and uneasy sleep. It was mid-afternoon of a baking August day, and the scene was arid and dispiriting: a red water-tank, with pine-pitch oozing through the paint; a windmill squawking like a sand-hill crane; unending cactus and sage and sand; and a dry wind that mourned and would not be comforted. I would have slept again, knotted up against the prickly red plush of the car-seat, but for the sound of voices.

There were two of these, and one was unusual, as if a meadow-lark had wandered from her lush, green fields, and yet would have her song. I heard it doubtfully at first, afraid to listen lest the dream escape; then scrambled up and over to the window on the other side.

At that instant the train started with a jerk and a clangor of bars and chains, and I had only a brief vision of a girl mounted on a cow-pony, and holding the bridle-rein of another whose back showed the glistening sweat-marks left by a cowpuncher's heavy saddle. Though she sat her pony sturdily enough, the girl was slight of build, and doubtless used to being called "little girl" by her privileged admirers. For all the strangeness of her presence there, she had an air of captivating propriety, and was quite at ease in her blue divided skirts, as well as very pretty under her tilted cowboy hat. She was waving good-by to a man whom I could not see, on the rear platform of the car, and there was something singularly bright and soft and friendly in that farewell. And something wistful too. I thrust my head farther from the window and watched her, and she was still gazing after us when the desert took her in its opal haze.

When I drew back into the oven of a car the object of that wistful farewell had flung his saddle and blankets into the corner by the water-

cooler, and was now kicking off his leather chaps, and stretching himself erect in blue flannel shirt and wrinkled black trousers and the inevitable red silk handkerchief around his neck. His back was toward me, and his face was hidden by his sombrero. Nevertheless I was already walking down the aisle toward him when he turned his blond and placid, sunburned face my way.

"Brinker!" I cried.

"Why, you!" he answered, with his slow smile, and gripped my hand in his.

"What is it this time, Brinker?" I demanded searchingly.

His head was bandaged, and there were splotches of blood on the cloth where it was thickest, above his right ear.

"I've been stealin' horses," he said simply.

"Oh, no!" I protested, incredulous.

"Yes," he insisted gravely, "an' gettin' caught," he added with a grin.

"And being rescued by—who is she, Brinker?" I lightly asked, and was instantly sorry of my raillery. Brinker's face flushed, and he did not answer me, but deftly turned to things we had talked about before. Later, nevertheless, he told me the story in his own way.

"The worst thing about doin' penance," he began, "is that somebody's sure to judge you wrong. You'll remember them Mexicans I was associatin' with because I did n't have the nerve to look a horse in the face? We got to playin' a little poker after workin' hours, an' the way they fixed the cards was so illuminatin' that I let 'em rob me several nights, just out of kindness of heart. Honest, it seemed a shame to spoil their fun. Besides, penance is penance, or ought to be, an' I was in for the whole dose. But one night I'm off my feed, or somethin', an' I proceed to call Señor Pedro with a gun. There's three pairs of hands up in a hurry, an' I'm rakin' in the pot, forgettin' all about that slimy black Jose. He ain't playin', an' the next I know there's a knife under my left arm from behind, an' the table upset, an' four greasers slippin' around on poker chips, an' nothin' much else but knives.

"There's nobody else in the place but the barkeep, an' I reckon he goes on wipin' glasses, an' takin' only a casual interest in our affairs. It ain't long till I'm about all in, with that openin' in my ribs runnin' like a sluice, an' Pedro's on top of me with his knife lifted for the quit-us. Then there's a chair comes smashin' through the mix-up, an' Pedro gets most of it in his yellow face. There's a merry kind of voice singin' out, 'One! Two!' an' some ripe Mexican language, an' then my eyes's full of dust an' blood, an' I can't see who's doin' this Christian act till afterwards, when I come to, lyin' on a bed in the hotel, an' find him leanin' over me.

" 'I'm much obliged to you,' says he, very polite.

" 'I don't see that,' says I.

" 'I needed excitement,' he says. 'It's been frightful dull up on the ranch.'

" That ropes me, an' I watch him critical while he's mixin' some stuff for me to drink. He's slim an' pale, with black hair an' eyes, an' wears city clothes, an' you'd wonder where the fight comes from if you did n't happen to notice that sliver of a smile at the edges of his tight lips, an' did n't see him movin' across the room as springy as a mountain lion.

" 'Any of 'em dead?' I ask by-an'-by.

" 'No, but most onhappy,' says he. 'Your man'll have to do some deep minin' for that lead you planted in him, an' the one that was on top of you is howlin' for a lookin'-glass, an' the other two's quarrellin' over the chair, where parts of their faces is. I'm awfully obliged to you,' he says again, joyfully.

" So that's how I meet up with Mr. Spencer Thayer, an' our introduction's been so uncommon proper that when he comes back from Denver I can't refuse his offer of a job. It ain't exactly his ranch, he tells me, but his father had to take it on a mortgage, an' he's been sent down to spend a couple of years seein' if it can't be made to pay instead of bein' a dee-ficit every year. It's a dinky little ranch in a green park between the front range an' the big Divide, but there's meadows like Iowa an' summer grazin' in the government timber, an' the Thayer cattle's all fat Herefords, an' there's a bunch of thoroughbreds besides the cow-ponies. It's walled in by cliffs an' peaks, like a garden back home, an' ranchin' there seems like play.

" But Mr. Thayer's soon givin' me a superficiency to think about. I suspicion right away there's something on the young fellow's mind. There's days an' days when he lays on his back, smokin' like the Argo smelter, an' the ranch go hang. Then maybe he's up in boots an' corduroy, losin' himself in the pine till we're near loco with worry over him. Next time it's work, an' we're diggin' cattle out of the thick timber, an' countin' the herd, an' drivin' neighbors' stock back onto their own land, an' breakin' any onhappy bronc't ain't already as gentle as a school-teacher.

" Mr. Thayer's learnt a lot about horses in no time, but nobody's any business undertakin' to bust a devil like Cream unless he's got his mind strictly on the job. Cream is the froth of hell. He's an onnatural color, to start with, lighter'n a buckskin, an' like nothin' else but rich dairy cream, with maybe some dirt settled around the edges. There ain't no cream in his disposition, though,—nothing but blood an' Bessemer steel an' fire—*an'* Satan.

" Curly's tryin' to ride Cream one mornin', an' gets thrown clean

on top of the sheds, plenty satisfied. Perceivin' which, Mr. Thayer loosens himself from the post where he's been leanin', with his face set dreamy-like toward the north, an' takes an onexpected interest in the proceedings.

"'Now, that's a horse!' he says, circlin' around Cream, an' laughin' at Curly as he climbs down off the shed.

"'It's my turn now,' says I, very quick, seein' plain what's in Mr. Thayer's mind.

"'Do you want all the fun that's goin', Brinker?' says he gaily, takin' off his coat; an' I might as well whisper in Cream's ear to be good as argue with Mr. Thayer, who's huntin' excitement like a man'n't wants to forget.

"He's no tenderfoot, either. He gives that Cream a fight that's good enough for a carnival. Then, when the fight's 'most won, he loses interest about as quick as he took it, an' Cream, playin' a crooked game, knows it. There's a sudden somerset in the air—you seen the trick when that one-eared Indian thing tried it on me at the Denver show, did n't you? Cream flings himself over backward.

"'Look out!' yells the four of us.

"It's too late. Mr. Thayer don't know the trick, don't throw himself sideways as they go over, but falls under, on his back, with the saddle-horn in his stomach. Cream leaps to his feet, an' stands there lookin' at what he's done.

"We carry Mr. Thayer into the house, an' when I see the blood tricklin' from his lips an' the dead blue look where the smile has been, I start Marty for the railroad on the best horse in the sheds, urg'in' him to kill it. He's to get the doctor from Espinoza, an' telegraph Judge Thayer.

"There's a while it seems maybe no doctor's needed. It's half an hour before Mr. Thayer comes to, with a moan an' a cry that's cut short between his teeth.

"'I'm all busted up inside,' he says, gaspin', but fetchin' one of them everlastin' smiles. Then the pain's unbearable, an' he goes again, but not for long, comin' an' goin', as if some grinnin' fiend was dippin' him in the pool of death, then jerkin' him back to torture, an' dippin' him again when he could n't stand no more.

"For two days, two terrible days, I set by his side until my hand's bleedin' from his finger-nails. Then comes Dr. Smiley with the blessed dope, an' gives Mr. Thayer what he's needin' most, which's rest.

"It's the fifth day, an' Mr. Thayer's quieter, some, after talkin' a lot about matters that's none of my business. The doctor's makin' up sleep, an' I'm left to watch an' give medicine. There's hoof-beats an' the crunch of wheels outside, an' I jump up to meet the Judge. But it ain't the Judge, standin' there in the doorway. It's a girl.

She's wrapped in a long, tan dust-coat, an' she's takin' off a white veil, very slow, as if she's afraid to look. Then she sees Mr. Thayer in the bed, an' creeps forward like some wild thing that's half frightened an' hungry an' shy.

"'Brinker!' cries out Mr. Thayer.

"It's the fever, I think, seein' his flamin' eyes an' twisted lips. The girl answers quicker 'n I can.

"'The telegram come to Uncle Thayer,' she says, 'but he's down with rheumatism, an' auntie, of course, can't travel, an' there's no one else but me.'

"There's a pause, while their eyes meet.

"'It's very sisterly of you, Kitty,' says he. 'I'm glad to see you.'

"Glad! It's a queer way to say glad, an' I conjecturate there's things that's none of my business, so I start to leave. But Mr. Thayer calls me back.

"'Brinker,' says he quietly, though his voice ain't very steady—'Brinker, this is Miss Cabot, my father's ward. She's been a good sister to me ever since we're children together. After Miss Cabot's rested—in the front room there—an' the cook's got supper for her—tell him to do the best he can, Brinker—you'll hitch up the bays an' drive her——'

"'Oh! Oh! Oh!' cries she, her eyes snappin' an' her little hands clinched at her side.

—"'drive her up to Railey's,' Mr. Thayer goes on without heedin'. 'You'll present my compliments to Mis' Railey, an' ask her if she can make room for Miss Cabot for a little while.'

"The girl's face is something to study. It's red, then white, an' angry an' hurt an' oncertain, all in a minute, but she ends by smilin' bright.

"'Then I may stay?' she cries, seemin' as joyous as a child.

"'I'm sure Mis' Railey will be delighted,' says Mr. Thayer, turnin' his face to the wall.

"Miss Kitty stands there a minute longer, lookin' at him, then gives her pretty head a toss an' trips over to where I stand on one foot feelin' like the one that makes a crowd.

"'He's *lots* better, is n't he?' she purrs, with forty-seven different meanin's in her voice. But I'd bet a month's wages it's sobs I hear when she's shut the door of the little front room. Wherefore, I slip out into the air to take a long breath, an' do a lot of thinkin' that don't come to nothin' at all.

"Pretty soon I hear Mr. Thayer callin', 'Brinker! Brinker!' An' when I appear he says, 'Brinker, I wish you to leave off all other work an' be with Miss Cabot constant. She's got a will of her own, an' there's no tellin' what she'll take it into her head to do. An'

particular,' he goes on, with an edge of a smile—'particular I wish you to be right here when Miss Cabot favors me with her company. I think you'll be almost an idee-al chapyrone.'

"Miss Kitty comes out just then, smilin' an' clean, an' says she's not hungry yet, an' she's ready to start for Railey's.

"'Good-by,' she says, saucy as a magpie.

"'Good-by,' says Mr. Thayer, as cold as a cat.

"I c'n handle men an' brones an' cattle some, havin' had various adventures with 'em, good an' bad, but this chapyrone business is the beginnin' of my education. What do you reckon Miss Kitty wants to hear about as we're drivin' to Railey's? Why, it's Mr. Thayer. Curly's told her about that fight when Mr. Thayer saved my life, but she thinks maybe I c'n give her all the *facts*—so she c'n tell Judge Thayer, she says. Bein' very glad to have Judge Thayer know all about it, I proceed; an' when I see how it makes her eyes dance an' the pink rise higher an' higher in her cheeks I remember a lot more about the row, an' the floor of the gamblin' place is carpeted with spangled an' mangled Mexicans before Mr. Thayer drops his chair an' carries me in his arms through an admirin' crowd to the hotel.

"But it ain't only me that's loco. I observe that Mis' Railey's tired face loosens up when she welcomes her visitor. I observe that the sky's glad an' the wind's glad, an' there's an oncommon number of birds a-singin' on the wire fences all the way back to the Star T. An' I observe that Curly an' Marty an' Louis have been startin' a barber-shop behind the sheds, an' even that blastpheemous, everybody-be-cussed cook's changed his shirt two days ahead of time.

"But these's inconsequenshal discoveries compared to the grand an' illuminatin' jolt I got next day. I drive Miss Kitty down from Railey's, as agreed, an' when I'm headin' for the house she stops me at the corrals.

"'I want to look at the horses,' says she, an' jumps out. 'Will you please tell the doctor I want to see him?'

"'That's all right,' says I to myself, 'for she wants to talk secret to him.'

"So they have a long talk, an' Dr. Smiley says he's leavin' next day, Mr. Thayer bein' now out of danger, an' Miss Kitty asks him to take a letter for her an' mail it to Judge Thayer.

"'To-morrow,' says Miss Kitty to me, that business bein' settled, 'I want you to begin learnin' me—teachin' me,' she says, 'to ride. An' now, if you please, I'll go back to Railey's, for I've got to tear up something to make a skirt, an' I don't know what on earth it's goin' to be.'

"An' so, havin' come all the way from Denver to see Mr. Thayer, Miss Kitty don't go near him again till he's up an' around the corrals,

which is more 'n a week later. Meantime, I'm the busiest chapyrone between the Mizzoury an' the Golden Gate. I learn her to ride like a cowboy instead of the city way she knowed before, after which we go stormin' across the pastures, an' rippin' through the woods, an' scalin' rocks wherever a horse's hoofs 'll hold. I show her where the trout pools are. We pick columbines in the damp, dark places an' them little red flowers that grow at the edges of the snowbanks high up on the peaks. It ain't long before she's practisin' with my six-shooter, an' I surmise there ain't no more fear inside that little body of hers than there is in Mr. Thayer.

"As I've related, she don't go near Mr. Thayer for more 'n a week, but I observe that she's in the kitchen every mornin' with the cook, makin' custards an' things, an' I observe there's times when the excitement's faded out of her eyes an' she's hangin' in the saddle like a wilted flower. Then one day we come back from a ride, when she's been fair furious for action, an' Mr. Thayer's settin' on a soap-box in front of the corrals. He's as white as Three X flour, which ain't much whiter 'n Miss Kitty is when she sees him, an' I jump quick for her, thinkin' she's goin' to fall. But she ropes herself in most admirable, an', havin' dismounted as calm as you please, walks up to Mr. Thayer with a smile, stretchin' her hand to him.

"Are you sure you ought to be out so soon?" she asks.

"I'm very fit, thank you," says Mr. Thayer, answerin' her smile as well, an' risin' wobbly on his feet.

"I wrote your father you'd be very careful," Miss Kitty says. Then lifts her finger kind of playful, an' cries out, 'Be sure you do now, sir!' Then laughs very loud an' shrill, not like her usual, low, ripplin' laugh at all.

"I'm glad to see Brinker's been takin' excellent care of you," says he.

"Oh, Brinker's a perfect dear!" shrieks Miss Kitty. Then she plunges into talk, chatterin' like a whole treeful of magpies, an' almost as silly.

"Now, what in hell?" says I, sneakin' away through the sheds to the corral behind, where I find Curly an' Marty an' Louis with their hands clapped over their mouths, an' dancin' like they'd been stung by somethin'. Seein' me, Curly busts out with, 'He's a perfect dear!' an' Marty bubbles through his fat fists, 'He's a perfect dear!' an' Louis squeaks it like a stuck pig. Then the three of 'em fling themselves on the ground an' roll over an' over, holdin' their breaths to keep from shoutin', an' makin' the most calumnious faces.

"Delight yourselves," says I. 'I'll argue this proposition with you later.'

"Then I walk back through the sheds to stand around, as per orders,

an' observe how polite society converses with polish an' repose. After awhile Miss Kitty's giggled an' chirruped an' shrieked herself out, an' I ride up to Railey's with her. She does n't say a word the whole time, but when she sees Mis' Railey in the yard she runs an' throws her arms around her an' weeps.

"'There, there!' says Mis' Railey, soothin' her. I hang around consider'ble troubled till Mis' Railey comes out an' gives me about the fiercest tongue-larrupin' a live man ever stood for. It's hysterical Miss Kitty is, an' I'm an imbecile to let her overdo herself, an' won't I, for heaven's sake, learn some sense! So she sends me off feelin' about as low-down as a sheep-herder.

"There ain't much happens for about three weeks, except formalities an' some more hystericals. That with worryin' over Miss Kitty, an' not likin' the stormy look in Mr. Thayer's eyes, an' endurin' the jibes an' joshin' of them three onrighteous cowpunchers, I'm gettin' very sore on my job, when it's brought to a stop very sudden an' remarkable.

"Mr. Thayer's been well enough to ride some time, an' spends 'most all day in the saddle, but very little with Miss Kitty an' me. He's never been so silent an' cold since I knowed him, an' I might 'a' suspicioned what he's up to. But I don't, bein' constant busy, as per orders, till one evenin' Mr. Thayer comes sudden up to me behind the corrals.

"'Brinker,' says he, 'c'n you persuade Miss Cabot to stay at Railey's an' rest to-morrow mornin'.

"'I'll try, certain'y,' says I, feelin' queer.

"'I want you to help me with Cream,' he says.

"There's a sickness inside of me, as I understand what he means.

"'Thank you,' says I, pretendin' I did n't. 'I was hopin' you'd let me bust him pretty soon.'

"Just then I catch sight of somethin' that numbs me all over. It's Miss Kitty's white face peerin' at us out of the half-darkness of the sheds. I'd forgot about her for a minute, an' Mr. Thayer don't know she's there. I suppose my face's comical stupid, for Mr. Thayer gazes at me a minute, then laughs, an' says, 'Don't be a fool, Brinker! He won't play that trick on me this time. It's bust for bust.'

"So sayin', he turns an' goes out by the side gate, an' up toward the house. Then Miss Kitty comes stumblin' out of the shadow, an' it's shockin' pitiful to see. There's no more pride or pretendin' now, an' it's all up with her poor little game, an' it's all plain as day even to an imbecile like me. She staggers out, an' lays hold of a fence rail, an' stares at me with naked fear an' God knows what else in her wide, dark eyes.

"'He'll—be—killed!' she gasps.

"There's nothin' I can say—nothin'. So I stand there sick an' foolish, starin' at her while she sways back an' forward, one hand clutchin' the rail, an' the other tearin' the ribbon at her throat. It seems hours an' hours, an' I hear the water complainin' over the pebbles in the crick, an' a bird in the meadow, an' the cook rattlin' pans, an' Cream stompin', stompin' restless in the next corral.

"'Brinker!' says the girl, in a kind of whisper, drawin' in her breath. Then I'm aware she's straightened up, partly, an' dropped her hands, an' is steppin' toward me, slow an' cautious an' desperate. She comes close, an' lays her hand on my arm, an' fixes her eager, pleadin' eyes on mine, an' nothin' 's hid. I'm lookin' into the heart of a woman, an' it's a strange an' beautiful an' terrible thing to see. Strange an' beautiful an' cruel. It brings sharp back to me one time when I run a mother wildcat into her den, an' she faced me, splendid an' terrible, in front of her whelps. Maybe Miss Kitty sees some of that in my face. Anyhow, her eyes soften, an' swim in tears, an' there's a miserable little quiver in her chin.

"'Brinker,' she purrs, 'will you do something big for me?'

"'I'd do anything in the world for you,' I reply.

"'Then listen! He must n't find Cream here to-morrow morning.'

"'You mean I'm to turn him loose,' I answer. 'But he'd be rounded up an' brought back.'

"'I mean, steal him,' she whispers, an' tightens her fingers on my arm.

"For a minute I'm clean dazed. I start to ask her if she knows what they do to horse-thieves when they catch 'em out here. But I don't. There's a lot of things that suddenly don't seem foolish like they used to. That piece I seen in the opry house in Cheyenne ain't ridiculous now, an' I wonder how I c'd 'a' been so hard on Jake Withers for robbin' that bank at Thermopylis. There's some things a man has no right to judge unless he's had a woman show him her heart an' ask him to do somethin' that maybe he ought n't to do.

"'Besides,' says Miss Kitty, with a risin' note of triumph in her voice, 'you'll be savin' *his* life, an' you owe him that, don't you?'

"It's some hours afterwards I think how funny that kind of reasonin' would sound to the posse when they're huntin' a proper tree. But it seems a powerful argument when she says it, an' it's past all onderstandin' how soft like wet clay I am in them weak little hands.

"'To-night?' asks Miss Kitty, quiverin'.

"'To-night,' I answer, not knowin' why.

"She gives me both her hands, an' her face's shinin' in the dusk.

"'Oh, thank you! Thank you!' she says, an' then she's gone, an' I stand listenin' to the hoof-beats till all's still again, an' I'm alone with my disreputable ondertakin'.

"Well, it ain't important how I make such preparations as are necessary, an' go to bed at the regular time, an' get up again about midnight, an' find the night as bright as day. 'I always steal horses by the full of the moon,' says I, sarcastic. An' that's about the speed of the whole business. I'm a hell of a horse-thief, I am! Maybe I c'd steal a mule, if the mule's willin' an' the owner of it don't object. An' maybe not. I can't recollect any horse-thieves that did n't get caught, soon or late, but they gen'rally did get started, anyhow, which 's more'n I do. But how am I to know that Mr. Thayer's nervous an' wakeful, thinkin' about Cream an' the fun he's goin' to have tomorrow? He hears a noise, an', as I have the pleasure of learnin' afterwards, gets his Winchester an' comes creepin' along the shadows to the corrals. I'm out in the road, an' just gettin' into the saddle on Tuesday, an' Cream's behavin' at his end of the halter like Mary's little lamb. Fine! An' then there's an explosion, an' the whole side of my head's lifted off, an' that's all I know till I have a most onusual dream about bein' on fire in the principal street of Cheyenne an' the fire department hittin' me in the face with a stream of water. That's Curly dashin' water in my face to bring me to.

"For a minute or more I ain't certain where the fire department leaves off an' Curly begins, an' the moonlight has funny red streaks in it, an' my head's singin' an onfamiliar tune. Then I set up, with the help of Curly's arm, an' begin observin' things. I observe that the red streaks's real, bein' provided copious from the nice little irrigatin' ditch the bullet's made on the side of my head. There's a certain embarrassment in the situation. In the first place, Curly ain't speakin' any endearin' words while he holds me up. Marty's holdin' Cream an' Tuesday; Louis, in his stockin' feet, has got his six-shooter most onnecessary conspicuous; an' Mr. Thayer's standin' with his Winchester on his arm. There's a considerable stillness before Mr. Thayer speaks.

"'Have you got anything to say for yourself, Brinker?' he asks, very quiet an' cold.

"'I can't seem to think of any *ap*-propriate remarks,' says I.

"There's another spell of silence, while they all, includin' the horses, look dazed-like an' some sorrowful at me settin' there in the dust, scoopin' the blood off my face an' wipin' my hand on my chaps, an' maintainin' what such dignity as present onhappiness permits.

"'First,' says Mr. Thayer, 'you men'll take him to the pump an' wash him an' bandage his head. Then you'll guard him, two at a time, till morning, when we c'n all think clear. We're likely to be sentimental by moonlight.'

"So sayin', he stalks off to the house, an' I'm washed an' bandaged as per orders, an' allowed to lay down on my blankets while two of my

sorrowin' pardners set on guard. An' even Curly, who does n't stop talkin', ordinary, day or night, ain't any words for this occasion, suitable, an' turns his face away.

"Well, it's after breakfast, an' I've had my coffee an' flapjacks off a soap-box, when Mr. Thayer comes to the shed an' looks me over.

"'Brinker, what's the matter with you?' he asks, reproachful.

"'I've got a headache,' I answer.

"'I did n't know it was you when I fired,' he goes on, repressin' his smile, an' very earnest.

"'Or else you'd 'a' made a better job of it?' says I, which is an ongracious an' bitter speech, considerin' how I know he don't mean that at all. But I'm sore at havin' blundered the business, an' sore at bein' misjudged an' onable to say a word, an' I don't want anybody's pity, particular his'n. Whereupon, there's a kindlin' of anger in his black eyes.

"'No, I would n't have fired at all,' he says, with a sarcastic lip, an' cold as a gun-barrel, an' very slow. 'I think I'd 'a' remembered the pleasure you give me at our first meetin'.'

"Which sends the blood ragin' to the roots of my hair, an' makes the wound throb an' burn. But just then I think of Miss Kitty's argument about me savin' *his* life, an' it's so blamed funny that I bust out laughin'. That sets Mr. Thayer's face ablaze, an' he takes a step nearer, then stops, an' looks me a long time in the face.

"'I suppose,' he says, deliberate—'I suppose I can trust these—these *men* to deal with you, an' protect their own reputations.'

"He makes a gesture, so, an' turns to go, an' there's Miss Kitty, bendin' over her pony's neck to look into the shed. What she sees is plenty. Her head droops, an' I think she's goin' to tumble from the saddle, but she catches herself very brave, an' climbs down. It's maybe up to me to say somethin', but I can't think of it, while she steps in an' looks at Mr. Thayer, whose face's like a judge, an' three cow-punchers with guns, an' me settin' there on the soap-box, bandaged an' sprinkled sufficient with blood. She's bewildered for a minute, an' white an' dumb. Then the red rushes back in her face.

"'It's not his fault,' she says, facin' Mr. Thayer. 'It's mine.'

"'What do you mean?' asks Mr. Thayer, starin' blank an' onbelievin' at the girl.

"'It's hard—it's onbearable hard, but she does it.

"'I—I asked him—to steal Cream,' she murmurs, an' her eyelids drop, an' her pretty head sinks forward, an' she suddenly covers her blushes with both her hands. Mr. Thayer looks an' looks, an' then—an' then a great change comes on his face, like an illumination. He moves forward, breathless an' on fire, stretchin' his hands toward the girl, whose face's hid.

"'Kitty!' he calls, an' it's a savage, hungry cry.

"Miss Kitty's hands drop from her crimson face, she looks through tears, an' cries out 'Oh!' an' rushes into his arms.

"For a minute we look on, stupid. Then Curly an' Marty jump an' grab me, one hold of each arm, an' whirl me around, an' march me very solemn, Louis followin', through the sheds an' out into the corral, where we line up with our arms over the top rail of the fence, an' stand lookin' off into the meadow. One thing an' another, there's a lot to think about an' nothin' to say."

Brinker stopped. His face was averted from me as he untied the red silk handkerchief from his neck, and mopped his face with it. The train labored on with its noises, as if every axle had its own complaint of the heat.

"But why did you leave?" I said at last.

He looked at me straight and frankly, but with trouble in his clear blue eyes.

"I ain't contented any place very long," he replied.

But my thoughts travelled back to the girl on the cow-pony, and the gloved hand waving the farewell, and the friendly look that followed. And it seemed appropriate that I should reach and clasp Brinker's hand, in silence.



HE IS MY FRIEND

BY J. B. E.

WHO hath himself the life-test fitly borne;
 Who loss hath met and bravely spelled it gain;
 Who joyed in service, yet must needs be served;
 Who—mute—hath heard the cruel speech of Pain;
 Who this, all this—ah, more!—hath deeply known;
 And still, benign, hath dropped a tear for me,—
He is my friend. Why, then, may I repine?

Though lessoned in the self-same school of loss;
 Though still for me the unattained beck;
 Though "No one knows!" be still my moan by night;
 Though double deep the ills of life uproll,
 Though this, all this—ah, more!—I deeply know,
 And inly marvel what the days may bring,—
May I repine? He is my friend! Enough.

POPPIES AND A SLEEP

By Sarah Chichester Page

I.

“WHAT’S the use of *being* a widow if you don’t use all your opportunities?” I bullied Hannah. “You know I can’t go without you; or at least I don’t want to go with anybody but you; and the man has sent us the seats now, because you told him, right before me, that you would rather see the ‘Yale Footlights’ than any other show on the boards. I *heard* you, Hannah. You told him that nothing on earth would prevent your going if they came to Washington. You flattered him to death; said you’d give anything to see him act; made all sorts of eyes at him. And now you are backing out!”

“Well, good gracious, Betty! where is the money to come from to go up to Washington and spend the night? You know I’ve got to have a new spring hat. This one is a perfect sight now, and would n’t do to wear on the trip.”

“Sell it and buy a new one,” I suggested with enterprise. “There goes Aunt Maria up the road now, carrying her clothes-basket.” Then throwing up the window: “Oh, Aunt Maria! Please come up here for a minute. We want you.”

“Now you’ve done it, Betty! You just know I’m not going to sell this good-looking plume to Aunt Maria for a dollar.”

“Of course not,” I said, getting the hat off her head and the feather out of it at one fell swoop. (You have to be firm and determined with Hannah; she’s wobbly at the start.) “She won’t want a black plume, anyhow. Here are some poppies I paid ten cents for last summer. Put them in—so. Now just look at that!”—setting it coquettishly on my own head as Aunt Maria entered. “Aunt Maria, I’m trying to persuade Miss Hannah to get herself a new hat, and let you have this one”—cocking it up before the glass, and turning with thrilling effect upon the audience.

Aunt Maria, being very fat, had sunk upon a low chair; and was wiping her very black face upon her apron, and blowing hard.

Amiable in the extreme, and wishing to say just what was correct and expected, she affirmed “it certainly did seem like Miss Hannah needed a new one.”

"And don't you think this one will be awfully becoming to you, Aunt Maria?"

"Well, Miss Betty, it surely do look powerful well on you"—cocking her head reflectively on one side. "And you always was kinder dark complected. I 'member when yo' ma told me to sew yo' bonnet on; fur she say, 'Maria, dat chile is pretty near black now.' But 'deed I ain't got no money to be buying no new hat with."

"What about that big basket of clothes?" I suggested. "Whose laundry are you taking home?"

"That's Miss Chapin's clothes, and she goin' to give me a dollar and a half for it"—doubtfully. "But Sam—I know he specs to see some o' dat money to-night."

"Then indeed he shan't," I remarked hotly. "It's Sam's business to be giving you the prettiest spring hat in the county; and if he don't, you just give Miss Hannah that money for this one, on your way home." And with a loving look at the wreath of red poppies, Aunt Maria went on her way with the basket.

"Now, Hannah, there's a dollar and a half—and five dollars ought to cover the trip. What about last summer's white skirts? You can always sell them. You might just as well make up your mind to the sacrifice of clothes, pride, and all the rest of it, when it comes down to catching a new man. And a Yale medical student! Not in the least a college boy, is he? Mr. Dunbar is a real man of twenty-eight or thirty, I should think. But where is the best place for us to stay in Washington?"

"Why, Mr. Dunbar told me he stayed a great deal at the Arundel. And he said if we wanted to go there, we might mention his name, and he knew we would receive the best attention."

"But, Hannah," I exclaimed doubtfully, "is n't it the most expensive place in the town?"

"Well, but if we go alone, we'll *have* to go in the best style, won't we? Even if it takes *all* our white linen skirts." Her voice sank to despair. "Here comes Aunt Maria."

"Here 't is, Miss Betty," exclaimed Aunt Maria, quite out of breath. "And no matter what Sam say when I git home, I's gwine to have one handsome summer hat."

"But, *Betty!*" gasped Hannah in consternation. "You know I could not possibly get to Washington if I let Aunt Maria have my hat! I've got to wear this hat up there to get the new one."

I sat down, defeated. There seemed no way out of this. But not so Aunt Maria. She was one of the old régime—one that had "b'longed."

"Why, in co'se, honey! You don't suppose I mind *lending* you de hat fur yo' trip? You jes' go 'long to Washington and catch yo' beau, an' I'll tell Sam you goin' to git me a hat in town. But I don't see

no use in Miss Betty flamin' round de country an' spendin' her money lookin' for beaus, when she knows she got Mr. Conway Nelson all tied up an' hitched to de post."

"You 'll never persuade her of that, Aunt Maria," Hannah said, with venom. "And, between you and me, Mr. Conway is a long way from married to her yet."

Which was the solemn truth!

II.

We went first to get the hat. And that was easily done, for Hannah is a real beauty. Everything looks just as it should on her dainty head.

I never could see why she was not *born* a widow. She is the most widowy thing you ever saw. Her figure is so graceful and slender; and her skin is like white cream against her glistening black hair. And those lashes were certainly made for a widow! No other kind of girl would know what to do with them.

Of course the hat cost more than we expected. Hannah said widows needed not quite so many things, but they had to be of the very best. (I have never noticed anything pretty that she did n't need—and get.)

We did n't know exactly where the Arundel was; but it was somewhere in the aristocratic northwest, and I felt we could not possibly arrive there with our bags on a trolley-car; so we decided it would be best to return to the station and take the carriage belonging to the hotel. But by that time the carriage was gone; so there was nothing to do but call a cab.

"Twenty-five cents more!" groaned Hannah.

"And ten cents for the poppies," I whispered.

But as she put her slender, arched foot on the step and turned to give the order to the cabman, her chin had just the most perfect tilt, the plume swept her shoulder in the most ravishing curve, and those lashes accentuated her command to such extent that when she said, "and go fast, if you please," he simply *flew*.

"Heaven be praised for the cab!" gasped Hannah piously, as we drew up before the Arundel. For there awaiting us stood Mr. Dunbar and, evidently awaiting *him*, a great white touring car!

It was delightful to be handed out of the carriage, with lackeys seizing our bags. And Hannah was so serenely dignified and gracious—looking just like our great-grandmother when she drove in from Arlington, I fancied. For it takes *blood* to be composed and radiant when there are so few quarters and ten centeses left in one's purse.

It seemed Mr. Dunbar wanted us to lunch with him at Chevy Chase and have an afternoon out in the car.

Hannah ran into the corridor and tied a soft white veil at the side

of her chin. Her chin tilted up, her lashes sweeping down, and dimples appearing in all sorts of new places! I don't know where she had concealed the veil; but she produced it at sight of the car. Did you ever know a widow who was not thoroughly prepared for everything?

I did a lot of talking; and when the knot was properly tied I announced that I would meet them at the hotel, for dinner, when they came back.

Hannah was terribly shocked. Surely I did not think she could go with Mr. Dunbar alone?

"Well, how much more of a settled matron can you get to be?" I inquired scornfully. She was four years older than I; but she did n't look it, and would n't remember it.

Mr. Dunbar was all that was regretful and polite; but what man could fail to be overjoyed at the prospect of getting away for a drive with such a thing as Hannah? Still they demurred till I had to come out plump and say I was going to meet Conway Nelson at the saddler's to look at some new harness. Then with long drawn "*Oh's*" and "*Ah's*" they departed, with gay content. Hannah whispered as she kissed me good-by, "Get the very cheapest room, Betty; for we must ask Mr. Dunbar to have dinner with us—don't you think?"

"It's a blessed thing we've got our return tickets," I sighed. But she gave a happy little laugh as they rolled out past the corner.

While I was explaining at the desk that I did n't care much about our room—just so it did n't cost very much—Conway appeared, and bore me off to Harvey's for lunch, declaring that we were going to eat everything they had there which came out of the water, and try to forget for one day that ham and fried chicken existed.

Conway is the sort of cousin-lover who does n't interfere with the appetite. In fact, the sauces received due appreciation, and we progressed steadily through courses of clams, soft crabs, and shrimp; got well under way with the lobster; and ended with a large bowl of ice-cream and strawberries, to prove to ourselves that we were on a bona fide spree, regardless of digestion or expense. For Conway had sold a cow and a calf that morning; and, so that he got his single harness and a couple of good bits, he was satisfied to "blow in" the rest of the money.

We picked out the harness, and then he helped me select a bridle for myself. We did n't spend much time over that, for there was an errand for papa.

Sir John Walton had written him from England regarding the fate of a certain portrait of his great-grandfather, painted by Sir Joshua. Papa had had letters regarding the portrait in his possession, but they were written to his great-grandfather by General Washington, and he had given them to the "Washington Collection" at the Congressional

Library. And now he wanted me to glance over these letters and get the data Sir John needed.

He had asked Conway to do this errand on his last trip to town; but Conway had been in a tearing hurry, for he had seen a girl he knew who was passing through town, and he wanted to get back to lunch with her; so he rushed into the Library, telling them he had just received a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds, who wished him to consult the "Washington letters" for him.

When the librarian mildly doubted his sanity, he said he believed Sir Joshua must have been his great-grandfather, and that General Washington had written him certain letters. Finding the man still incredulous, he got very red, and said: "Great Scott! I don't know a thing about it. I'll have to bring Betty," and bolted with all speed.

So of course we had to go up there. But as soon as we introduced ourselves the librarian knew more about what we wanted than we did; and found the three letters immediately. He was awfully nice to us, and when we left begged Conway to give his love to Sir Joshua.

We went to Galt's next, to leave a watch for Mr. Carter, which wouldn't go; and then, for the last thing, all the way back to Seventh Street, to the Ten Cent Store. For Conway said when he had got to the station that morning there was Mrs. Randolph, very hot and breathless. She said she had broken her yellow cake-bowl, and had hurried off to the depot to see who was going up to town and would bring her one from the Ten Cent Store. Of course Conway could n't refuse.

There was n't any time for love-making; but even *had* there been, how can you do it in a town? I never could see how town people ever manage to get married anyhow. They say it's usually a sort of business affair there—which is quite natural, with such surroundings.

When Conway was gone and I had hurried back to the hotel, I found Hannah and Mr. Dunbar absorbed to the point of oblivion. I stumbled upon them in the twilight, standing just inside a door, under the impression they were sheltered by a portière, I suppose. It certainly was the only thing in the bare room which could possibly have sheltered a situation of the sort, and the poor things could do no better. But anybody within a mile could see their condition!

He held her hand, and she was looking straight up into his eyes—which were only about six and a half inches away from hers—so steadily, so earnestly, that she did not let her lashes sweep down once while I looked at them. And there within two yards of them was a woman complaining about her room, through her nose, with an awful twang; and a man swearing because he had lost his luggage! I could n't have done a thing. But you know widows can play the game under *any* circumstances.

I bore her off to dress for dinner. Mr. Dunbar implored me to get

her to rest a little; he felt sure he had overtaxed her strength. As if she could n't have handled *three* men in an afternoon without turning a hair!

Our room was small, but good enough; having two mirrors. And we turned on all the lights and got out our evening dresses.

Hannah had got up to where she believed Mr. Dunbar occupied a plane several degrees more elevated than any man she had ever known. His ideals were so different; his manners so deferential.

When there was a knock at the door, and the servant bore in two cocktails on a tray, with that gentleman's compliments, Hannah came very near fainting. But I told her plenty of women drank them in other parts of the country, and the man meant no harm. It was easy enough to send a civil message and pour them down the wash-stand.

Hannah was sentimental enough to taste hers, because he had sent it; but she was compelled to confess that it was the worst dose she had ever tried; so hers followed mine, in silent disillusion.

But she cheered up mightily when the elevator boy brought in a box with two gorgeous bunches of roses. Hers were white and creamy to match her skin; mine were so gorgeously red that my cheeks flamed up to match them. That man certainly had discernment!

And Hannah, as she walked down to dinner in a clinging white crêpe gown, a white rose nestling in the waves of her blue-black hair! Patrician in every turn of her head; and her gorgeous beauty chastened by those eyelashes, to a discreet widowhood!

Grandma Beverley's pearls lay round her white throat, and a little gauze scarf veiled the dimples in her shoulders from the public gaze. For, I declare, every eye was upon us. And nobody could have had the slightest idea we had less than a hundred dollars in our pockets that very minute. We surely did look like it!

Mr. Dunbar was speechless with adoration at first; but when I had told him about our visit to the Library, he was so amused and delighted that he cheered up and did his part toward a delightful dinner-party.

We were not hurried, for he did not come on till the second act in the college play.

Our seats in the theatre were well down in front. And you may depend, every glass was levelled as we went down to them, before the curtain rose.

And such a play! Mr. Dunbar sang like a seraph, and every song was sent straight into Hannah's brown eyes. I suppose he told those Yale men that we were his friends, for some of them began looking at us in the most friendly way. And every time one smiled at me, I smiled right back at him. And of course Hannah did, too—on Mr. Dunbar's account, she said. And presently they began throwing roses into our laps from the stage. Oh, it was all such fun!

The minute it was over, a lot of them—the students—came round to the corridor to be introduced to us; and we went off gaily to eat some more things at the New Willard.

Then they all went back to the hotel with us. Hannah was very much exhausted (?) and trailed slowly far behind with Mr. Dunbar, while I skipped along with half a dozen nice boys.

They were all coming to see us off at nine o'clock next morning. They all got invited to Newington, and vowed they'd be there before a month was over; swearing Virginia was only a suburb of New Haven, anyhow. And finally I divided my lovely red roses among them and promised "never to forget."

All this while Hannah and Mr. Dunbar crept under the shelter of that same inefficient portière, and held hands with the same speechlessness!

It was really awful to break away and know it was all over. I got the boys a little out of the way—dreading the parting agony at the portière. But just as they all were off Mr. Dunbar ran back with a very nice-looking man whom he introduced as Mr. Kennedy, the proprietor of the hotel, and to whose care he confided Hannah most solemnly.

Mr. Kennedy was kindness itself. Begged us to have everything under the sun. Insisted on seeing us into the elevator, and finally went up himself to see us safely out.

"I hope you don't find your room close or warm?" he inquired with solicitude, at the door. "And pray call on me for anything you may need. I am delighted to have any friend of Mr. Dunbar's. He's a fine fellow—we think a heap of him here; and we think a heap of his mother-in-law, too."

"His——?" gasped Hannah, with staring eyes.

"His mother-in-law. Fine woman as ever was in the world. Can't think of her name, but he often brings her here. Well, good-night, young ladies, and happy dreams!"

I got the key out of Hannah's hand and opened the door. Then I pulled her in and locked it, and we sat down, aghast.

"Did he ever tell you he *was n't* married, Hannah?" I demanded sternly.

"N-no. He just did n't mention it"—very feebly.

"Well," I said presently, "let's not talk about it or think about it to-night. Perhaps he is a widower, and did n't think it worth while to mention it."

"Oh, *Betty!*"

"And, anyhow, he will be at the station to-morrow, and I'll see that you have a chance to talk to him. Let's go right to sleep now; for we had better get to the station early, you see."

"I'm going to get up at sunrise," Hannah declared emphatically, "and be down there by half past eight." And she turned out all the lights.

III.

I WAS dreadfully tired, and thought I had slept a long time; but it was still quite dark when I awoke. I lay still, so as not to waken Hannah. But presently a dry little sob told me she was not asleep.

"Darling!" I whispered, slipping my arm under her head. And in a moment she held me close, sighing:

"Oh, Betty, I thought you'd *never* wake! The night is so long. I've been awake an hour, I know; and it *won't* get daylight! I don't believe I've slept a bit. I'm too wretched to live!"

And she poured out the whole story of her day with Mr. Dunbar: all the words he had spoken, and all that his eyes had said to her; even the clasp of his hand behind that inefficient portière.

"And now, Betty, you *know* he has n't got any wife—and never had one!"

"All that sounds mighty single to me," I confessed hopefully.

After a very long silence, Hannah stirred closer.

"Betty, you don't suppose—— They would n't ever pass anybody else off for their mother-in-law, would they?"

"Mercy, Hannah! I don't know. Do they ever?"

"Heaven knows *what* they do!" groaned Hannah. "But you don't think Mr. Dunbar would?"

"No, I don't." After ages of restless tossing, Hannah sighed:

"We could n't hear the roosters crowing, even if they have any, with those dreadful trolleys roaring by every minute."

"No," I said; "but it's pitch-black night still. And I've forgotten where the windows are anyhow. Do you remember on which side the room they are?"

"I did n't notice them——" began Hannah, when I suddenly sat up in bed with a horrible presentiment.

"But the bright streets—the electric lights—we ought to see them. Where *are* the windows!" and I switched on the lights. There was n't a sign of a window in the room! I made one dash for my watch on the dressing-table, and stood rubbing my eyes and looking, while Hannah shrieked over my shoulder, "Betty, it's half past nine, and our train has gone!"

Did anybody in this world before ever hear of a room without a single window in it?

I unlocked the door and met a stream of sunshine across the hall. And then *such dressing!* For we knew if we missed the eleven o'clock train we would have to stay till six in the evening, and the state of our pocketbooks made that out of the question.

When Hannah realized she had missed Mr. Dunbar, and must leave town without an explanation, she collapsed.

"Get him on the telephone," I suggested. "You may find him at his hotel."

But he had left the New Willard an hour before; and she could only leave an urgent message for him to be at the station at eleven o'clock.

She could n't eat a mouthful of breakfast for watching the door, hoping he might appear. And though I left her to tip the waiter while I paid our bills at the desk, she forgot all about it; so we never can go back there again!

We reached the station with ten minutes to spare, but there was not a sign of Mr. Dunbar.

Even inside the gate Hannah paced the platform, unable to give up the hope of seeing him.

"Betty, we *must* hold the train," she whispered in agony. "There's the conductor coming; is n't it Captain Goldsborough? I believe he belongs to *the* Goldsboroughs, and if I talk to him he just *can't* break away, can he? I think I'll try, Betty."

And with the dearest dimple in the world coming just near each corner of her mouth, she looked up in his face through the veil of her lashes and said very sweetly, "How do you do, Captain Goldsborough? It's a *very* warm morning, don't you think so?"

"Hot as hades, madam! Get aboard!" He fired the words as he swung himself on the platform. And, very ruefully, she obeyed him.

But there was still a moment's delay, and Hannah hung out of the window, watching.

"Betty, have you a pencil? *Quick!*"

"There's one in my pocketbook"—handing it to her.

She snatched it out and wrote a line on her card, on the back of the book:

Who is your mother-in-law?

And as the train began slowly to move out of the station, I saw Mr. Dunbar running toward it. And—will you believe?—Hannah laid that card in my pocketbook and stood up and threw the book out of the window toward him, as hard as she could throw it! And after that, forgetting all about the mother-in-law, she threw a kiss! It's a great mercy he saw the pocketbook at all!

When she had settled back in her seat with a smile of dreamy content on her lips, I merely observed:

"Are you aware you've thrown my ticket out of the window? You are probably prepared to pay my fare."

"Oh, but, Betty!" she cried in dismay. "You know I have n't a single cent—but just that ten cents, you know, for—"

"The poppies. Well, I shall certainly be put off the train at the next stop."

But, glancing down the car, we descried the dear face of Mr. Howdershell, the tinner at home; and he was so pleased to be able to find, after turning all his pockets inside out, that he had just a dollar and five cents, and could accommodate Miss Betty with a ride home!

As we drove up from the station every one was calling and waving to us; and, stopping the carriage, we heard from all sides, "Go to the telephone! A long distance for Miss Hannah! Better hurry up. From Washington, they say. Hope there's no bad news." Hannah jumped out and flew into the drug-store which was our central. I helped Uncle Henry hold the horses, who were fretting to get home; and it seemed an age before she appeared at the door—one wreath of smiles and dimples—and called clear across the street to me, "It's just *step-mother*, Betty."

She said she must write the moment she got home. And she just sat smiling and composing the letter all the way, while I entertained Uncle Henry with our doings in town.

Aunt Maria was waiting for her hat; and Hannah detained her a moment, asking her to post the letter she was scribbling so fast. As she sealed it Aunt Maria said, "Honey, did you ketch your beau?"

"Indeed I did, Aunt Maria," she laughed happily.

"Well, I surely is pleased to hear it. 'Cause now, I s'pose, you can quit struggling."

"But wait one minute, Aunt Maria"—Hannah rushed after her. "Will you get Mr. Jones to put a 'special' on that letter?" And away went the ten cents for those poppies!

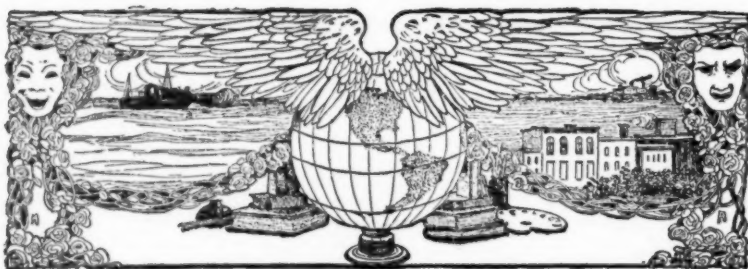


COMPENSATION

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

I SAW him across the dingy street,
A little old cobbler, lame, with a hump,
Yet his whistle came to me clear and sweet
As he stitched away at a dancing-pump.

Well, some of us limp while others dance;
There's none of life's pleasures without alloy.
Let us thank heaven, then, for the chance
To whistle, while mending the shoes of joy.



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SECRET SOCIETIES

ALATELY risen opposition to the so-called secret societies of boys and girls, especially those in the high schools and preparatory schools, is perhaps, on the whole, praiseworthy. But whether the opposition should be directed against the secret societies as an institution or merely against the form of them, with a view, in the latter case, of making them useful as well as ornamental, is not quite clear.

These secret societies are certainly not culpable merely for keeping from the world valuable secrets which would make for the universal benefit. On the contrary, the secrets are meaningless formulas which are not worth repeating, and, therefore, there is no danger of their becoming generally known, even though there were no close corporation carefully to guard them. It is in their obtrusiveness rather than in their secrecy that opposition finds a ready root. If they were retiring and self-sufficient, they would be allowed to pass by unnoticed, but when they afford an artificial vehicle for class distinctions and invidious comparisons, it is time for those who have the best development of our school youth at heart to sit up and take notice.

It may be that the nature of children of all ages requires a certain amount of pabulum in the way of secret activity, and if such societies were really secret, organized for some worthy and charitable purpose which was duly and unostentatiously carried out, they would but conform to that excellent Christian injunction: "when thou doest

alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." But, when they become obtrusive and arrogant, flaunting their pins and functions in a holier-than-thou manner, aping a phenomenon in adult society which is more to be condemned than encouraged, all the while holding out to the uninitiated, as a sign of superiority, a mysterious something whose value would disappear if revealed, it is time for parents and educators to take a hand.

But criticism should be constructive and directive as well as iconoclastic. Organization is good. Why is it not possible to make these particular organizations good? Why is it not possible so to direct and encourage them that membership will be a worthy honor, a reward for good deeds well done? This is the principle of the Phi Beta Kappa society, whose secrets are open to all who will attain excellence in scholarship.

ELLIS O. JONES

THE FAT OF THE LAND

AMONG the subjects popularly supposed to be of general interest as social topics, the weather takes precedence, by right of age, closely followed by the servant question. Observation, however, leads me to think that there is to-day a theme of even more universal appeal. I refer to Flesh. Have we not all noticed how the ice of even a Boston tea party melts if one lady declines sugar on the plea that it is fattening? Instantly tongues that were tied are loosed, for a touch of fatness makes the whole world kin. The magic phrase "too stout" acts as a general introduction, and each guest is so busy telling her experiences in various systems for lessening *avoirdu pois* that none has time to listen.

Why has this mania for emaciation struck the community? I am myself something of a fatalist on the subject of fat, and, having the figure of a moth-ball, I feel that my craving for a waist-line is simply the desire of the moth for the star, and I have learned to find compensations in the immediate sphere of my sorrow—that sphere being myself.

To my possibly prejudiced point of view, there seem to be certain very desirable moral attributes accompanying a generous adipose deposit. Stout people are generally good-natured, warm-hearted, lovable, and kind. Thin people are often suspicious, sensitive, acrid, censorious.

Stout people have perhaps the virtues of inertia: patience, restfulness, peaceableness, a certain sedentary sympathy—but why should they not accept this fat as a fact and make the best of it? The stout are almost always popular with other people, the thin with themselves.

Let us eat potatoes and drink water, for to-morrow we die, and we might just as well laugh and be fat to-day.

Man, being on a larger scale than woman, feels no more concern about his imaginary waist-line than that with which the earth regards the equator. He feels that all flesh is grass, and that it does n't very much matter whether his individual crop is more abundant than his neighbor's. He submits to his natural tendency, enjoys life, and accepts good-naturedly the thousand natural shocks that his over-abundant flesh is heir to.

Let me assure my brothers and sisters in the bonds of flesh that they will be happier themselves and less wearisome to others if they will cease to think and talk of their size, and will instead cultivate the qualities that are theirs by right of their superior weight.

It is theirs to sit while others stand, to eat while others bant, to rest while others roll, to sleep while others fret. I suppose it is a pleasant sensation to be slender of build, light of foot, and quick of motion, but, on the whole, I am inclined to regard a thin person as one does not regard the unduly celebrated Purple Cow—I'd rather be than see one. Give me corpulent companions. Let the tightly compressed dwellers in my heart's heart be stout women,—and as regards the opposite sex—why, I can only devoutly echo the commentary of Cæsar, "Let me have men about me that are fat!"

W. P.

CONCERNING "DEGENERACY"

THERE is one word in our language which I have come to hate with a virulence far greater than that reserved for many mortal sins: the word "degenerate." First popularized by a half-educated coxcomb, who tried to explain the universe in terms of a before-breakfast grouch, it has spread till now genius, insanity, and crime are all lumped under the one overworked heading. This is an extreme instance, of course. The term is usually applied to criminals—any sort of criminals. The man who breaks the law—and gets caught—is not simply one of us who has gone wrong, but a "degenerate," a creature apart, a being outside the pale of human sympathy. This hand-me-down moral classification is backed by a host of physical signs—"stigmata of degeneration," they are called. A lobeless ear gives you so many points toward a Lombroso diploma of "degeneracy"; a low forehead, so many; a high palate, so many; defects of hearing, mouth-breathing, insensitive skin, all have their assigned value. On every hand we are asked to drop the old-fashioned notion that man is a responsible creature, that he belongs to the "educabilia," as Cuvier

would say, and is capable of learning, even though with stripes. Instead, we are told that man is a mere test tube full of diverse moral or immoral chemicals, and that the "expert" can foretell the inevitable reaction by the color of the hair and the cut of the front teeth.

There is an element of truth in all this. There are human beings whose natures are so warped that they cannot go straight. But these unfortunates, while they furnish many of our sensational, un-understandable crimes, are really only a tiny proportion of our criminal population. The average criminal, at the beginning of his career, is very much like the average non-criminal. He may be, usually is, a little more lazy, a little more impulsive, a little less given to estimating the remoter consequences of his acts. And that is all. He commits crime either from the conjunction of impulse and opportunity or from calculation of profit. Train him to curb the impulse or show him that crime is unprofitable and he drops the business, if he can. And that is precisely the way in which every one of us has won to whatever moral position he may hold to-day. There is no sharp division between the sheep and the goats. The man who can look you between the eyes and say that he has never had a criminal impulse, is either a most accomplished liar or has a conveniently slippery memory.

And what is true of the inner nature is true of the outward signs. "Stigmata of degeneration" exist, I know; but there is hardly one of them that cannot be found in more honest men than in thieves. The high palate and receding chin usually mean no more than that their possessor was troubled as a child with adenoid growths, which his parents were too poor or too ignorant or too careless to have removed. The lobeless ear can be found ten times at a fancy ball for every once at a prison chapel. These things may be danger signals; but if so, nature is too wise to restrict their distribution.

Prince Eugene of Savoy had an assortment of "stigmata" that would have sent Lombroso into ecstasies of delight. He was a confirmed mouth-breather. He had a low forehead and a high palate. His chin was receding. He drooled saliva like a teething baby. There are indications that his skin was below par in sensitiveness, though I should n't care to go into details; and his personal habits cannot be discussed in print outside the columns of a medical journal. Louis XIV. must have had some faith in "stigmata," for he refused the young man a commission in the French army. Whereupon, Eugene called the Grande Monarque a stage king for show and a chess king for use, took his sword to the Austrian market—and the things he did to Louis's armies for the next few years are positively painful to contemplate. After that raising of the siege of Turin, for instance, I can think of few more unhealthy jobs than that of instructing old King Louis in the phenomena of "degeneration."

Every criminal who "squares it," as tens of thousands do, gives the lie to our complacent pessimism. Nine-tenths of the crime which costs us an empire's ransom each year is the result of habit, or accident, or environment. These are bad enough, in all conscience, but they can be dealt with. The talk of "degeneration" is little more than a bit of lazy fatalism, which makes us neglect our plain duty and brotherhood for the contemplation of our imagined virtue.

GEORGE L. KNAPP

THE UNFAIRNESS OF THE RICH

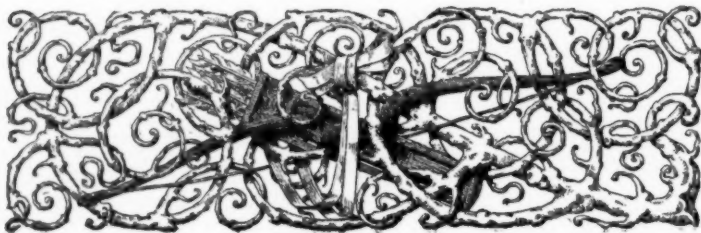
A FAMILY removed from the country to the outskirts of the city, and brought their chickens along. Having more eggs than she could use, the good woman of the household sold a few among her neighbors, charging twenty cents the dozen; whereas eggs downtown were selling at twenty-five cents. She was perfectly content with the twenty cents; the neighbors were perfectly content with the eggs; and, being of but moderate circumstances, they were glad enough of the saving. However, informed by her laundress, a woman of wealth and position proposed to have some of those eggs.

"But it is ridiculous to pay only twenty cents a dozen!" she declared. "The idea! I am very willing to pay thirty, if they are fresh. I shall tell her so."

She sailed away in her auto—and evidently she "told her," for the next time that the laundress applied for eggs they were thirty cents.

It was the unfairness of the rich—the arrogance of wealth. The one purchaser had too much money. She had money to waste, and she was not satisfied unless she was forcing it somewhere. Ten cents, to her, indicated the difference between wealth and poverty. So it did to the laundress—but from opposite angle. The luxury, not the necessity, of this so-called democracy is setting the standard of value. The viewpoint is wrong; and such little incidents as the inflation of the price of eggs from twenty to thirty cents are what make Socialists.

EDWIN L. SABIN





THE HOODOO DESK

Bob Winston listened to the story politely enough, the ghost of a twinkle in his eyes, as they rested on the innocent looking desk before him.

"I may as well be frank," a clerk had told the new-comer: "that corner over there is n't particularly popular in our department: there's an idea that the desk's unlucky." He shrugged his shoulders. "You know how people talk. Nothing but coincidence, at bottom, of course."

He shot an interrogative glance at Winston. "You're not superstitious, I take it?"

"Not I"—Winston shook his head emphatically. "That's the reason I'm *going to take it!*"

His twinkle expanded into a humorous smile. "I think I'll be able to cope with your hoodoo desk. This seems to be a well-protected neighborhood;" his amused glance travelling over the two dozen heads bent over their work and resting before a pair of responsive eyes belonging to a dark-haired girl opposite.

"What's the rest of it?" he inquired after a pause.

"Oh, more of the same order. One man had his leg broken the week after he took the desk; another suddenly lost his wife; and the last—well, he's in an asylum now, poor chap, after a wretched run of ill luck! Well"—jocularly—"we'll look to you, Mr. Winston, to remove the ban."

Winston echoed the laugh with assurance. He seated himself briskly, and reached for the papers beyond him, at the same time taking out his watch. Why, the thing had stopped—stopped the very instant he sat down!

A slowly comprehensive smile overspread his face. "Starting in early, I see!" he addressed the desk pleasantly.

Walnuts and Wine

Yet it was sheer good luck that had brought him there; this "push" work of the government for which he had applied on reading the advertisement being something at which he had grasped eagerly as a temporary shift to bridge over the interval between his Columbia law-course and a hoped-for partnership in the firm of Belden & Johnstone.

Winston settled down to the work in hand, oblivious to everything else for the next hour; then he was summoned to the telephone.

He hurried across the room to the dangling receiver, and, picking it up, listened a moment.

"Yes, Mr. Johnstone," his voice rang out. "This is Robert Winston . . . I see . . . You're stopping at the New Willard? . . . Yes, sir, I have an hour off . . . The New Willard Café, then, 1.30 o'clock sharp . . . Certainly! I'll be there. Good-by."

Returning to his desk, Winston trod as if on air, his head high, his glance that of a conqueror.

Pride quite obviously marked him for a fall, but the revolving-stool, aided by a loose screw, accomplished it, and down he went.

A relief corps from all parts of the room mirthfully picked Winston up from the engulfing wreckage, but it was the dark-eyed Miss Foster opposite who charitably and unsmilingly wiped the streams of mucilage from his face and collar, and quenched the ink-flood pouring over him from the hoodoo desk.

Winston, after a saddened inspection of his raiment—the new tweed suit that had to meet the critical Johnstone at 1.30—rested his eyes on the desk in mute reproach.

One o'clock jangled at last through the big building.

With hat in one hand and overcoat over his arm, Winston reached the elevator at a run, managing to be in the first out-going stream pouring from the great side-doors, but only to see the car he wanted slip out of sight half a block off.

"Number three!" he commented with whimsical resignation.

Winston's car reached him overcrowded, and, clinging to a strap, he kept a sharp lookout for his corner. Slower crept the car, slower; then came a sudden jar, and it stopped altogether.

Worming his way out, Winston looked hopelessly along the solid line of blocked traffic. Then he broke into a run, his objective point being a beckoning façade far down the street.

In the New Willard lobby, he hurriedly divested himself of his overcoat, passed on to the café beyond, and stopped in the doorway, his shocked gaze on the gilded time-piece opposite.

Walnuts and Wine

Two o'clock—a half-hour late.

For an instant he stood there vainly scanning the groups of lunchers for a certain wiry figure, then, turning hastily, he made again for the lobby.

"Yes, Mr. Johnstone went out some time ago," the desk clerk told him. "You're the gentleman he expected to meet?"—this with a disapproving glance. "Well, he said you'd hear from him later."

The rueful Winston scribbled a word of explanation on his card, and, mechanically claiming the overcoat handed him, took his departure. No luncheon for him to-day; he had n't the heart for it—much less the appetite.

So great was his gloomy abstraction that he had walked on for a hundred feet before recognizing just ahead of him his benefactress of the morning. The sight of her slim, graceful figure cast a sudden ray of cheer on his dark horizon.

Her friendly greeting brightened it, and his spirits rose as they tramped on together, talking of many things.

It was just as they were crossing the avenue that Winston noticed a man running after them, apparently bound for the same car.

They had reached it, and Miss Foster was already on the platform, while Winston was about to follow her, when hands from behind grabbed him roughly around the waist.

"No, sir, you're not going to get away!" shouted an irate voice.

There was a stir of general consternation, Miss Foster, motor-man, and passengers staring down at Winston, who blankly faced his assailant, a florid man of about his own build.

"Take that overcoat off!" he was shouting, his hand on Winston's collar. "It's mine! You've stolen it! I've tracked you all the way from the New Willard."

He seemed beside himself with indignation, but so by that time was Winston.

"Let me go, will you?" he demanded hotly, trying to shake the other off. "What do I know about your overcoat? This is mine, I tell you."

He stopped, struck suddenly by the unfamiliar buttons.

"So it's your overcoat!" jeered the stranger violently. He made a dive for the upper pocket, and, tearing out a photograph, waved it before Winston's face.

"I suppose this is your wife too?"

Walnuts and Wine

That capped the climax. The whole car-load exploded with laughter, emitting derisive howls, as it rolled off, leaving on the empty track the mortified Winston minus the overcoat.

It was an hour before he appeared at the department, hung up his own outer garment (recovered from the New Willard), and stalked with defiant unconcern to his desk.

That hoodoo desk!

Winston drove his chair viciously into it as he sat down, scraping off some varnish and relieving his feelings a little.

As he resumed his copying, his mind grimly rehearsed this most unlucky day, with its widening series of mishaps.

What was coming next?

In spite of himself, all the uncanny experiences he had heard of and scouted all his life would come into his head and claim recognition.

Suddenly he started and involuntarily drew back. Quite noiselessly some one had laid a yellow envelope on—the desk.

Winston did not open that telegram at once—he felt as if he could not—could not face the bad news he felt sure it contained.

He remembered dully that his favorite sister was on the train to Chicago that day. Then, with the courage that comes of a long line of fighting stock, he tore open the yellow envelope, and read in huge lettering the season's message:

APRIL FOOL

Again Winston did not belie his breeding. Rising and bowing with ceremony to the room, he said urbanely, "May I thank you for it all?"

It was Miss Foster, his new friend, who put matters straight, as he saw her to her car that evening.

"We had to celebrate the first of April," she explained, "and you were new, and so was the desk—the old hoodoo desk was burned up long ago, but every one promised not to tell. Then luck did favor us with some help—the loosened screw, for instance." She frowned a little. "I'm afraid it's been a most unlucky day for you, Mr. Winston."

There was sympathy in her sweet face, also a dimple lurking in ambush.

Winston's eyes dwelt upon it.

"No," he denied stoutly; "in spite of everything, it deserves a good mark."

Here his smile came out April-like.

Walnuts and Wine

"I can't call to-day unlucky," he ventured. "Have n't I just met you?"

Even the sight of the special delivery letter waiting at Winston's lodgings could not quench his good spirits.

DEAR SIR: [he read]

An unexpected telegram broke up my engagement with you this morning, to my regret. Call again, if possible, to-night, when I will have a proposition to make you—

Here Winston broke off with a chuckle. "Oh, you blessed Hoodoo Desk!" he cried.

Margaret Rutherford Willett

OWED TO SPRING

By John Wilkes

They tell me this is really lovely Spring,
But flowers peek out at me half scared to death,
The birds with frosty pipes try hard to sing
And ever, just before me, stalks my breath.

The sky above is blue, all right, and fair;
But the street below is full of puddling rills;
I cling to my old flannel underwear,
And yet through my great-coat I feel the chills.

The grind of street orchestrians is heard,
Some one is beating carpets on the line;
The poet searches for a single word
To make his "Ode to Spring" the more divine.

The Easter choirs chant grandly, "Wake, awake!
All things of earth with new born life now teem!"
But I with plain old ague shake and shake
And things are really not quite what they seem.

HE WAS ANNOYED

Bill Nye used to tell this story of a Frenchman who was visiting in America. After opening his mail one morning he wore so gloomy an expression that his hostess asked him if he were ill.

"No, no," he replied sadly; "but I am dissatisfied. My father is dead."

M. S. C. Smith

Walnuts and Wine

BY PROXY

By Sam S. Stinson

In Lent fair Beatrice begins
(The task is not so great)
Upon her follies and her sins
To meditate.

And, finding that the time required
Is greater than the task,
With generosity she's fired
For—need you ask?

For me, no less, a sinful rake
With dark and devious ways,
To catalogue whose sins would take
Full forty days.

And so fair Beatrice begins
(The task indeed is great)
To drop her own, and on my sins
To meditate.



AN ERR-ATIC EQUATION

Let X = An international marriage,
H = A frayed European noble,
E = A fortune,
L = An ancestral castle,
N = An affinity of the noble's,
Y = An American heiress,
Z = A divorce court.

To find the value of X in the equation,

$$X = \frac{H + 6N - (E + 2L) + (Y + E)}{Z}$$

Z cancels (Y + E), and the cancellation of E eliminates 6N,
and we have

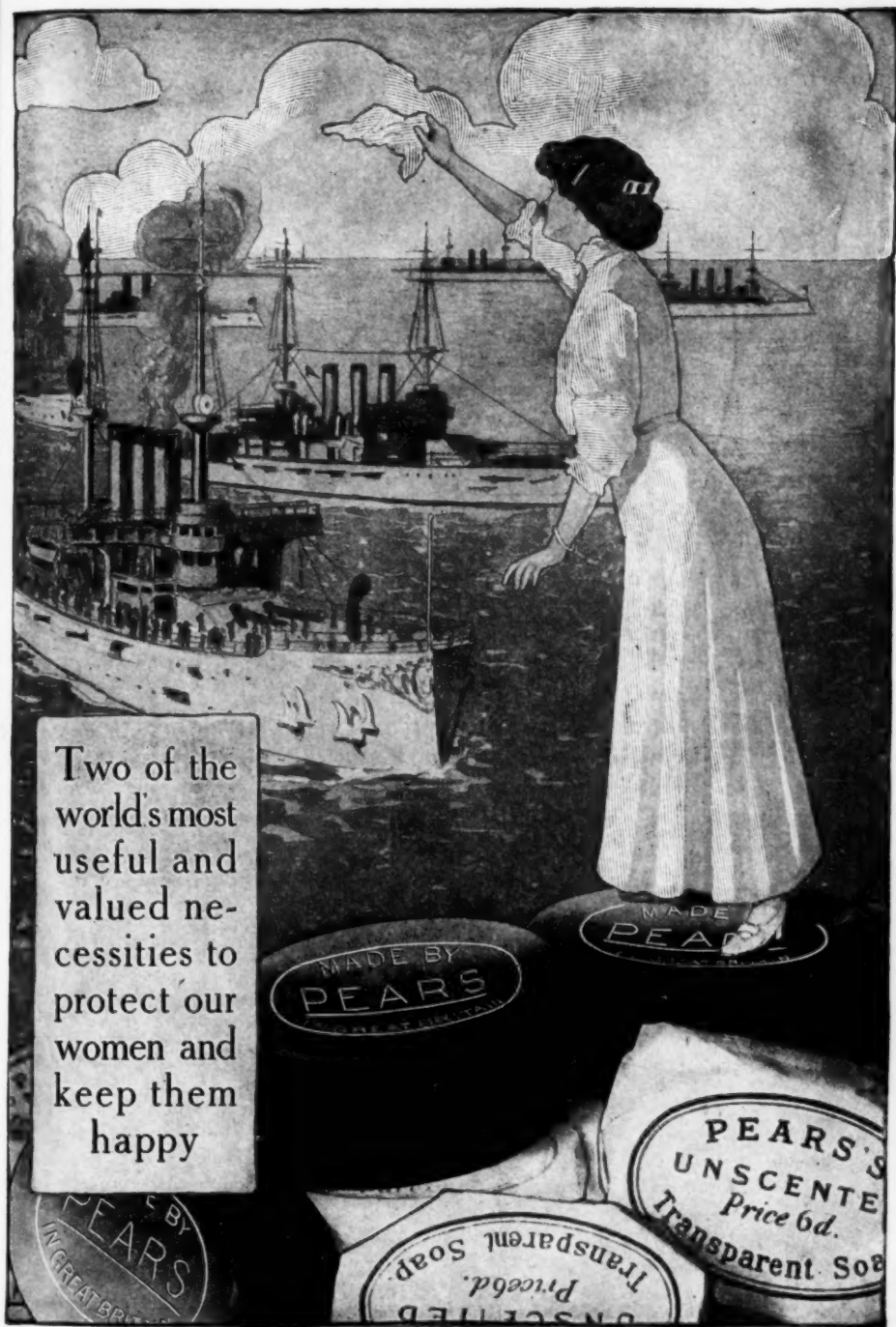
$$X = H - (E + 2L) \text{ or } H - (E + L + L).$$

Clearing this, we have

X, an international marriage = H — E — L — L, which has
been demonstrated a sufficient number of times to make it an axiom.

Edmund Franklin Moberly

Walnuts and Wine



Two of the
world's most
useful and
valued ne-
cessities to
protect our
women and
keep them
happy

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

A TONSORIAL CRITIC

When William Faversham was playing "The Squaw Man" during a recent engagement in St. Louis, a dramatic critic on a morning paper wrote a criticism of the play in which he described how Faversham wore his hair and the way his neck was shaved. His acting was scarcely mentioned.

Later in the week a cub reporter on the same paper had occasion to interview the actor.

"What did you think of the criticism of your play in our paper?" inquired the reporter as he was about to leave.

"Well," replied Faversham seriously, "I have played 'The Squaw Man' in every important city in America, but I must confess that this is the first time a barber was ever sent to criticise the play."

Edwin C. Ranck

BRYAN'S ELOQUENCE

William Jennings Bryan was addressing a political meeting in Iowa on one occasion when, it is said, he fairly carried away his audience by the power of his oratory. Among those most impressed by the Nebraskan's effort was a man known to be very deaf, but who nevertheless seemed to be listening with breathless attention to Bryan, and who apparently caught every word that fell from the speaker's lips.

Finally, when a particularly fervid passage had been delivered by the man from Nebraska, with the effect of eliciting a storm of applause from the audience, the deaf man, as if he could contain himself no longer, yelled in the ear of the man next to him:

"Who is that speakin'?"

"William Jennings Bryan!" shouted the man addressed.

"Who?" roared the deaf man, still louder.

"William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska!" came from the second man in a piercing shriek.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the deaf man, excitedly. "It don't make any difference, after all. I can't make out a word he or you are sayin'; but, good gracious, don't he do the motions splendid!"

Edwin Tarrisse

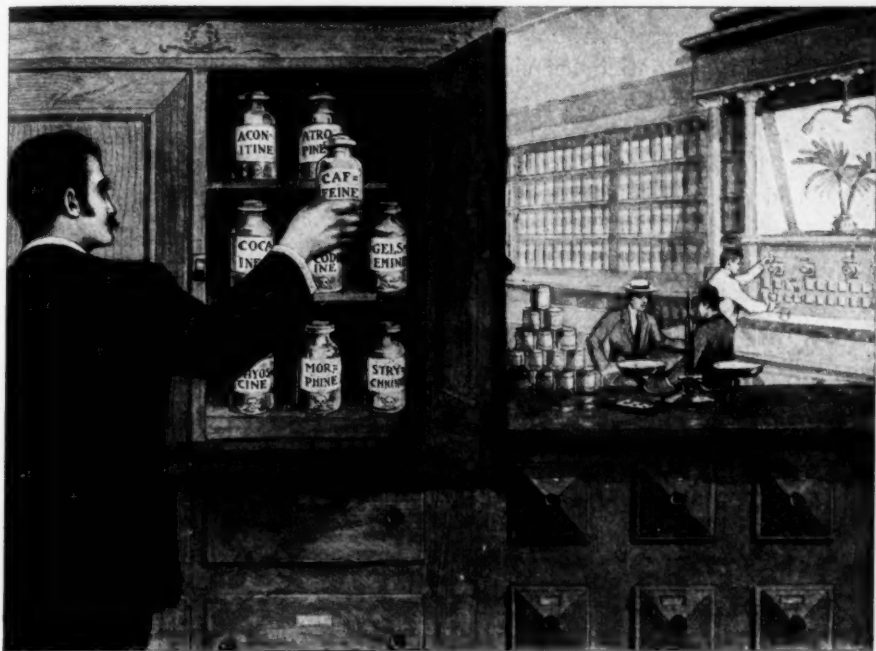
ALL DOUBT SET AT REST

Finegan: "And was you th' best mon at Muldoon's wedding, Casey?"

Casey (with both eyes blacked): "Naw; I only t'ought I was."

John Ed. Quinn.

Walnuts and Wine



Do You Realize?

In the Poison Cupboard of the Drug Store, "Caffeine" (the alkaloid from coffee and tea) is alongside of Cocaine, Morphine, Strychnine, etc.

This drug, put in coffee by nature, may be all right as a medicine, when skillfully handled by a physician, but was never intended to be used as a beverage.

In many persons, this constant drugging sets up disease—such as nervousness, indigestion, weak eyes, palpitation, liver and kidney troubles, etc. You may be sure a day of reckoning will come, when ailments become chronic.

If there are signs of trouble in you, and if you care to feel again the old-time "go" of physical and mental poise—the luxury of being perfectly well—try a 10 days' change from coffee to

POSTUM

This will bring relief from the poison—caffeine—and you'll know

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE MODERN FEMININE

Kitty (lighting her cigarette): "Don't you smoke, Claire?"

Claire: "No."

Kitty: "Well, you are behind the times."

Claire: "Oh, I don't know. I've learned to swear and bet and drink high-balls, and I've got a safety razor."

W. J. Lampton

HE WAS N'T

Mr. Jones's costume at a masquerade ball was that of a Roman warrior, with metal helmet, breastplate, greaves, etc., which, as the evening wore on, occasioned him great discomfort. When the time came for unmasking Jones raised his visor, and a friend inquired whom he was supposed to represent.

"Are you Appius Claudius?" asked he.

"No," replied Jones, wiping his streaming brow; "I'm not. I'm un'appy as the devil!"

S. D. S. Jr.

GENERALLY SPEAKING

When a foreign nobleman marries an American heiress is he not *check-mated*?

Walter Pulitzer

AN INQUIRY

By John Wilkes

When leap year's lady comes a-courting,
Does she fall on bended knee,
Humbly offering sweet violets?
Does she plead the same sweet plea?
Does she shower chocolates, novels,
Bring along her auto, too?
Does she say she loves you madly
Just because—because you're you?

When leap year's lady comes a-courting,
Does she whisper sweet and low
That her hero's precious digits
Never any toil shall know?
Does she give a golden promise
That 't would wound her tender soul
Just to see him weed the garden
Or to carry up the coal?

If my Razor wasn't good enough for me to use I wouldn't ask you to try it!

You certainly cannot doubt the sound logic and wisdom of the many arguments I have advanced in favor of my razor.

You will admit that unless the "GILLETTE" possessed many points of superiority it never would have been accepted by two million men in the past three years as the best, most simple and satisfactory shaving device in this world.

In the first place my razor requires **No Stropping, No Honing.** It is always ready. That's why it's the most practical. You can shave in three to five minutes.

The thin, flexible, double-edged blades remove a harsh or soft beard with perfect comfort. No pulling, cutting or irritation of the skin. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. No other razor so durable. The triple silver plated holder lasts a lifetime. None so convenient; the compact little case can be with you always—if travelling, either in your pocket or grip.

I know men who have shaved in the dark with the "Gillette." Many use it on the train, others while on hunting trips, fishing expeditions, etc.

That's the beauty of my razor, you can obtain a perfect shave under all conditions—wherever you are.

And I will guarantee you will agree with me right now—that **my razor just fits your case.** A trial will prove it to you.

Action must accompany right thinking or you have no power of execution.

Put this correct line of thought into action. Get a "Gillette" today. All Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers sell it.

King Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet

lined leather case and the price is \$3.00.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00

Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" today. If substitutes are offered, refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

271 Times Building
New York

271 Kimball Building
BOSTON

271 Stock Exchange Building
Chicago

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



Walnuts and Wine

HOW THINGS WENT

Elliott H. Peabody is one of the best known men at the Worcester county court-house. At one time he and a few others were interested in a business deal which they expected to put through on a certain day. He was unable to be there, so the next day telephoned to a Mr. H. for particulars. A lady answered the 'phone, and said that Mr. H. was not at home. Mr. Peabody, supposing it to be Mrs. H., said: "Well, perhaps you can tell me what I want to know. I only wanted to inquire how things went last night."

The lady, in a cheerful, reassuring tone, said: "Oh, nicely! Mrs. H. is doing fine, and the baby weighs six and a half pounds. I'm the nurse."

L. A. Wentworth

ROOZY- OR ROZY-?

By J. E. Rosser

We've learned a lot about you, sir,
We know your wondrous fame;
Yet ere you go we'd like to know
How to pronounce your name.

A LUCID EXPLANATION

A New Yorker who paid a visit last summer to a Kentucky planter had his slumbers disturbed by mosquitoes. When he mentioned this to his host the latter declared that they never annoyed him.

The next day he commented upon this fact to the Colonel's negro valet, who accounted for the phenomenon in this way:

"De fust part ob de night de Kunnel am so drunk dat he don't feel de skeeters, an' de las' part ob de night de skeeters am so drunk dat dey don't bodder de Kunnel."

Henrietta Lazarus

HE REMEMBERED

Several young members of a Philadelphia family that spent the past summer in the White Mountains were exchanging reminiscences of their trip, when one of the girls exclaimed:

"Oh, Tom, do you remember that gorge in Jefferson?"

"Do I remember?" repeated Tom. "Sure! You mean the day we got there. It was the swellest dinner I ever had in my life—I was so hungry!"

Edwin Tarrisse

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

Borated

Talcum

The
Box that
LOX

TOILET POWDER



AT EASTER TIDE

when custom decrees that men, and especially women, should look their best, the raw spring winds cause much damage to tender skins and complexions.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

is then doubly necessary. It **soothes** and **heals** the skin, prevents **Chapping, Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn** and all skin troubles of spring and summer. After **bathing** and after **shaving** it is delightful, and in the nursery indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "**Box that Lox,**" with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.

Sent Free, for 2 cent stamp to pay postage, one set Mennen's Bridge Whist Tallies, enough for six tables.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY

By Winifred Arnold

The novel-reader cried:

"I'm sick of the beauties of Enid the Fair,
And proud Lady Gwendolen gives me a pain.
Paint me a freckled-faced girl with red hair;
Write me a novel of plain Mary Jane."

So the Novelist wrote.

But the Novel read:

Like roses bepowdered with gold was her face,
A halo of flame-colored tresses had she;
Though a Duchess, she waived all her rights to "Your Grace,"
And said, "To my lover, I'm plain Jeanne Marie."

LORD NELSON'S TOMB

A London guide was showing an American tourist the famous tombs at St. Paul's. "This, sir," said he, "is the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero the world ever seen—Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle that weighs twelve tons, an' hinside that is a lead casket weighing two tons. Hinside that is the mahogany coffin that 'old the hashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the tourist, after a moment's deep thought, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of all that, telegraph me at my expense."

Hjost Valdemir

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

"You say you met the defendant on a street-car, and that he had been drinking and gambling," said the attorney for the defense during the cross examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him take a drink?"

"No."

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how do you *know*," demanded the attorney, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "he gave the conductor a blue chip for his car-fare, and told him to keep the change."

James True

This is a Warning Against Damage to Your Woodwork, Furniture and Floors



PEACH-JUICE will stain your table linen—probably, you can take out part of the stain—possibly, you can take it all out—but the table linen may be ruined.

That's always the trouble with all "stains"—you never know whether they're in to stay, or in to come out, or partly stay in and partly come out.

When you want to color any fabric properly—you dye it.

And this is every bit as good judgment in regard to the woodwork, furniture and floors of your home as it is to your dresses and things.

Most wood and varnish "stains" are made of such cheap, poor aniline coloring matter that they smudge over the grain of wood and hide all its beauty because the color particles are too coarse to penetrate the pores—thus they show "laps," light and dark spots and streaks, and they "rub off" on your hands and clothes.

Now when you once get wood stained—maybe you can "do something with it" to rectify the error and maybe you can't—it's better not to take chances—particularly when it is necessary.

Johnson's Wood Dyes are really dyes—not mere stains—Johnson's Wood Dyes develop the beautiful grain of wood, accentuating the high lights and low lights, because we use the finest and most expensive colors—colors which we must import because their equal cannot be obtained in this country.

And Johnson's Wood Dyes actually color the wood deeply—because they possess a peculiar penetrative power due to the use of a liquid vehicle which we have found to be to the chemistry of wood finishing what "lanolin" is to medicine—the greatest "pore penetrator."

That is why Johnson's Wood Dyes give an unequalled richness of tone and permanency—and a perfectly even texture which will not rub off.

Many manufacturers combine stain and varnish in "varnish stains."

Years ago, an advertising man suggested that we put up such a preparation, calling it Johnson's-lac. We wouldn't do it because we know that all stains and varnishes, shellacs, hard oils and similar preparations are nothing more than surface coat-ers, which mask the beauty of the wood and make woodwork, furniture and floors a constant source of care and trouble.

It is simply impossible for such preparations to give the

soft, smooth, artistic effects of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes, because varnish and shellac and hard oil are too "thick" to penetrate the wood, and so they must remain upon the surface to show white marks with every scratch and scrape and show the white wood where worn through.

There are other good reasons against stains and varnishes and shellacs—the principal objection being that "shiny" wood finish is a good way to make everything in the home look cheap and ugly—even fine pianos are being given a "dull" finish now.

The only modern finish that will not scratch and mar and show every heel print like varnish, hard oil and shellac, and will not catch and hold dust and dirt like ordinary furniture and floor wax, is Johnson's Prepared Wax.

This is because Johnson's Prepared Wax contains 20 per cent more of the hard and very costly polishing wax than any other wax on the market—thus it covers a fifth more space and can be brought to the most beautiful and lasting polish with the least labor.

And the liberal percentage of hard wax enables you to secure a rich, subdued satiny surface impossible with any other finish.

When any part of a shellaced or varnished surface becomes worn or marred it is necessary to refinish the entire surface but Johnson's Prepared Wax is so hard that any part of its surface may be rewaxed without showing any "lapping"—thus you can easily keep everything in perfect condition.

We want to send you, with our compliments, a very handsome and interesting 48-page, illustrated book which tells you about "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture," in detail.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON,

Station LC-4.

Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities."

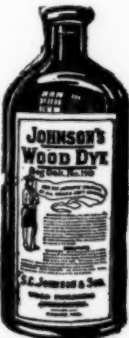
JOHNSON'S WOOD DYES

"For the Artistic Coloring of All Woods"

in the following shades:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| No. 125—Light Oak | No. 126—Light Mahogany |
| No. 127—Dark Oak | No. 128—Dark Mahogany |
| No. 129—Mission Oak | No. 110—Bog Oak |
| No. 130—Weathered Oak | No. 121—Moss Green |
| No. 131—Brown Weathered Oak | No. 122—Forest Green |
| No. 132—Green Weathered Oak | No. 173—Flemish Oak |
| No. 140—Manilla Oak | No. 172—Br. Flemish Oak |

Half Pints, 50c; Pints, 50c; Quarts 80c—at your paint dealer's.



THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR

JOHNSON'S

ARTISTIC WOOD FINISHES

FOR FURNITURE, WOODWORK AND FLOORS

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

DECLINED WITH REGRETS

The bibulous citizen was holding high carnival on the street when an officer approached him and said:

"Come on with me to the station-house."

The disturber of the peace pulled loose from the officer and began:

"Hold on minute, m' friend."

"No, I won't hold on a minute. You come with me."

"Hold on jus' half minute. I want jus' one word with you."

"All right," replied the officer impatiently. "Be quick about it. What is it you want to say?"

"All I want t' say is jus' this: I 'preciate your invitation, but I jus' can't go."

J. E. Rosser

CUPID, TINKER—A WARNING

Cupid is a tinker bold;

Come, ye maids, attend!

With his little pot of gold,

Cupid is a tinker bold;

Fares he forth to young and old,

Crying, "Hearts to mend!"

Cupid is a tinker bold;

Come, ye maids, attend!

Sam S. Stinson, in Lippincott's

Wily Dan indeed is bold,

Leap-year maids, attend!

Tinker Cupid's wee but old,

Wily Dan indeed is bold—

Fain he'd break your hearts of gold

Ere your hearts he'll mend!

Wily Dan indeed is bold,

Leap-year maids, attend!

Karl von Kraft

A NEW ANIMAL

A mother was telling her family about a church fair in Florida where the ladies made one hundred dollars by selling mince-meat they had made for pies. Her son, little Norman, after consideration asked, "Why, mother, can you catch more minces in Florida than around here?"

Walnuts and Wine



ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE

Chiclets

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED
CHLWING GUM

At All the Better Kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢, and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

New Policies of the Prudential.

A new style in life insurance policies is shown in the Ordinary policies issued by The Prudential Insurance Company since January 1, 1908. The new policy is described by life insurance men as artistically the most beautiful policy sold.

The new form is used for policies from \$500 and \$1,000 up. The Prudential has put out this pictorially new style of policy in order to make The Prudential's New Low-Cost Policy (applications for which the Company's agents are writing in such large numbers) different from and better than anything issued before. The policy is printed in colors, light and dark browns combined, and light and dark greys combined. The new policy is clear and simple in language and is a plain, straight promise to pay. There are no confusing technicalities and every feature is guaranteed.

On the first page is a beautiful picture, illustrating Prudence protecting the family. There are also figures representing Commerce and Industry.

The mission and spirit of The Prudential are thoroughly symbolized in the designs.

All the Industrial policies of The Prudential also appear in a new dress, and in addition contain some attractive new features.

The new automatic extended insurance clause in the Industrial policy provides that if the policy be lapsed at any time after three years, without any action on the part of the insured, the policy will be continued in force on the books of the Company for the full amount, for the period shown in the table of extended insurance in the policy.

Another attractive feature of the new Industrial policy is that it contains tables showing exactly the amount of cash, paid-up insurance or extended insurance available in event of lapse. Both the new Industrial policy and the new Ordinary policy contain many attractive and liberal features and are sold at low cost.

Send to The Prudential, Newark, N. J., for rates and particulars.

In writing to advertisers kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

ELEGY IN A CITY CHURCHYARD

By Ellis O. Jones

The stock exchange is closed for the day.

The housewives all are tanking up on tea.

The magnate homeward speeds his comfy way
And leaves the world to electricity.

Can what we earn with laminated trust

Back to the magnate call the fleeting breath?

Can honor's voice recoup the deadly bust,

Or privilege soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

The roast of the *Herald*, the *Times's* pow'r,

And all that Congress, all that judge, e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the knave.



A HOPEFUL SIGN

Crushed among the strap-hangers who filled a suburban car
to the bursting point, a timid man gasped to his neighbor:

"Please give me a little space."

"Don't apply to me," was the answer. "Read that advertising card."

The timid man glanced in the direction indicated and read this announcement:

FOR SPACE IN THIS CAR

Apply to

Stringem's Advertising Agency

E. F. Moberly



ONLY THE RUNNER-UP

The Best Man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy-looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver and cut glass without seeing them, and the Best Man hardly knew how to approach him.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last.

And the answer told far more than its two meagre words might have been expected to. It was: "Not lately!"

Warwick James Price

GET WHAT YOU —ASK FOR—

THERE are many reasons why you ask for advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be “just as good,” or “better,” or “the same thing” as the article you requested.

The advertised article must of necessity be of the highest quality, otherwise it could not be successfully sold and the advertising continued.

The buying public recognizes the superior quality of advertised articles. The substitutor realizes that fact, and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

Protect Yourself by Refusing Substitutes

Walnuts and Wine

A FELLOW FEELING

By J. E. Rosser

I've tried each blooming breakfast fad,
Sans microbes, bacilli, and germs,
Till I think of the food poor Luther had—
He tried the Diet of Worms.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

Among the humorous stories that seldom get beyond the confines of musical societies is an anecdote related by Theodore Thomas at a banquet shortly before his death.

"My early years," said Mr. Thomas, "were devoted to much fiddling and to composition. One morning, while reading a German newspaper published in a small village near Chicago, my eye caught the following advertisement:

PROFESSOR WOODS, DIRECTOR AND COMPOSER

Music Arranged

Personal Arranger for Theodore Thomas

"Though astonished at the audacity of the man, whom I had never heard of before, I decided to test his ability. I therefore sent him the 'lead sheet' of one of my own concert waltzes, along with a letter requesting that he advise me what he would charge to arrange it for orchestra. I signed a fictitious name to the missive, of course. Two days later I received the following:

"Letter and MS. at hand. Have tried your waltz. Will arrange it for fifteen dollars, *but will write you a better one for five.*"

Harrold Skinner

TOO TRUE

Johnny: "What is a bucket-shop, pa?"

Father: "A place where you get soaked."

L. B. Coley

THERE WAS A MAID

By M. D. S.

There was a maid
Who owned a spade
Which she called by its proper name.
She laid it down
When the time came 'round—
She did not renig in the game.

A Sumptuous Set of Shakespeare

On Remarkable Terms

Lippincott's Magazine has just imported an ideal set of Shakespeare—the most artistic and pleasing for a library table that one can imagine. We offer them now on terms so low as to be within the reach of all.

Note These Specifications

The Volumes are twelve in number, size $4 \times 6 \frac{1}{4}$ inches, averaging over 350 pages each.

The Bindings are a deep red full morocco and a durable cloth, rich and substantial, gilt tops and lettering, Shakespearian monogram on sides—models of beauty and refinement.

The Paper is fine English laid rag, spotless and opaque while light and delicate.

The Type is large, clear, and clean—satisfying to the eye and easy to read.

Enclosed in a Rich Morocco Case

These twelve sumptuous volumes are appropriately enclosed in a full red morocco case, size $10 \frac{1}{4} \times 6 \frac{3}{4} \times 4 \frac{1}{2}$ inches. The case bears the name and the coat of arms of the immortal bard stamped in gold upon the top and front—which lift and lower, respectively, so as to disclose the handsome volumes within.

The Magazine we offer with this set speaks for itself. LIPPINCOTT'S is without a rival as a high-class purveyor of fiction, fact, and fun. The next two years will show marked improvements month by month.

The Terms, only fifty cents down, and one dollar a month for twelve months, bring you the entire set, morocco binding, boxed and prepaid, and Lippincott's Magazine for two full years.

One dollar down, and one dollar a month for eight months entitles you to the entire set, cloth binding, boxed and prepaid, and Lippincott's Magazine for one year.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

East Washington Square, Philadelphia

Date.....

I accept your offer of LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for year.. and Shakespeare's COMPLETE WORKS, in binding, and case, at the special price of (enclosed), and \$1.00 a month, beginning with until I have paid.....

It is understood that the books are to be delivered, prepaid, by Lippincott's Magazine, at once, but that the right and title does not pass to me until the amount is fully paid. I will return the books at your expense after five days' examination if I do not like them, and you are to return my money in full.

Sign }
Here }

Address

Walnuts and Wine

SHE BELIEVED

"Do you believe in trial marriages?"

"I believe that all marriages are trials."

"Oh, come, that's a ridiculous and nauseating pun. I'm serious."

"How can you be serious about such a ridiculous proposition?"

"You are a silly proposition, and I am serious about you."

"Talk about puns! If that is n't one, I'm no judge."

"That's just the trouble. You're no judge. Only judges know about trials."

"I'm afraid the moon has gone to your head. Shall we go in?"

"Not till you have answered me."

"Answered what?"

"Do you believe in trial marriages?"

"Mercy! I thought you were joking. I did n't dream you were in earnest."

"I'm just enough in earnest to ask you to marry me on trial."

"For how long?"

"For life."

"I do."

Ellis O. Jones

A SECOND JOB FOR PATIENCE

There is a man living not a hundred miles from New York who has certainly inherited the mantle of Job, for nobody has ever yet heard him complain, though more than one person's share of misfortune has fallen to his lot. No cloud is so black but that he can see the silver lining.

The San Jose scale ruined all his apple-trees. "It always was a bother to pick the fruit," he said.

Then his house caught fire and burned to the ground the day after the insurance expired, but he viewed the smoking ruins with equanimity. "I'll have less taxes to pay now," was his comment.

Fate's next blow came in the shape of his wife's elopement with the hired man, but this marvel of patience merely turned the other cheek to be cuffed, by saying, "I'll be saved all the trouble of keeping house now. I can board."

Finally a railroad train ran over him and cut off both his feet. "Now," said his neighbors, "surely he will have to repine at such hard luck." But when he came to on a hospital cot and learned what had befallen him, he remarked cheerfully:

"Oh, well! they were always cold any way."

Minna Irving

Walnuts and Wine

THE TISSOT PICTURES FREE



OUR GREAT OFFER

Various reproductions of the world-famed **Tissot Bible Pictures** have been

sold at from \$24.50 to \$5000.00 a set. Now, for the first time, they are offered at a price within the reach of all. There are 120 pictures in **full original colors**, size 5x6 inches, of the Old Testament Series and an equal number of the New. By our special offer, you may have **either** of these series **free**, post-paid anywhere in the United States or its possessions, and enclosed in a neat portfolio, by subscribing for Lippincott's Magazine for fourteen months. These are really faithful, beautiful, and artistic reproductions of these masterpieces of sacred art.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, 14 Months

TISSOT BIBLE PICTURES, 120 Subjects

} Both for the
Price of the
Magazine:

\$3.00

Select either the Old or the New Testament Series, as you may prefer.
If you desire to have both, send us \$6.75 for two subscriptions and both series

COUPON

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE,
Philadelphia,

_____ 1908

I enclose \$3.00, for which send me **LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE** for fourteen months, beginning with the _____ issue. Also mail me, post-paid and without charge, the _____ Testament Series of the Tisso Bible Pictures, and portfolio.

Name

Address

Walnuts and Wine

THE EXCEPTION

Two old negroes, gazing at a many-colored circus-poster, were comparing the merits of the old-time circus with those of the up-to-date performance.

"Der am no argument necessary," said 'Rastus emphatically. "It have been 'knowledged dat de John Robinson Circus am de best in de world."

"What fo' you talk like dat, man?" Jackson replied. "Der am only one circus worf mentioning, and dat am de Barnum and Bailey Greatest Show on Earth. Look at de picture, man. See where it say 'greatest show on earth'?"

"Shore, Ah sees dat," was the reply; "but you neglect t' look in de far corner where it say somethin' else."

"What else it say?" inquired Jackson.

"It say, 'greatest show on earth' S-E-P-T 1, 'cept one,—an' dat one am de John Robinson Circus."

W. Dayton Wegefarth

ADIEU, LOVE, UNTRUE LOVE

Youth: "Sir, did a tall, fair blonde pass this way?"

Gate-keeper: "No, but a mighty pretty little brunette did."

Youth: "And—er—which way did she go?"

Hamilton Pope Galt

A FLATTERING TRICK

At a recent dinner at Narragansett one of our admirals told the following yarn:

I once knew a young planter in Virginia who was in love with a girl of great beauty. She had many suitors, and to all of them she was more partial than to my friend. But though snubbed continually, he remained faithful.

When he called one Sunday evening the girl's little brother admitted him. The youngster led him into the parlor, went upstairs to announce his name, and then, returning, said:

"Sit down, Mr. B——. Sister will see you in a few minutes."

"I am very glad of that," said Mr. B——, in a relieved and cheery voice. "I was afraid she might ask to be excused, as she has done so often before."

"No fear of that this time. I played a trick on her," said the little brother.

"How was that?"

"Why," said the lad, "I pretended that you were some one else."

Charles S. Gerlach

CHEAPEST YET STAUNCHEST 16-FOOT BOAT EVER MADE.

The "Wanda." Speed, about 9 to 10 miles an hour.

Carries eight to ten persons comfortably, makes an ideal family launch or best and fastest boat of its size for any purpose, has draught of only about 12 to 14 inches; wins the race every time. It is constructed of steel with the Michigan celebrated lock seams and is equipped with the latest design 3 H. P. two-cycle reversible engine with damper controlling automatic accelerator on the carburetor, speed water circulating pump, improved quick cut-off switch, steel anti-friction ball thrust, speed controlling lever, new exhaust chamber water jacketed and muffler, also three blade bronze speed propeller. This boat is also equipped with steering wheel, flagpole sockets, flagpoles, U. S. Yacht ensign and burgee "Wanda." This 1908 speed boat is being sold for advertising purposes for \$150.00 net cash, F. O. B. on board cars at Detroit.

This boat, together with a complete line of power boats ranging in price from \$96.00 up and twelve different styles of rowboats from \$20.00 up, are manufactured by the Michigan Steel Boat Company, Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., from whom full particulars can be obtained.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

AN IMPORTANT BOOK
ON CONDITIONS THAT AFFECT NEIGHBORLINESS

The Good Neighbor in the Modern City

By MARY E. RICHMOND

Author of "Friendly Visiting Among the Poor." General Secretary of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity.

16mo. Cloth, 60 cents, net. Limp leather, 80 cents, net. Postage 5 cents extra.

Miss Richmond's first book was written for charity workers. Her second is for a larger audience. It describes, in a simple, straightforward way, conditions in a modern city that affect neighborliness.

Directors of charities and social reform movements will wish to see this book read by their contributors and supporters, because it gives a clear explanation of the relation of organized social work to the every-day life of the church-member, and the citizen.

CONTENTS

- I. INTRODUCTION.
- II. THE CHILD IN THE CITY.
- III. THE CHILD AT WORK.
- IV. THE ADULT WORKER.
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- VI. THE MAN ON THE STREET.
- VII. THE FAMILY IN DISTRESS.
- VIII. THE INVALID.
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- X. THE CHURCH-MEMBER.

Russell Sage Foundation Publication

Publishers

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

Philadelphia

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

FAME

"The boys in this town must have heard all about me before we moved here," boasted Tommy on the day after the family's arrival.

"But there's no one here that knew us," objected his mother.

"That's all right," persisted Tommy. "Just as soon as I came in the schoolyard this morning, they all yelled, 'Hello, Brick-top!' just the way they used to do at home."

Clara M. Taber

THE PLAY WENT ON

In the early days of the last century, Thomas Hill, a great uncle of the late Thomas Hill, President of Harvard University, was occupying an end seat in the theatre at Jersey City. Directly in front of him sat a diminutive Frenchman, who found his enjoyment of the play greatly diminished by the fact that a coarse and overgrown man in front of him persisted in wearing a tall silk hat. He tried to look around the hat and over the burly shoulders of this unmannerly boor, but only to his discomfiture. Finally he mustered sufficient courage to tap the other on the arm, saying in very broken English, "Eff you please, sare, would you be kind enough to take off your hat?" No attention was paid to this protest, and the poor little Frenchman relapsed into his seat discouraged. But soon his interest overcame his timidity, and he reiterated his request. Still the big bruiser paid no heed, but Mr. Hill's attention was attracted to the episode, and, taking his cane, he knocked the silk hat off into the aisle. Instantly the man, his face red with wrath, rose to his feet and began to pull off his coat. The audience also rose, expecting to see a fight. The play stopped, the actors crowding to the front of the stage. Mr. Hill deliberately stood up, displaying his six feet two inches of height and his magnificent proportions, and said in a clear voice heard all over the theatre, "My name is Thomas Hill, tanner. If you wish satisfaction come to my office to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. Here is my card." The other, looking for a moment at his opponent, slunk out of the house. Then Thomas Hill, with a lordly, sweeping gesture, exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "The play may go on." And the play went on.

Nathan Haskell Dole

A CLEVER GIRL

Dyer: "Don't you think she has a mobile face?"

Ryer: "Naturally. She's an auto enthusiast."

L. B. Coley